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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Prince Rainier was as thrilled as his wife, Princess Grace, at the welcome they got from Grace's relations in the small country town of Westport, on Ireland's Atlantic coast.

LESLIE Luke, who reported the Rainiers' visit to Ireland (color pictures, pages 10, 11), told us:

"When the Westport festivities were at their height, Prince Rainier asked: 'Any chance of finding a couple of distant Rainiers for me?'"

"At Westport—where Princess Grace's grandfather was born—the Kelly clan had gathered for days in the hope of shaking Grace's hand.

"There was no doubting the genuine affection of all these people for the almost-local girl who made so good."

"But you could still sense a certain amount of jealous satisfaction among them for having got their revenge on 'those upstarts' down in New Ross, in the south-east of Ireland, who have been making such a fuss about their Jack Kennedy."

(U.S. President Jack Kennedy's grandfather emigrated from New Ross.)

"Certainly the Kellys were agreed that never before had such a beautiful woman visited Westport."

"You could have harnessed

#### Our cover

● Beautiful bride Henrietta Tiarks, who married the Marquess of Tavistock, heir of the Duke of Bedford, in St. Clement Danes, London, last week. Her dress was designed by Nina Ricci, of Paris; her hair was styled by Rene, of London. The picture was taken specially by Tom Hustler for the bride's family. Story, page 9.

a hydro-electric plant to the beaming smiles of pride that glowed from the handsome faces of Princess Grace's nine second cousins and innumerable third, fourth, and fifth cousins."

"TIME," the American magazine, gives another reason for the birth of the Little Nothing dress (opposite page).

It says: "The Little Nothing dress is partly the step-child of modern transport."

"Bulkier, more elaborate dresses severely inhibit a woman getting in or out of cramped taxis and automobiles."

**NEXT WEEK:** New Cookery Magic — Recipes for savory dishes in which the flavor is accentuated by adding monosodium glutamate, the secret "magic" ingredient in Chinese and Japanese cookery.



# The Little Nothing dress

● *Descended from Christian Dior's Sack, the straight sheath, renewed and given a fresh lease of life by Jackie Kennedy and film star Audrey Hepburn, has conquered America as the Little Nothing dress.*

ALL over the country, fashionable American women have been asking for "just a straight, simple dress—something I can dress up or down—a little nothing, really."

It's not as baggy as the sack, not as close-fitting as the sheath. It can look elegant on Audrey Hepburn, as pictured here, and on Jackie Kennedy, who looks elegant in whatever she wears.

Of course, husbands are not pleased.

"Looks like underwear," they scoff. "A nightdress or a slip."

This is the average male reaction to the Little Nothing; by some men sometimes, even when it is worn, with utmost chic, by Jackie Kennedy.

Undoubtedly, many women, consciously or not, have been influenced by Jackie Kennedy.

## Those it suits

The Little Nothing is perfect for those it suits—namely, slender women, preferably lanky, whose attraction depends more on their charm and youthful personality rather than on classic feminine good looks; in other words, the modern off-beat beauty who wants a frame for her personality rather than a dress-up dress.

It especially pleases those who like the uncluttered look, who hate to seem as though they've tried too hard. Even when its fabric and accessories lift it into the luxury class, it still looks utterly unostentatious—a mere nothing.

"Time" magazine points out that the Little Nothings are basically grown-up versions of children's dresses, and quotes an American buyer's warning:

"It's almost like walking around in a slip. As soon as a dress gets busy, it moves out of the Little Nothing class."

"Time" said: "Only the richness and rarity of the dress' fabric and its careful, ingenious cut suggest its price tag—from about 200 dollars (roughly £A100) to more than 500 dollars in designer originals."

## All colors

"Designers are now fashioning Little Nothings in all materials from pique to brocade, and in all colors, thus setting them apart from that older fashion cliché, the little black dress."

Although the Little Nothing is selling off the peg in the U.S. for something like £A15, it is obvious to most women that, as "Time" points out, it cannot be wholly successful when mass-produced, but must be "contoured to the individual buyer."

Our fashion editor, Betty Keep, says that what makes the Little Nothing dress a success is the woman who wears it.

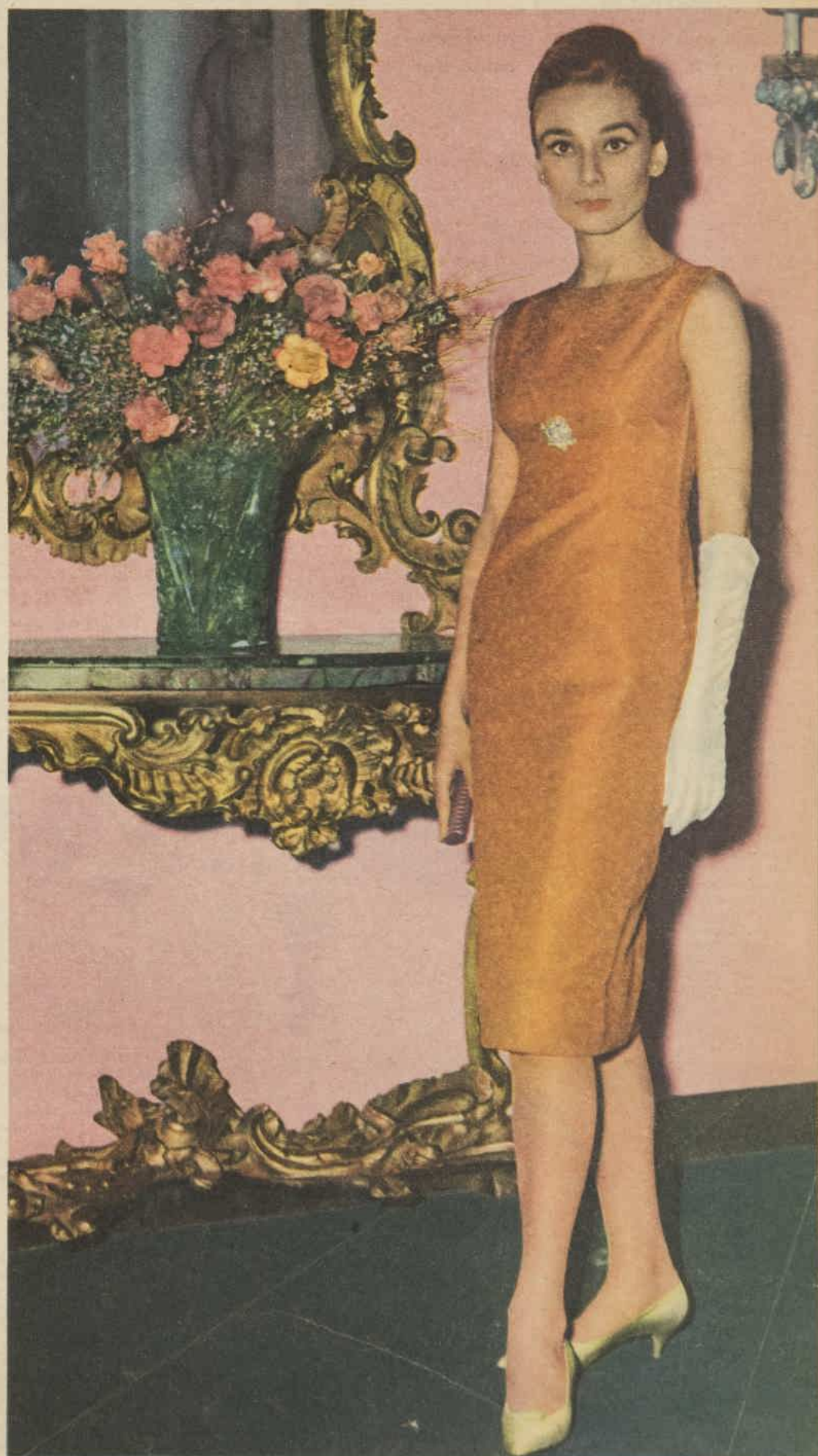
"It can look the height of chic under certain conditions—and condition one is a slender figure that can cope with a straight-up-and-down silhouette," she said.

## Accessories

"I think, too, that one reason for its big success in America is that accessories there are so wonderful."

"The straight-up-and-down dress depends to a great extent on accessories. And in the U.S.A. these are produced in such volume and variety that beautiful accessories are available to everyone."

*DEVOTEE for years of the Little Nothing dress is film star Audrey Hepburn, noted for her pared-down fashion effects. She was photographed in this silk-brocade Givenchy version of the style in a Rome hotel.*





# A hospital of hope

● In a peaceful, rustic setting at Claremont, Western Australia, the Graylands Day Hospital stands as a solid and encouraging sign of progress in the nation's battle for mental health.

By WINFRED BISSETT, staff reporter

THE pleasant setting is in keeping with the tone of the Day Hospital, which is a new venture in Australia.

My visit to Graylands took me first to the carpentry room, where the atmosphere was warm, busy, absorbing. A woman was using a saw, and a boy, aged 13, had just accidentally split a piece of wood.

He looked up in a frightened way at the superintendent, Mr. L. Robbins, but was reassured immediately.

And reassurance was what this victim of a broken home badly needed. Since he began treatment at the Graylands Day Hospital he feels wanted once more, and is on the way to recovery.

Another man was using an oxy-welding torch with his mechanical hands.

A factory accident in England had cost him his hands, but he had readjusted himself to this situation, had travelled, had even bought himself a car.

Then someone stole that car and drove it into a river. The shock was too much.

Today, after treatment at Graylands Day Hospital, he is once more adjusted to life, has earned the money to have his car mended, and is ready to leave the Day Hospital.

At Graylands there are patients from all walks of life—schoolteachers, bank managers, university graduates, engineers, businessmen, housewives, stenographers, laborers.

A university graduate was drawing trees and houses. On a table beside him were two

well-filled files of drawings done by other patients.

Two paintings stood side by side on easels. One showed formless and meaningless squiggles in violent colors. The other showed a poster with figures in perfect symmetry.

Both were by a woman—the first at the beginning of her treatment, the second just before she was discharged.

## Many interests

In the Activities Room, two teenage boys were absorbed in a game of chess.

Another group was at work on pottery, a lovely girl, in smart tapered slacks, was typing, and a young married woman making a frock. There was a quiet contentment in the room—and complete absorption.

Outside, sitting beneath a flame tree, were two middle-aged men. They preferred not

to take part in the others' activities. In time they probably would.

The Day Hospital is an entirely self-contained unit to treat patients for the entire day.

It is not an adjunct to an In-Hospital. The patient remains in the community, attending the hospital each day for treatment—as others go to school or work—and returning home at night.

Patients must offer voluntarily to attend the hospital, and are entitled to refuse any part of the treatment.

Already 500 patients have passed through the hospital and now there are plans to enlarge the premises, increase

the psychiatric and nursing staffs, and cater for more country patients.

"Graylands is a place where dependency needs are reduced gradually," said Matron Evelyn Lee Steere, who has been matron at the hospital since its inception.

The first self-contained Day Hospital in Australia, Graylands was opened in April, 1959.

The average daily attendance now is about 70.

Male and female patients are almost equal in numbers, and their ages range from 17 to 70.

The treatment places heavy accent on group activities.

The hour from 9.30 a.m.

to 10.30 a.m. is devoted to folk dancing, outdoor sports, and gardening.

Then till lunchtime at 12.30 p.m. there are general activities such as chess, floral art, group singing, pottery, dressmaking, and handicrafts.

There are group discussions till 3 p.m., then tea, and general activities again until 4.15 p.m., when the patients go home.

(Group discussions are considered one of the most rewarding branches of mental therapy, as this is felt to be good preparation for social rehabilitation.)

When I left Graylands, a discharged patient walked along the road with me.

She had just returned from a holiday trip to Sydney, and had missed the Day Hospital so much that within a few days of her return she was back again working in the carpentry annexe.

## Happy example

"They gave me a good welcome, too," she said. "My hand can still feel the handshakes."

And she was a good example of the need the Day Hospital is filling in the life of a community which can count one in ten needing psychiatric treatment at any one moment—and perhaps three in ten over a course of six months.



THE GRAYLANDS DAY HOSPITAL in a rustic setting at Claremont, Western Australia, is regarded as a new and promising venture in the nation's mental-health programme.



FLORAL ART is one of the subjects taught at the hospital. Mrs. W. Dalkeith is shown with some of her students. Graylands has treated more than 500 patients, aged from 17 to 70.

MUSIC is taught to patients at Graylands as one of the varied activities which help restore them to normal life. Here Mrs. George Sneddon explains a point to a patient at one of her classes. Twice a month patients hold a dance; their orchestra provides part of the music.



## Lucille Rivers here soon

● Lucille Rivers, the New York dress-maker who will pay her second visit to Australia for The Australian Women's Weekly next month, is bringing with her all the latest know-how for making home sewing easier.

THE theme of her tour will be "The Costume Look"—coats, jackets, skirts, and dresses that go together or can be worn separately.

In her store and television demonstrations, and in the 48-page book we are publishing in conjunction with her visit, she will explain simple tailoring and show how garments can be finished expertly.

Each of her lectures—as each of the lessons in the book—will cover different subjects; keen dressmakers, therefore, should follow all the sessions to avoid missing important steps in sewing, and perhaps the dressmaking problem in which they are particularly interested.

Miss Rivers will explain how to make a basic pattern to your correct figure size. Once made, this can then be used to adjust paper patterns. By Miss Rivers' methods, a garment need be fitted only once, or twice, before finishing.

## DEMONSTRATIONS

SYDNEY: Farmers, Monday, August 7, to Friday, August 11, 2.30 p.m. daily; and Saturday, August 12, at 9.30 a.m., 1st floor. Tickets free, available Paper Patterns Dept. from July 31. Answering questions, 10.30 a.m. weekdays.

WOLLONGONG: Marcus Clark's, Monday, August 14, and Tuesday, August 15, 2 p.m. at Phillip House, Crown St., West Wollongong. Tickets 3/6, available Dress Fabrics Dept., Marcus Clark's. Proceeds for Legacy. Answering questions, 10.30 a.m. daily.

NEWCASTLE: Winns, 2.30 p.m. Thursday, August 17, 9.30 a.m., Friday, August 18, and Saturday, 19th. Tickets 2/6, available Dress Fabrics Dept. from August 7. Proceeds for Legacy. Answering questions, 11 a.m. Thursday, 3 p.m. Friday.

TELEVISION: One-hour demonstrations from Channel TCN August 14 to 18.





*Indonesian barquentine Dewarutji leaves Adelaide.*

## Reflections of a tall ship

● The grace of the Chilean Navy barquentine Esmeralda, captured in our exclusive color pictures in the June 14 issue, delighted thousands, especially those who had seen the beautiful vessel in Sydney Harbor. At about that time another stately sailing lady, the Indonesian barquentine Dewarutji, was visiting Perth at the beginning of an 11-week goodwill mission to Australia. In this picture, by Vic Grimmett, of Adelaide, Dewarutji passes Outer Harbor, north of Adelaide, under part sail after her three-day visit to South Australia. The captain had hoped to leave Port Adelaide under full sail, but was prevented by lack of wind. Many hundreds visited the three-masted training vessel while she was tied up at Port Adelaide, and admirers crowded the foreshores when she sailed for other Australian ports.



# LEARNING TO COOK TO PLEASE HER EARL



Davina Windley

● A pretty, flaxen-haired English girl who will marry Lord Portarlington in London soon is learning to cook before she returns with him to settle in Australia.

GEORGE, seventh Earl of Portarlington, an Englishman, aged 22, who has been living in Brisbane, will marry Miss Davina Windley, 20, in London on July 26.

And by that time Davina, daughter of the Governor of Gambia, West Africa, Sir Edward Windley, and Lady Windley, hopes to be an expert cook—even though she admits she "loathes" cooking.

During Davina's visit to him in Australia last April, Lord Portarlington persuaded her to take cooking lessons before their marriage (in Holy Trinity Church, Brompton).

So she is now a student five days a week at the Cordon Bleu cooking school, in Marylebone, London.

Davina feels her studies at the school will help her greatly to entertain at her Australian homes, first in Brisbane for a year, then in Sydney.

"I will only give small dinner parties for close friends,"

she said. "Entertaining must not interfere with my leisure time."

"I want to do lots of skiing, horse-riding, and surfing in Australia."

"I met so many friendly people there, and love that wonderful sunshine. But, with my fair complexion, I'll have to be careful I don't get too much of it."

## The whirl

Davina, of course, is caught up in the usual pre-wedding whirl, but she cannot get much help from her family.

Her mother is one of London's busiest hostesses this season. She has taken a large town house to launch her debutante daughter, 18-year-old Fiona.

The coming-out dance will be shared with Lady Romayne Brabazon, also 18, who, with Fiona, Davina's youngest sister, Clayre, 13, and Davina's flat-mate, Victoria Bathurst Norman, will attend her at her wedding.

Sir Edward Windley has just returned to Gambia to arrange for Queen Elizabeth's planned visit there. In 1952 he was with the Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) in Kenya shortly after she received news that her father, King George VI, had died.

In those days Davina, then a schoolgirl, lived with her parents close to Sagana Lodge, the house the people of Kenya gave Elizabeth as a wedding present.

Davina loves horses, and used to ride early in the morning with her father and members of the Royal party.

Davina finished her formal education at a school in Sussex, lived in Italy for six months studying Italian, then took French lessons in Paris.

"Then I decided to return to London and become a secretary," she said. "So I took a secretarial course and really began to work."

That was when she met Lord Portarlington. They became engaged before he left to study farming methods in Australia.

Until recently Davina was too busy with her cooking lessons at the Cordon Bleu to plan her wedding dress and color scheme. To be near the school, she took a small flat in the Earls Court area, known affectionately to Australians in London as "Kangaroo Valley."

She has many Australian friends.

"When I'm doing my shopping I often run into people I met during my visit to Australia," she said.

"I haven't had much time to read up on my new country, but since I'll soon be living there it will be more fun finding out first-hand."

Lord Portarlington, who has been working in Brisbane and nearby districts for almost 18 months, is the son of the late Viscount Carlow—an airman killed in action during World War II. His Canadian mother, now Mrs. Peggy Nugent, lives in Dunsfold, Surrey, England.

## To settle

"My mother is very pleased with my cooking efforts, but a little worried at the thought of me, at 20, settling in Australia," Davina said. "At first it also frightened me, but after my recent visit I can hardly wait to return."

"George simply loves Australia. And he is very impressed with sheep-farming methods there."

Lady Portarlington, the still-beautiful grandmother of the Earl, says: "They are so much in love, what can one do? I was young myself when I married."

Lady Portarlington, who rarely visits London since the death of her husband, the sixth Earl, is a great personal friend of Princess Marina.

Davina and George are planning a Continental honeymoon, probably in Scandinavia, before flying to Australia on August 26.

On September 26, her coming of age, the future Lady Portarlington will be in her own home in Brisbane.

# DIVORCE—

● Ascot this month once again raised the question of divorce, the big Royal social problem. For not even the innocent parties in divorce cases can wander on the emerald strip of the Queen's Lawn at the course. Yet these same people might be her houseguests at Windsor Castle for the entire race meeting.

AS Defender of the Faith, the Sovereign must uphold the Church of England's deep-laid principle that marriage is indissoluble "till death them do part."

Yet 24,000 divorces a year in Britain undeniably ensnare the Queen in a series of public, private, and social embarrassments.

Before Princess Margaret and Tony Armstrong-Jones attended the wedding of Princess Astrid of Norway, the Queen's protocol experts went into a worried huddle. For Johnny Ferner, Astrid's department-store bridegroom, had been previously divorced.

It was highly awkward, too, when the Marquess of Milford Haven—Prince Philip's best man and closest Mountbatten cousin—married the beautiful Bermuda heiress Janet Bryce.

After the turmoil of separation from his first wife, the debonair Marquess had finally cleared the ground by being divorced for misconduct with a lady named Joan Hellas.

So the 23-year-old Miss Bryce lacked bridal greetings from the Palace; the Queen and Prince Philip shunned the Presbyterian Church ceremony, and the Royal wedding gifts were kept discreetly out of sight.

Officially—let's stress that word—the Queen cannot even meet Princess Margaret's father-in-law, for the rubicund Ronald Armstrong-Jones has been co-respondent in a divorce case.

The Church does not allow him two living wives, let alone three. That's why the Princess' wedding last year was supposedly a private affair and not a State wedding.

The Queen wanted the occasion invested with every possible pomp and circumstance. The glass coach and mounted escort were decreed in order. But the compromise saw only 100 guests at the private reception instead of the 1000 guests, including foreign and Commonwealth representatives, of a State occasion.

## Their friends

Princess Margaret, of course, well understands the Queen's divorce dilemma. It was because Group-Captain Peter Townsend had brought a successful divorce suit against his wife that he had to be morally excluded from her suitors.

And some of her personal friends—including Lord Blandford and Mark Bonham-Carter—have suffered the divorce stigma, although they were innocent parties.

The innocent can, in fact, be invited to certain functions at Buckingham Palace. They



● WEDDING of the Queen Mother's niece Margaret Elphinstone and divorced Denys Rhodes in 1950 was witnessed by Royalty. It was ruled a private occasion.

can accept the Queen's private invitations to the Ascot race-week house-parties at Windsor Castle.

But they mustn't wander on the Queen's Lawn at the race-course, where divorcees of all grades are forbidden.

The Royal Ascot race meeting, indeed, sees the sheep sorted from the goats by the



● FILM STAR Sophia Loren is presented to Queen Elizabeth. The Queen cannot mix in public with divorced people, so although many stars are not divorced, the divorce rate is so high that they are always presented in the foyer before or after an actual performance. Beside Sophia here are Jack Hawkins (left) and William Holden.



Lord Portarlington



# The Queen's greatest social dilemma

Lord Chamberlain, technical head of the Queen's household.

Sir Laurence Olivier was knighted despite divorce. But more stringently than ever this year, following another remarriage, he wouldn't have been able to get close to the Queen at Ascot.

The Duke of Bedford would have had to keep off the grass after the extra-marital runaway romance that ended when Nicole Milinair became his third Duchess.

The Queen traditionally heads the aristocracy, but a roll-call of at least 14 broken marriages among the 27 dukedoms makes her task more invidious.

## "Not qualified"

The Queen is supposed to be on good terms with her Ministers, yet she cannot get acquainted with her Transport Minister, Ernest Marples, or her Aviation Minister, Peter Thorneycroft.

Both are key figures in Harold Macmillan's Cabinet. The Queen meets them only in their public capacity.

Opposition Labor Leader Hugh Gaitskill has similarly broken Church rules by marrying a woman whose first marriage was ended in the courts. But if ever he becomes Prime Minister, there's now the precedent of Sir Anthony Eden, who was divorced.

As an innocent person, Sir Anthony can accept "informal" Royal invitations to lunch. On the other hand, when a top-ranking R.A.F. officer retired recently—after winning three wartime decorations for valor—he discovered he was not qualified to attend a Royal garden party.

Typical British compromise is nothing if not illogical. Although he could be invited to receive three decorations from his Sovereign, the hero did not rank an invitation to strawberries and cream.

Staid Britons objected when Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks strolled the Queen's Lawn, though both were divorced from earlier partners.

Officials delicately pointed out that an American couple were not bound by Church of England tenets on divorce.

Divorced Guards officers formerly had to resign their commissions in case they met their Monarch while on duty. This rule has been relaxed. But clearly the present-day muddle is tough on the Queen, who includes several divorcees among her personal friends.

By HELEN  
CATHCART,  
Court commentator

Another brouh-ha-ha in the Queen Mother's own family occurred after her niece Anne Bowes-Lyon married Guardsman Viscount Anson.

He deserted her, and the match was dissolved. She later married Prince George of Denmark, who turned out to be an ideal husband and a kindly stepfather to her two children. Yet the divorce taint still clings and the Royal family cannot avoid giving the sad impression at times that they do not approve this happiest of marriages.

Princess Margaret has to watch her step, divorce-wise, every time she goes to see her friends the Rhodes'.

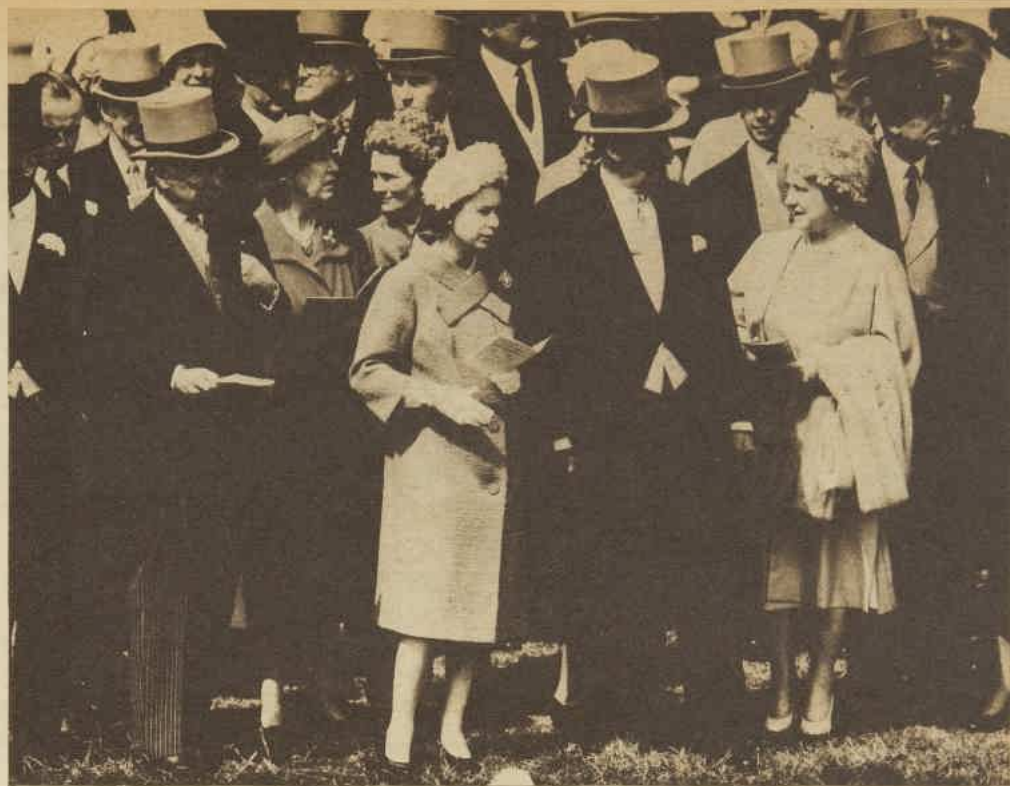
Here an extraordinary situation arises, for Denys Rhodes was formerly married to an actress, Rachel Gurney, and their marriage was dissolved four days after the birth of her baby. Then he fell in love with Margaret Elphinstone, a niece of the Queen Mother.

Both George VI and the Queen Mother attended their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and signed the register.

Yet far from this being an open break with the Church, St. Margaret's is considered the private chapel of the Houses of Parliament and—watch this carefully!—Parliament sits in the Palace of Westminster and thus in one of the Queen's private residences.



• AUSTRALIAN Michael Parker, who resigned his job as Philip's secretary because of his divorce.



• BEFORE the Derby at Epsom, the Queen (left) and Queen Mother with, at left, the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Gloucester, right. Between the two Royal ladies is Captain Charles Moore, the Queen's racing manager, and behind the Queen are the Princess Royal and Duchess of Gloucester.

AT RIGHT: Stands at Ascot showing the Royal Enclosure with the Queen's circular box.

Merely as the husband of the Defender of the Faith, Prince Philip is less cumbered.

Five of his first cousins have had their marriages dissolved, including Helen, Queen Mother of Rumania, and Lady Iris Mountbatten, but the actions were heard far from English auspices.

Yet Philip felt the cold touch of the divorce laws when his congenial Australian secretary, Lieut.-Commander Michael Parker, had to resign from his staff because Mrs. Parker divorced him.

In the Royal family itself the hearing inevitably aroused memories of 25 years ago when a certain Mrs. Simpson divorced her second husband. Today she is the Duchess of Windsor.

## Royal divorces

King Edward VIII had to give up his throne and abdicate into private life because the Archbishops would not allow him to marry a woman who had been divorced.

The Queen's private secretary, dome-headed Sir Michael Adams, discreetly supervises the advance guest-list of her informal round-table luncheons and eliminates "guilty partners" whenever possible. Michael Parker has, however, been an unobtrusive guest at Windsor.

In strange fact, divorces have already occurred in the heart of the Royal family itself.

Until her death a year or

two ago no Court function was complete without Princess Marie Louise. Waving from the Palace balcony at the Coronation or smiling in the Queen's wedding group, Queen Victoria's granddaughter was a dignified figure of the old regime.

Yet her marriage had been dissolved.

Queen Mary was one of the strictest of Royal ladies, yet she stoutly befriended Princess Marie, a young cousin who fell in love with a married footman and, in fact, had a baby by him.

Princess Marie subsequently married a notorious French count, who made off with her dowry. After repeated infidelities, she later divorced him. Yet Queen Mary still gave her every moral support.

The girl who once loved a footman made a second more propitious marriage. One of the younger members of her family is the genial Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

Old Queen Victoria was not above ordering a divorce when marriages among her innumerable German relatives sometimes went astray.

Some of these half-forgotten scandals, Court officials say, could provide an umbrella of precedents to protect Elizabeth II next time she is drenched in a storm of divorce-law criticism.

A minor domestic disturbance arose last year when Bob



• LATE Princess Marie Louise, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, who was divorced, yet appeared on most public occasions with the Royal family.

Blackwell, the Queen's chauffeur, divorced his wife.

Would it be impossible for him to drive "official" cars? Should he retire from the Queen's service? The crisis was soft-pedalled only because Bob was living in the bachelors' wing at the Palace and therefore the Queen was not concerned with his private life!

The awkwardness forced on

the Queen by such situations accords ill with her keen sense of probity.

On one hand, vociferous minorities raised a storm round Prince Philip for hobnobbing — at a charity function! — with Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner at the height of their divorce crisis.

On the other, the Queen is expected to attend an annual movie "command performance," shaking hands with sultry movie stars in low-cut gowns, many of whom have featured in divorce actions—and often as guilty parties.

To get over this one, the presentations are made in the theatre foyer—strictly before the command performance begins or after it is over.

Is it right that the Queen should be duty-bound to make her way through this morass of excuses? Even the protocol chiefs have relented.

Hints were dropped at the last conference of Commonwealth Premiers in London, and a discreet undercover correspondence has been going on ever since to decide how—if at all—Her Majesty's constant quandary can be eased.

The retired Archbishop of Canterbury has gently indicated that he sympathises with the Queen in her divorce perplexity, giving a possible lead for reform to his successor.







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by  
**BROCKHOFF**



# Widow, sons on 8000-mile drive



MARGARET WELLS and sons Adrian, 13, Peter, 16, and Andrew, 9, study a book about Europe to help prepare them for their drive from England to Australia.

STOCKING the van which Mrs. Wells will drive. They have provisioned it with canned food and have fitted special furniture.



By BARRY DEEGAN, in London

● A shy widow will set off in August with her three schoolboy sons to drive their van 8000-odd miles from England to Australia.

**THIRTY - SEVEN -** YEAR-OLD Mrs. Margaret Wells, of Petts Wood, near London, faces

the arduous, sometimes dangerous, job of driving.

Her only companions on the four months' journey through France, Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Persia, Pakistan, India, and Ceylon will be her sons — Peter, 16, Adrian, 13, and Andrew, 9.

For the three young travellers the trip will be one of the longest and most graphic geography lessons a schoolboy could have.

For Mrs. Wells it will be the realisation of a long-cherished dream and the end of years of planning, stinting, and hard work.

It will also, of course, be a test of endurance, skill, and tenacity as she drives six days a week, does any mechanical repairs along the route, keeps watch over the children's



MAP shows route of Mrs. Wells' long drive.

health and well-being, and battles officialdom, the customs of strange and sometimes hostile people, and, most of all, the elements.

But Mrs. Wells is hardened to battle.

When her husband died seven years ago she decided that Australia held brighter prospects for her young sons' future than England, and so they migrated in 1957.

## Savings

In Australia she returned to her profession as a teacher, finally settling in Croydon, Victoria — then she heard that her mother was seriously ill.

While she was waiting for a passage to England she saw in a Melbourne garage a dusty, battered van which had just been driven overland from London. She decided then that when the time came for her to return to Australia she, too, would drive.

The boat fares to London had taken the last of her savings, but, with her mother out of danger, Mrs. Wells set about saving for the journey.

Again she went to work as a teacher.

To supplement this income, which was little more than enough to keep her family,

she took on part-time music teaching four nights a week.

By January last year she had saved enough for a deposit on a new panel van.

The next step was to convert it to a "home-on-wheels" — for she knew she wouldn't be able to afford the luxury of hotels or even restaurants.

Using old packing cases, and literally anything they could lay their hands on, Mrs. Wells and her sons built and fitted bunks, cupboards, tables, and chairs.

Special insulation material was installed to keep the van warm and to absorb the moisture which they knew would condense while they slept with windows sealed against chilly nights.

For months now they have been collecting and storing tanks for water, cans to carry a safety margin of petrol, spare parts for the van, tablets for sterilising drinking water, canned food (they already have more than 70 cans labelled and packed away), and a host of incidental items such as portable radio, tyre chains for negotiating sand and mud, curtains for the windows.

Between housework, care of the boys, and church duties

(she is the local organist), Mrs. Wells has been attending night classes in motor maintenance at technical school.

During the journey Peter will supervise his younger brothers and help his mother with manual jobs, Adrian will operate the "canteen," and Andrew will "navigate."

On Friday, August 18, they will set out on the first stage of their journey — from London to Dover. From there, until they board ship at Colombo for the final stage to Fremantle, they will be on their own.

## For Christmas

They expect to arrive in Australia on Christmas Eve and to be settled back in Melbourne in time for the boys to resume school there next year.

Mrs. Wells dismisses with a shrug of her straight shoulders the fears of relatives and neighbors, who, she says, "think I am crazy."

"I know I can do it, and that's all that matters," she said quietly. "And I can't tell you how much I am longing to be back in Australia."

When it's all over, Mrs. Wells hopes to write a book about her experiences.

## SECOND - BEST BRIDE

● Henrietta Tiarks, London's Deb. of the Year in 1957, might well have been Britain's Bride of the Year, 1961 — except for Katharine Worsley.

MISS TIARKS and the Marquess of Tavistock, the Duke of Bedford's heir, announced their engagement last September. Grand wedding plans were set for June 20 this year.

As it turned out, second-best bride-of-the-year Henrietta, daughter of a millionaire London banker, only just avoided the worst luck that can befall a bride—being seen

by her future husband in her wedding dress before the ceremony.

She was already defying superstition when she wore her wedding dress for photographs some weeks before the big day.

She and her bridesmaids were getting ready for society photographer Tom Hustler when the door burst open and who should rush in but the 21-year-old Marquess himself.

Tom Hustler and the bridesmaids shielded 20-year-old Miss Tiarks from view, and

everyone heaved a high of relief.

The wedding gown was made by Nina Ricci in Paris. So were the white dresses of her seven bridesmaids.

Some of the glamor-girl Marchioness' more extreme trousseau clothes are certainly going to raise eyebrows if worn on the campus at Harvard, where she and her husband go after their honeymoon. He is studying political science.

An alarming aspect of the pre-wedding scene was the exact whereabouts of the bridegroom's father, the Duke of Bedford, and the Duchess, his third wife.

They were cruising on Aristotle Onassis' ship Achilles, and no one knew when or where the ship would dock.

Separate invitations were sent out for the church, tiny Saint Clement Danes, and for the reception at Claridge's, for 1000 guests.

It seems a strange contrast that the church chosen for this most overpowering of social weddings should be Saint Clement Danes.

It is the home of one of the oldest nursery rhymes. Three times a day the exquisite bells tinkle out over the spires of London . . .

Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's.

● The Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock at their wedding on June 20.







*AT TULLY, County Kildare, Princess Grace is pictured in the Japanese Gardens of the Irish National Stud during her ten days in Ireland. The former film star Grace Kelly spent some of her visit in County Mayo, the part of Ireland where her forebears lived.*



# PRINCESS GRACE IN IRELAND



*AT DUBLIN CASTLE during the Government reception in honor of the Rainiers, Princess Grace talks with the Irish Republic's President, Mr. De Valera, and his wife, Grace and Rainier paid a State visit to Ireland and were then joined for a holiday by their children.*





## the sophisticated kilt

Surely you've noticed how the most admirable pleated in any company is a Fletcher Jones' kilt. In well-behaved, permanently Si-Ro-Set wool and a host of authentic tartans. There's a fitting for you from Fletcher Jones' enormous size range.

### FLETCHER JONES

AND STAFF PTY. LTD.

SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, CANBERRA, ADELAIDE, HOBART, LAUNCESTON, WOLLONGONG, GEELONG, BALLARAT, WARRNAMBOOL, CHADSTONE, FOOTSCRAY.



# It seems to me

THE Chief of Police from the town of Alhambra (pop. 53,000), California, U.S.A., says that Sydney is quieter than Alhambra and that its drivers are more courteous and considerate.

In Alhambra, so the Police Chief said, there are seven or nine patrol cars on the road all the time, each in the charge of an armed officer.

No doubt Sydney was meant to take this as a compliment, but citizens are never unduly pleased when told they have a law-abiding city, but they aren't.

Residents of Chicago claim to be annoyed by visitors who hark back to the lawless 'twenties and expect to see gangsters. My belief is that the Chicagoans will be really furious when everyone forgets the gangsters.

Two small boys who visited me once were much impressed with the fact that I lived in Kings Cross. Did I see the shooting last week, they wanted to know. (They were both avid readers of sensational news.) Oh, no, I told them piously. Nothing like that ever went on in my street. But I was flattered all the same.

As for cars, most residents like to think that their cities' jams are the worst. As drivers they don't actually enjoy being caught in the jams, but they do preen themselves when a visitor says, "I never saw such traffic." Not that the visitor does. He tells you about his own peak hours.

Courteous and considerate, indeed! Sir, when you call us that — smile.

THE new million-pound grandstand at England's Ascot racecourse has a tier of private boxes on the top which cost from £262/10/- to £472/10/- to rent for the 12 days of the meeting.

Each of these boxes has a dining-room and a tiny kitchenette. From all accounts the occupants don't cook. Waitresses use the kitchenettes for serving food and keeping it hot.

But the arrangement sounds most convenient. If your betting was going badly you could bring your own fish and chips and heat them up.

BY the way, I have found a splendid new racing system, after some expensive trial and error.

You stay home and listen to the races with imaginary bets.

At the end of the afternoon you add up your savings.

"Ah," says the novice, "but what if you find you might have won a whole lot of money?"

Well, yes, it can happen. But not often enough to matter.



Dorothy Drann

FROM a report of the Australian cricketers' visit to Hever Castle in England as guests of Lord Astor:

"Team manager Webb left with a silver fork and a peach protruding from his pocket—placed there by a mischievous team member.

"Mr. Webb took the joke in good part and returned the cutlery before he said his farewell to Lord Astor."

Mr. Webb could hardly do anything else in the circumstances but grin and bear such a joke. Had I been in his

shoes I would have liked to tell the joker with a good sharp blow. (Not, on reflection, that this would have added to the grace of the occasion.)

But, next to "souveniring" in reality, I dislike it as the theme of practical joking.

NEW on the market in America—an escape ladder weighing six pounds, available in two- or three-storey lengths.

You hook it to the window sill ("a child can fix it") and away you go — from the fire, or into the arms of your lover, whatever you fancy.

Judging by the number of jokes on the unexpected-visitors theme which appear in American magazines, the ladder may also serve a purpose for unwilling hostesses.

These cartoons, incidentally, throw an interesting light on American life. They suggest that "droppers-in" are a much greater hazard than in Australia, where they have diminished in proportion to the increase in telephones.

Yet America must have the largest number of telephones per capita in the world. And here, perhaps, another joke-theme helps explain. Maybe the teenage members of families keep the phones perpetually engaged.

A PILE carpet made of plastic and resistant to wear and weather will soon be introduced in Australia. Its American promoters say that it can be used on patios and round swimming-pools. The carpet round our swimming-pool is really rather nice.

Though certain critics see it as a sybaritic vice.

But we brought the outdoors indoors, now we take the indoors out.

A tendency that's modern, so it's right, without a doubt.

The neighbors, you should hear them, they talk in reverent tones.

We don't keep up with anyone—in fact we ARE the Jones.

Our trees grow in the living-room, and every Sunday morn

We get up bright and early to vacuum-clean the lawn.

## I'M POUNDS BETTER OFF Because I Take FORD PILLS



Ford Pills keep me free from irregularity, sick headaches, dizziness and depression. I'm always sparkling with health and energy and never away from work. No wonder I'm pounds better off!

Ford Pills are safe and sure... and so economical, too! Regain good health, feel fit and well, buy a tube of Ford Pills today.

Slim off your overweight—write for a free FORD PILLS DIET CHART to G.P.O. Box 4155, Sydney.

Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

## FORD PILLS

## SWELLING

Rub THIS in and it DISAPPEARS!



BAUME DALET is a foot ointment which has been so successful on the Continent that chemists are now taking it up in this country. You rub it in and it DISAPPEARS and, too, in a very short time, does the painful swelling and the hot, tired, aching throb, and your feet feel ten years younger! Yes, BAUME DALET sinks right in—releasing powerful healing ingredients to do their wonderful work right at the root of the trouble. Next time you have to "rub your poor toe," rub it with pain-relieving BAUME DALET. Ask your family chemist for BAUME DALET—6/- a tube.

WBD-3



GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet... "Bobby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls."

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks' treatment 4/6

### Curlypet

## End discomfort of DISTURBED NIGHTS

Are you a prey to disturbed nights? To secure relief and enjoy peaceful sleep, try Doan's Back and Kidney Pills. Doan's are accepted all over the world as a diuretic and mild antiseptic for the kidneys and bladder, which should relieve irritation and frequency or simple infections. A course of Doan's should also prove most helpful when faulty kidney action is a contributory cause of rheumatism, painfully affecting the back, joints or limbs. So get Doan's today!

"The good old days are gone," moaned Joe. And gave his nose a hearty blow. "These modern viruses hang on for weeks—my flu still isn't gone!" "Aha," cried Fred, "just look at me. A germ-free, healthy sixty-three. Old-fashioned Woods' has kept me fit. For years—why don't you try a bit?"

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds



"HAVE YOU EVER TRIED THIS?" a feature of Woman's Mirror GET YOUR COPY TODAY



# AUSTRALIAN NATURE



PELICANS and SEAGULLS pictured together on the American River, Kangaroo Island, South Australia. It is common for both these birds to breed in colonies on coastal islands. The pelicans are the Australian species (*Pelecanus conspicillatus*). The seagulls (*Larus novae-hollandiae*) are useful scavengers and eat scraps thrown overboard from ships. They also eat fish, and other marine life, and will rob other seabirds' nests for the eggs.

● The well-known pelican is a favorite bird, and is frequently seen around river estuaries, coastal mudflats, and islands, as well as some inland waters. These birds are ungainly on the ground, but very beautiful in flight. They are often seen fishing, and may temporarily store their "catch" in the distensible lower section of the beak, which drops down to form a bag. Young pelicans look bald and ugly. Once they are able to move they huddle in "creches" (see picture at right). When alarmed, the creche moves forward like a clumsy snowball, each baby trying, when he gets the chance, to clamber over the one in front to make a getaway.



Top picture by Mr. K. P. Phillips, Mitcham, S.A.  
Picture at right by Mr. V. Serventy, Subiaco, W.A.



**NEXT WEEK:**

# The JACQUELINE KENNEDY Story

—An exclusive look at the life and private picture albums of America's First Lady.

● Jacqueline Kennedy is one of the world's most-talked-about women.

Next week we begin her own story—the story of her growing up, her romance and marriage to the man who became the youngest elected President of the United States.

The Jacqueline Kennedy story is told by a family friend, Mary van Rensselaer Thayer, who was specially chosen by the President's wife to write her biography.

It is illustrated with pictures from Jackie Kennedy's own photograph albums.

It's a fascinating story. Be sure you begin it next week.

And we've discovered Australia's Jackie Kennedy—a girl who is really very like the President's wife.

With her picture next week, we'll give instructions to set the Jackie Kennedy hairstyle and directions to make the pill-box hat that Mrs. Kennedy has made a top fashion favorite.

## Announcing

# £2000 Canned Fruits Recipe Contest

● A Grand Champion prize of £1000 will go to the best entry in our £2000 Canned Fruits Recipe Contest.

The contest is in three sections—recipes using peaches, pears, or apricots.

Each section will cover one of these fruits used in cold or hot puddings, pastries, or other sweets course dishes, or fruit used in meat, soups, or savory dishes.

● Full prize list and how-to-enter details in our next issue.

# Win this £300 prize

● Here's another CROZZLE—a fascinating game which is a puzzle within a crossword. Work it out alone or have the family join forces to increase your score and enhance your chance of winning £300.

WITH each puzzle a blank crossword grid—like the one at right—is published with a list of words relating to one subject.

This week's words refer to dancers and dancing. To complete the CROZZLE, make up your own crossword in the blank grid, using any of the words supplied.

Remember, you may only use the words supplied in the list and you may use them only once.

Words do not have to interlock, but remember, too, it is the interlocking letters that help to increase your score. When you have completed the CROZZLE, black in the unused squares.

Your finished CROZZLE will look just like a crossword, with all the lines of letters across and down making complete words from the given list. Remember, though, each word along the same line, up or down, must be separated by a black square.

Your CROZZLE does not have to fall into any set pattern, neither does it have to be symmetrical.

SEND ENTRIES NOW. Closing date, July 19.

## CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 3 must be received by July 19, and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 3," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

2. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted.

3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Names in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.

4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.

5. In the event of a tie for top score, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be awarded the prize. If there is still a tie, the winning entries will share the prizemoney.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies are not eligible to enter this contest; nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries which are received after closing time, will be disqualified, and all entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. on receipt.

The competition will be judged by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., who will use its best endeavors to see that every eligible entry is properly considered. The accidental omission to consider any entry and/or any error by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. or its employees shall not invalidate the competition or give rise to any rights in any competitor to take proceedings against that company or any employee of it at law or in equity on any account whatsoever. The result as published shall be final and binding on all competitors.

All competitors taking part agree as a condition of entry to accept such result as final and binding. No correspondence will be entered into or any interview granted.

It is a basic condition of the sending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the competition and everything done in connection therewith and all arrangements resulting therefrom (whether mentioned in the conditions or to be implied), and that every entry and agreement or transaction entered into or payment made by or under it shall not be attended by or give rise to any illegal relationship, rights, duties, or consequences whatsoever or be legally enforceable or the subject of litigation, but all such arrangements, agreements, and transactions are binding in honor only.

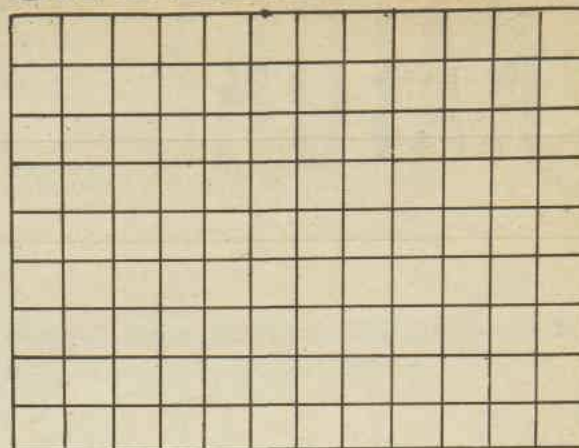
## SAMPLE ENTRY

C	H	A	R	L	E	S	T	O	N	R
H	S	E	E	I	O					
A	T	G	T	J	I	G				
C	H	A	S	S	E	I	E			
H	I	S	N	R						
A	R	H	T	H	M	S	S			
E	O	K								
		K	E	L	L	Y				
R	O	C	K	S						

2 8 9 10 18 1

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 48  
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 130  
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 178

# CROZZLE No. 3



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

**SCORING:** For every word used in your crossword there is a score of 10 points. You score extra points for each interlocking letter—at a rate shown in the table below. Interlocking letters are those which occur in the same square in a word going across and another word going down.

The sample CROZZLE shown on this page shows you how to total your scores. The figures at the bottom of each column of the sample entry grid refer to points scored for interlocking letters.

When you send in your entry, add up your points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with your grand total clearly marked. An incorrect total disqualifies the entry.

Interlocking letter scoring scale:

1-point letters.	3-point letters.	6-point letters.	12-point letters.
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

## CROZZLE No. 3 Word List

### 3 LETTERS

Ann  
Cyd  
Hop  
Jig  
One  
Set  
Tap  
Toe  
Two

Gower  
Irene  
Glide  
Greco  
Kelly  
Mambo  
Marge  
Music  
Polka  
Right  
Rumba  
Shoes  
Somes  
Sword  
Tango  
Tempo  
Three  
Twirl  
Valse  
Waltz

Juliet  
Leslie  
Margot  
Miller  
Minuet  
Morris  
Nautch  
Powell  
Prowse  
Rhythm  
Rogers  
Vernon

Charisse  
Cotillon  
Danseuse  
Fandango  
Flamenco  
Fontaine  
Hayworth  
Helpmann  
Hornpipe  
Nijinsky  
Rigadoon  
Robinson  
Saraband

### 4 LETTERS

Ball  
Band  
Barn  
Beat  
Feet  
Folk  
Hula  
Jack  
Jose  
Lead  
Left  
Legs  
Pump  
Reel  
Rita  
Rock  
Roll  
Russ  
Spin  
Step  
Tutu

### 6 LETTERS

Ballet  
Barrie  
Bolero  
Cancan  
Castle  
Chacha  
Chasse  
Duncan  
Follow  
Ginger  
Gorham

### 7 LETTERS

Astaire  
Csardas  
Gavotte  
Lambeth  
Lancers  
Madison  
Mazurka  
Michael  
Partner  
Pavlova  
Reverse  
Shearer  
Tamblyn  
Ulanova

### 9 LETTERS

Arabesque  
Jitterbug  
Orchestra  
Pirotte  
Polonaise  
Quadrille

### 10 LETTERS

Carmagnole  
Charleston  
Strathspey  
Tarantella

### 8 LETTERS

Buchanan  
Champion

### 11 LETTERS

Schottische  
Terpsichore

### 5 LETTERS

Caron  
Chase  
Dance  
Fling  
Floor

**NEXT WEEK: Another £300 CROZZLE**





Dial and disappear on washdays . . .

*FREEDOM! Your Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer leaves you free to join in the family fun while your wash does itself — automatically!*

## The Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer ... does everything but the ironing

Suddenly you are free from all the drudgery of washday! Yet you see the cleanest, whitest wash of all hanging out to a bright dry. Bliss!

This is the machine that "mothers" you . . . the washer that makes washdays cease to exist!

### A never-ending washday vacation

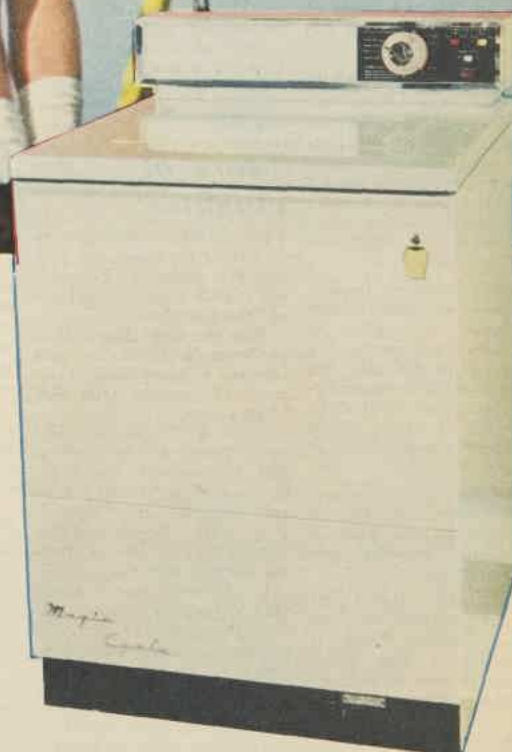
You can take a holiday on washdays. While you're miles away, or just in the garden perhaps, your precious clothes are being washed with loving care. The unique Kelvinator one-speed, all fabric washing action safely

washes everything from the kiddies denims to your daintiest nylons.

Every item is gently, but ever so thoroughly, washed 3 ways, rinsed 4 times, spin dried and left ready to hang on the line.

You've never seen such a bright, clean wash! That's because your wonderful Kelvinator spins soil out behind the special perforated liner . . . doesn't strain it back through your clothes.

But, best of all, owning a Kelvinator is easier than you think! Ask your Kelvinator retailer and he'll tell you how it's done.



Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer (Model W 89) illustrated — with "Magic Cycle" Pump and Filter Fountain — 218 gns. Model W 69 with Filter Fountain — 199 gns.

### ONLY KELVINATOR GIVES YOU BOTH THESE MONEY AND LABOUR-SAVING FEATURES



"MAGIC CYCLE" PUMP saves 2000 gallons of hot sudsy water every year for the average family of 4. After your first wash it stores the hot sudsy water for re-use on your second load.



Exclusive FILTER FOUNTAIN actually filters all the wash water every 3 minutes . . . removes every trace of lint. Your clothes are left soft, fresh, bright and lint-free!

### PLUS

- ★ 4 separate rinsing actions that remove all traces of soap and ensure a whiter wash.
- ★ "New Rinse Additive Dispenser" that automatically releases additive during rinse cycles. Softens rinse water, conditions clothes, gives soap-free wash.
- ★ Easily installed — no bolting down — no special fixtures. Automatic self-leveling legs.
- ★ Trouble Free — no gears to go wrong.
- ★ Safe near children — all controls and openings out of harms way.
- ★ Variable washing time — super efficient spin drying.
- ★ Automatic cut-off switch prevents an out-of-balance load damaging the washer.
- ★ Rust Resistant. All parts in contact with water are finished in rust-resistant porcelain enamel — all other parts in epon enamel.

Choose **Kelvinator**  
HOME APPLIANCES for Better Living

REFRIGERATORS • FREEZERS • WASHERS

AIR CONDITIONERS • TELEVISION • RADIO



# WORTH REPORTING

# SOCIAL

**MRS. MORTON CALDER**, landscape gardener, of Darling Point, N.S.W., moves shrubs the way other women move furniture—shifting and rearranging to achieve the final harmonious effect.

Disparities in the ease of moving a huge azalea bush as against moving a coffee table do not bother her. Nor is any compromise with her artistic integrity possible—however great the challenge.

She prefers to uproot and transplant shrubs in great clumps of their own soil, but if necessary will pursue the roots of a 14ft. high dogwood tree their full 6ft. length along the ground and confidently carry off the tree to its new position by the back porch.

In Greensboro, North Carolina—Mrs. Calder's home before coming to Sydney last August—this landscape gardener's talent for redesigning gardens, creating patios out of barren patches, and balancing architecture with foliage was much in demand.

Clients' initial enthusiasm often gave way to misgivings as work proceeded apace.

"That gardener lady, I do declare, she done gone move EVRAH shrub on dis place," Mrs. Calder once overheard a client's colored servant anxiously confide on the telephone.

Results, however, brought approbation and more clients. Mrs. Calder, who plans to spend her time between her Darling Point flat and her colonial Greensboro home, believes Australians could make greater use of native plants, planting palms and ferns to profusion.

She'd like to see the now popular restored terrace houses ablaze with colorful window-box gardens—"petunias overspilling everywhere."

Her current frustration? The front garden of her Sydney flat building. "Now, if only we had a hedge along here, one or two shrubs balancing the entrance there, and

"DURING the clergy conference a skeleton staff will be left in each deanery for cemetery duty and emergencies."—Southwark Diocesan Leaflet.



● Mrs. Morton Calder, shrub-moving in her garden.

## He's taking furs to Moscow

"WONDERFUL," murmured Mrs. Khrushchev when she came to the Swears and Wells fur coats stand at the British Trade Fair in Moscow.

London chairman of the firm, Mr. Cyril J. Ross, didn't waste a second putting through a call to Moscow. "Swap you £100,000 worth of fur coats for £100,000 worth of skins," he said.

"Done," replied Moscow.

"Sounds a bit like taking coals to Newcastle," said Mr. Ross as he left for Moscow to clinch the deal, "but in exchange for my coats I shall get splendid skins—sable, mink, musquash, foxes. Russians don't know how to make these up properly and don't have much use for them."

★ ★ ★  
**OVERHEARD** at a London club: "I can always tell a man's origin by his pronunciation. Take this waiter, for instance, he's from Dijon."

Said the waiter: "Sorry, Istanbul, m'sieu."

Said the club member: "Poor devil. He doesn't know, you see."

## Tears of laughter

**OLD-TIME** melodramas revived for laughs are paying off. Sydney's Ensemble did it with a phenomenal run of "The Drunkard."

Now the Bowl Music Hall, Melbourne's basement-cave theatre, is completing a record 12 months' run with "East Lynne."

Lines like "Dead, dead, and never called me Mother" in this 100-year-old tear-jerker by Mrs. Henry Wood are so convulsing the 1960 sophisticates that George Miller, originator of the idea, is bringing the play to Sydney.

It will open in the Music Hall Restaurant, formerly the Southern Cross Theatre, Neutral Bay, in August, with Melbourne's producer Philip Stainton and leads Bette Bailey and Mordaunt Hall.

Neither Mort, as Archibald Carlisle, nor Bette, as Barbara Hare, has missed a performance of "East Lynne." Bette has taken the opportunity to study languages and singing, and Mort has continued his radio acting.



● Caulfield (Vic.) councillors Gladys Wallace and Leslie Machin . . . wedding-day smiles.

## Wedding bells and protocol

**WHEN** members of the same city council marry, how is the lady formally addressed?

Does she become "Councillor Mrs. X" — to distinguish her from her husband — or does she simply retain her pre-marriage form "Councillor Y"?

This tricky point in civic protocol has been raised by the marriage recently of Councillors Gladys Ellen Wallace, M.B.E., J.P., and Leslie Robert Machin, of the Caulfield (Vic.) Council.

The husband-and-wife councillors will sort it out on their present eight weeks' holiday in Japan; after which they resume duties—and, possibly opposition (she represents South Ward, he North).

Twice Mayor of Caulfield, Councillor Wallace (we're tipping this title, anyway) may create another precedent next year. Her husband, a councillor since 1957, is likely to become Mayor—in which case, Councillor Wallace will be Mayor and Mayoress of her city.

Herewith, another poser? Is she to be Mayoress, Mrs. Machin, or the Mayoress Councillor Gladys Machin?

For the immediate records, both the over-60 widowed councillors have been married before (she has three children and nine grandchildren, he two children and five grandchildren).

In her ten years with Caulfield Council, the indefatigable Councillor Wallace has worked daily, serving and distributing meals at the Elderly Citizens' Club; she has helped found two homes for widowed mothers of servicemen—the Gladys Wallace Homes at Croydon and Elsternwick—and she has formed the £30,000 Caulfield Youth Centre where 500 boys and girls meet.

★ ★ ★  
**BEVERLEY NICHOLS** recently threw open his immaculate garden to the public. One old gentleman, overawed by the exquisite orderliness on every side, and finding a lack of ash-trays in the rose bushes, guiltily dug a small hole and buried his cigar butt.

A TOP London newspaper reporter who takes no notes during interviews to encourage free talk hid a tape-recorder in his coat when interviewing a politician notorious for denying statements to the Press.

Halfway through the interview the recorder started to buzz loudly. The politician stopped and looked squarely at the reporter. "Is that your tape-recorder or mine?" he asked.

## Peeking into the future

**AUSTRALIAN** fortune-tellers are not all in accord with their English colleague who recently forecast a boy for Princess Margaret.

Some feel the planetary influences indicate a girl. Others insist that only a personal sitting by the princess would enable them to accurately "read" her eyes, palms, feet, teacup, or breakfast egg.

We asked local soothsayers if they were getting the backwash of the current fortune-telling boom in England, where top-notchers Maurice Woodruff and Mrs. Katrina Theodossiou are commanding a new social status AND £40 to £50 a day.

No, regretted the locals, THEIR future wasn't all that bright, but "clientele was increasing" and Brisbane's restaurant teacup readers (the future is free with the tea) were "busier than ever."

However, locals do show a certain adventurous originality in their approach to the crystal ball. They gaze into cars, eyes, soles of feet, or some personal article—a watch or a ring.

One instructed us one night to bring eggs. We arrived to find that the lady was too ill to look at eggs. We had to taxi home with the eggs, instead of our future, bouncing around in a brown bag.

Ninety per cent of clients are women. Why?

Our psychiatrist: "Men are as keen as women to peek into the future, but their respect for science, technology, and logic makes them feel a bit silly at indulging an illogical impulse."

"Women, not being the slightest bit impressed by science and logic, have no such inhibitions."

**FROM** London comes news of a change in wedding plans for Carolyn Rubensohn and Peter Hinchcliffe. Instead of waiting until their return to Sydney, they are now being married in the romantic alpine setting of Kitzbuhel, in Austria, on July 20.

Kitzbuhel is a favorite haunt of Carolyn and Peter, who are both skiing enthusiasts—but they won't have a "white wedding" because being mid-summer in Europe the countryside will be carpeted with wildflowers instead of snow.

Carolyn—at present on the job helping to put Australia "on the map" at the Trade Fair in Malta—will go to Rome in mid-July to meet her mother, Mrs. J. R. Rubensohn, who is leaving Sydney by air on June 30 to shop for wedding finery in Hongkong en route.

From Rome they will motor to Austria with Xanthe Small, a Sydney friend of the bride, who will attend Carolyn at the ceremony.

She'll be given away by Mr. Donald Campbell, of Roseville.

Later Carolyn and Peter will honeymoon in the Mediterranean on a yacht lent by a friend before returning to London, where they'll spend another 12 months before coming home.

A movie film and tape recording of the wedding will be rushed back to Sydney for Peter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hinchcliffe, of Wahroonga, and Carolyn's father, Mr. Bill Rubensohn, of Kirribilli.

But Mrs. Hinchcliffe doesn't know how closely they'll be able to follow the tape of the ceremony, because it may be in German!

★ ★ ★  
**MR. JUSTICE AND MRS. TAYLOR'S** charming old home at Lindfield will be en fête on July 14 when guests will be entertained at a reception (with bridge and solo for card enthusiasts) to raise funds for the John Williams Hospital, Wahroonga. The function is being arranged by the Killara Ladies' Auxiliary of the Hospital, which is for the after-care of children who have had polio.

★ ★ ★  
**THERE** was a wonderful pay-off for Mrs. Norman Jones, Mrs. Arnold Hirst, Mrs. W. Hope H. Gibson, and Mrs. Oliver Latham when they volunteered for flower arrangement chores at the A.B.C. Theatre before the reception given by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra Subscribers' Committee for celebrity pianist Mindru Katz and conductor Tibor Paul. They worked to music—a Brahms concerto—performed by Mr. Katz, who spent the afternoon there rehearsing. I was awfully intrigued to watch him later at the reception, holding a cigarette in his right hand while unconsciously going through the motions of playing five-finger exercises between puffs.

★ ★ ★  
**A LUNCHEON** of coffee and sandwiches will be served in the foyer of Hoyts Theatre, Double Bay, on July 5 at 12.30 p.m. as a curtain-raiser to the charity matinee for the Woollahra branch of Torch Bearers for Legacy.

★ ★ ★  
**MR. AND MRS. DONALD TROUNSON** made a happy choice when they selected the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, for the luncheon they gave to entertain Wing-Commander Tony Ringer, the captain of the Victor Bomber, and fellow R.A.F. officers who made the flight with him from England. The guests of honor were really fascinated watching the traffic on the harbor, particularly the ferries, while they lunched. Incidentally, they said that zooming across the continent coming here they had been amazed by the long-distance visibility of Australian flying conditions. Being able to see for 200 miles in any direction was almost like looking down on our little old world from outer space.

★ ★ ★  
**THE** dance Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Madden are giving for their daughter Anne at the Australia Hotel on July 14 will be from 9 p.m. until 1 o'clock the following morning. This is so congratulations can be showered on Anne at midnight, when she becomes 21.

★ ★ ★  
**WHEN** the Southern Cross comes through the Heads on June 30, Mrs. H. W. Storey will easily be one of the most excited passengers aboard, taking in the view of her home-town skyline for the first time since she went abroad on a holiday visit to England in 1949. Formerly Marie Pedder, of Beauty Point, she is arriving from South Africa with her Scottish husband and their children, Amanda, aged eight, and Michael, who is seven, to settle in Sydney. Since their marriage the Storeys have lived in Rhodesia and South Africa, where until recently Mrs. Storey was secretary of the Red Cross in Vereeniging, and was in the thick of the troubled times there during the riots at adjacent Sharpeville.

★ ★ ★  
**MARY CAIRNCROSS** says old scholars of Elm Court, Moss Vale, and the Chevalier College, Bowral, are calling the combined dance they're having at Chevron Hilton Hotel on July 8 the "Snowball." "It's because we still shiver when we remember how cold we were on the Southern Tablelands during our schooldays," she explained.



# ROUNDAABOUT

By MARY COLES



IVORY LACE trimmed the sleeves of the navy-blue polished-cotton frock worn by Mrs. Keith Walsh (on the left), chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Farly-Thew, at the cheery dinner dance at the Pickwick Club, arranged by the Baby Bunting Committee, to aid the Women's Hospital, Crown Street. Mrs. Farly-Thew chose a black velvet short dinner dress.

BETWEEN DANCES. From left, Miss Ingrid Little, Mr. Philip Craddock, Miss Susan Ward, Mr. Paul Curtin, Miss Julie Harris, and Mr. Robert Curtin at the Golden Harvest Ball at the Trocadero to aid the Mater Hospital. Their table was one of the gayest in the ballroom, decorated with ribbon-tied bunches of straw and a scarecrow with a straw wig.



AFTER their wedding at St. Mary's Church, Walgett, Mr. John Knight, of "Karoola," Walgett, and his bride, formerly Miss Jean Coren, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Coren, of Walgett, honeymooned in Queensland, where they have many friends. Mrs. Knight is a granddaughter of Queensland pioneer pastoralist the late Mr. Cook Leichhardt Firth. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. John Knight, of Walgett, and the late Mr. Knight.



KEEN spectators at the Queensland Polocrosse Championships, played at Warwick, were, from left, Miss Jane Jeffrey, of "Isa," Tenterfield, Mr. Brian Warrick and his sister, Miss Celia Warrick, of "Springfield," Wollomombi, Armidale.



THRILLING highlight of the Queensland Polocrosse Championships was the tussle between the Cunningham and Glen Innes teams for the Risdon Cup. Pictured from left during the game were brothers Mr. Rex Kiehne and Mr. Brian Kiehne, who played for Glen Innes, and Mr. Edgar Hutton, who captained the Cunningham team, which won the Cup for Queensland. The championships were held at McDougall's Paddock, Warwick.





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# The great "Hong Kong" mystery

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Hong Kong" — Sydney's top-rating TV show — has finished. Australia's handsome Rod Taylor is out of a job, and executives at Sydney's Channel 9 are nearly out of their minds.

FOR the past few days, executives at Channel 9 have had little time for anything but pacifying irate viewers about "Hong Kong's" end, and mourning the loss of this show that in its short 20-week season beat every other show's record of popularity.

Favorites that televiewers have loved for years were beaten hands down on the ratings scale by "Hong Kong." Shows that fell before it were "Perry Mason," "Bonanza," and "The Untouchables."

It's no wonder that there are a lot of long faces at Channel 9. Like everyone else they are puzzled about its cessation and wondered what is the real story behind the blank announcement from America that its production has ceased permanently.

But these days rumors even cross the Pacific. The strongest is that, despite its outstanding success here, in America "Hong Kong" could never beat the rating of its rival, "Wagon Train."

The two shows appeared simultaneously on different channels and "Hong Kong" just couldn't win against "Wagon Train," even without Ward Bond.

Rumor says that the sponsor of "Hong Kong," powerful American businessman Henry J. Kaiser, couldn't stand this and bowed out.

This may be hard to understand, but in America, unlike Australia, the advertising sponsor is king. Kaiser uses TV in the States to advertise his aluminium products, is regarded as being among the top sponsor kings and has become a legend in advertising circles for his knack of picking winning TV shows.

Kaiser won't have this record spoiled, so — no "Hong Kong."

Giving weight to this rumor, Rod Taylor says he has turned down all offers of other jobs so far, although Kaiser himself urged him to take one of them.

"Twentieth Century-Fox just offered me the starring role in another series, 'Follow the Sun,'" Taylor said the other day. "It is about a freelance magazine writer's adventures. I turned it down — flat, even though Henry Kaiser badly wanted me to take it. I was still hoping."

I've heard a lot about star-maker Kaiser and it sounds positively final that he'd recommend Taylor to accept another starring role for another studio.

It seems obvious that "Hong Kong" just didn't sell enough of the Kaiser aluminium products to make it worth while.

"Maverick," with James Garner, trebled the Kaiser sales in America and Kaiser was backing "Hong Kong" to do the same.

It's all very sad, particularly I think for Rod Taylor, who was doing such a good job as hero Glenn Evans. But I'm sure he'll be back in another series before long. He's too good an actor and too popular to "rest" for long.

## Another Joye spectacular

ANYWAY, it's an ill-wind job, for, because of its end, Channel 9 has a special treat for viewers in "Hong Kong's" old time-slot, July 4, at 7.30 p.m.

It is a one-hour spectacular, "Jumping for Joye," starring Australian singer Col Joye.

This is the third spectacular Channel 9 has presented starring Joye. You may remember "The Golden Rock" and "The Col Joye Show." Both of them were notable for the huge cast of up-and-coming rock-'n'-rollers.

"Jumping for Joye" is different. It has a cast that's a



● Australia's Rod Taylor, star of the spectacularly successful "Hong Kong" series. Now the show has folded Rod is out of a job.

handful compared to that of the other two—but what a handful they are.

They were chosen by Channel 9 executives, show compare Brian Henderson and Joye himself as Australia's top teenage entertainers today.

They are considered by the panel who chose them to be the ones who will survive the rock-'n'-roll craze and win through as artists in their own right.

They are Patsy Ann Noble, Lionel Long, the Allen Brothers, Judy Stone, Lana Cantrell, and the Delltones.

According to my rehearsal spies, this show should make eyes pop. Production is said to be outstanding and the artists, all given enough time to present their own special talents, are really excelling themselves.

I always enjoy a rock-'n'-roll show or whatever this is, so I'm looking forward to it immensely. Don't miss it.

## Gold-plated "Untouchables"

TALKING of top shows, "The Untouchables" will probably glitter strangely next time you see it. After a battle for rights to show it in Tokio, it is practically gold-plated.

The competitive bidding between Tokio's commercial TV stations for the right to show a package of 54 "Untouchable" episodes brought the price up to 36,500,000 yen — 100,000 dollars or about £A50,000.

Japan's commercial channel NET-TV was the lucky winner in the battle. Not only did they agree to pay the astronomical price, but to clinch the bargain they had to pay 60,000 dollars (about £A30,000) in advance, and the balance within four weeks of the first telecast.

It sounds to me as if honorable Eliot Ness-san should ask for a rise, right now.

Clocker took the desk over. There he was in his turned-up hat and turned-down collar, giving racing fans the low-down straight from the PM's study.

## Life's soft on the range

IF you're one of the people who are inclined to worry about the hard life horses seem to lead in TV Westerns — relax. TV horses are the pampered members of the cast and indeed live 50 per cent. longer than any other horses in the United States.

This astounding fact comes from an officer of the American Humane Association, which apparently matches Australia's R.S.P.C.A.

"Acting in Westerns may look terribly hazardous for horses," the officer said. "But actually it is about the easiest life a horse could have."

"Horses in other businesses and even family pets don't have as much chance to live long, because generally there are fewer hazards on TV."

"Racehorses drop dead from heart attacks, break legs, and have to be shot, and are

carted around the country in trains, trailers, and even on aeroplanes from track to track.

"Television horses who specialise in Western series in Hollywood usually live close to their work. They are required to run very little, even though it may seem longer on the screen. No television horse has ever had a heart attack, and few are ever injured."

"Horses are paid the going rate of 35 dollars (about £A17/10/-) a day for TV work. And an officer of the American Humane Society is on location at all times seeing that they have the best oats and hay to eat, and plenty of water."

"Any funny stuff like tripping horses with wires or otherwise mistreating them would mean that the producer of the series would end up in court."

If you keep a horse in the bathroom or the backyard, that £17/10/- a day and all found sounds very attractive. Last year 14,000 horses were signed up for movies and TV series.

"Gunsmoke," "Rawhide," and "Have Gun — Will Travel" alone used 500 horses.

## Film Reviews and Gossip

### ★★★ THE ROYAL WEDDING

In vivid color, this fairy-tale wedding is filmed with the technical precision and drama of an ace movie spectacular. Camera close-ups of the bridal party, the Royal family, and dignitaries are so many and so clear that the wedding becomes an intimate event. From a brief preview of ye-olde-English Yorkshire, "Coppins," and Hovingham Hall, the camera accompanies the bride (Katharine Worsley) from her home to York Minster, through the service, to the joyous return to the reception. The 15 minutes of pageantry conclude with the departure of the Duke and Duchess on their honeymoon. —State, Sydney.

In a word . . . MAJESTIC.

### ★★★ THE FACTS OF LIFE

An almost subtle Bob Hope and much quieter Lucille Ball brilliantly team their expressive wit in this satirical suburban comedy. The subdued comics—Hope minus his slapstick and Ball without her screech—backed by a sharp script, are consistently funny. He is married, so is she. They are neighbors, members of the same civic-minded group of couples—and very bored with it all. Chance throws them

### With MIRIAM FOWLER

together — they "see" each other—and fall in love. The true-to-life plot gets humor from the familiarity of the situation and their awkward handling of a "novice" affair. —Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . LIGHT.

### ★★ THE ENTERTAINER

With pitiless clarity Sir Laurence Olivier interprets playwright John Osborne's second-rate, girl-chasing, musical-hall-comedian hero Archie Rice.

Joan Plowright (the new Lady Olivier) stands out in the part of Archie's daughter, the only normal member of the Rice family. Roger Livesey is Archie's father, and Brenda de Banzie is his wife in this well-directed and acted, but very depressing, film. —M.B. —Embassy, Sydney.

In a word . . . DEPRESSING.

### ★ THE NIGHT FIGHTERS

Rugged Robert Mitchum—tousled, unkempt, and equipped with a brogue—fights for, then against, the I.R.A. in a village in Northern Ireland. The rebels hope to benefit from the anticipated

Nazi invasion of England. Between violent bouts there's plenty of beer-swilling, dancing, and singing, but not much excitement or interest. Anne Heywood, Mitchum's long-suffering girl-friend, makes a cute colleen. —Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . SO-SO.

★ ★ ★  
DEBBIE REYNOLDS is turning movie-maker and plans to both star in and produce "Operation Dollface" in partnership with Frank Sinatra. The film is a romantic comedy and will probably be filmed later this year.

★ ★ ★  
CHRIS NELSON, 13-year-old son of Gene Nelson and his former wife, Miriam, made his film bow at Warner Bros. as one of the young trombone players in Meredith Willson's "The Music Man." Chris appears in the "76 Trombones" number.

★ ★ ★  
DANA WYNTER is one Hollywood actress who admits she would give up motion pictures for her children. "I have a wonderful little boy, Mark," she said, "and my husband and I want a girl now. Films can wait if they ever start to interfere with my role of wife and mother." Miss Wynter is married to Hollywood lawyer Greg Bautzer.



● Rehearsal shot from "Jumping For Joye," to be telecast from Sydney's Channel 9 on Tuesday, July 4, at 7.30 p.m., featuring talented teenagers Patsy Ann Noble with the Allen Brothers, Chris (on the left) and Peter. The Allen Brothers really are brothers, not just a musical combination.





# Mills Family Co. Ltd.

● To ease the tax burden on their combined income, which exceeds £110,000 a year, John Mills and his show-business family have formed themselves into a limited company.

**H**HEAD of the family—and the company—is John Mills himself.

The amazing Mills family, from left: Jonathan, Hayley, father John, Juliet, and Mrs. Mills.

After 86 films and numerous career ups-and-downs, he finds himself, in 1961, the highest paid star in Britain with an assured income of more than £60,000 a year.

This — with the earnings of his 15-year-old daughter, Hayley ("Pollyanna") Mills (£35,000 a year), his

author-playwright wife, Mary Hayley Bell, and the comfortable Broadway and film £5000 a year of 20-year-old daughter, Juliet—really puts the Mills family in the British supertax bracket.

Which explains the limited company idea. Company tax is much less than personal income tax.

"Our company accountant allows us only a few pounds a week to spend," says John Mills.

"I get £10 a week myself, so if Mary has people to dinner or takes them to a show, we have to put it down to the company."

"The children are taught to look after their money. Hayley's earnings are banked and she is given an allowance. I've seen what can happen to child stars when their parents handle their income."

"One morning the child wakes up to find his parents in an enormous house with a Cadillac outside and cries, 'Where's my money?' Well, that's not going to happen in this family."

In a way it was the Mills' determination to remain together as a family that put them into their unique bracket.

Daughter Juliet (20) was starring on Broadway in "Five Finger Exercise" when her father was called by Walt Disney to Tobago to make "Swiss Family Robinson."

John, who wanted his family with him, took his wife, Hayley, and 10-year-old son, Jonathan, on the trip.

When Disney flew down to the location and spotted little Hayley he knew he'd found his "Pollyanna" which had been among his studio properties for some time.

Since "Pollyanna," work has snowballed for Hayley. Currently she is working at Pinewood for Richard At-

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New:

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By **BRIAN GIBSON,**  
in London

tenborough on his new independent production of "Whistle Down the Wind" — adapted from her mother's new book.

On the adjoining set sister Juliet works with Michael Redgrave in a comedy, "No My Darling Daughter."

But father and mother aren't idle while their golden - talented daughters are at work.

Mary Hayley, who is head of "Hayley Bell Productions," keeps house on their 500-acre farm on the Kent-Sussex borders, and also manages to put in a few hours a day on the typewriter with her new play.

Father, who never seems to stop working, is in Italy on a naval drama "The Valiant" for director Roy Baker.

Always there is a John Mills picture in the making and always the roles differ. In "Tunes of Glory" he played the strutting colonel who disapproved of Alec Guinness' hale and hearty Scotsman. Opposite Dirk Bogarde in "The Singer not the Song" he was cast as a priest.

Now in "The Valiant" he plays Captain Charles Morgan, commander of H.M.S. Valiant, the ship Italian frogmen tried to mine in Alexandria Harbor.

But John Mills has always had to work hard and has got used to it. His early beginnings were as a London chorus boy at £4 a week, but with Noel Coward's "In Which We Serve" and "Morning Departure" his future was assured.

Then came the rash years when he launched into production of his own — with disastrous results. Practically broke and with his career in pieces he virtually began all over again with his wonderful Willie Mossop in "Hobson Choice," and his future was as bright as ever.

Also available: MODESS regular with MASSLINN or GAUZE cover, and MODESS SUPER.



**Premiere in Melbourne**

# Old Vic revisits Australia



ROBERT HELPMANN, left, director of the Old Vic Company to tour Australia, at rehearsal with stars Vivien Leigh and John Merivale, her constant escort.



◀ **VIVIEN LEIGH** as Viola in "Twelfth Night," one of the three plays the Old Vic will present on its tour which opens in Melbourne on July 12. This costume is by Loudon Sainthill.

▲ **MARGUERITE**, the tragic, dying figure of "The Lady of the Camellias," as portrayed by Vivien Leigh. Her robe is by Carl Toms, who designed the costumes and scenery for the play.

**D**UE in Australia by air from San Francisco within a few days are the "big three" of the Old Vic Company, which begins its Australian tour in Melbourne on July 12. They are actress Vivien Leigh, who will be in Australia for about twelve months, Canadian actor John Merivale, who these days is Vivien's constant companion, and Robert Helpmann, the tour director.

In Australia the Old Vic will present three plays: "The Lady of the Camellias," adapted by Andrew Allan from the Dumas classic; Christopher Fry's adaptation of "Duel of Angels," by Giraudoux; and Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Leading the company, Vivien will play Marguerite in "The Lady of the Camellias," the tempestuous Paola in "Duel," and Viola in "Twelfth Night."

For "The Lady of the Camellias," dresses and decor have been done by Carl Toms, who decorated the Kensington Palace for Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones.

Betty Best, of our London staff, reports that if the weeks of rehearsals in London were anything to judge by, the Old Vic season in Melbourne will be a merry one. She attended rehearsals in the Finsbury Park Empire — shell of a once-famous variety theatre in the north of London.

"It was fascinating to watch the plays grow under the expert Helpmann guidance," Betty said. "A stickler for detail, he acted most of the parts himself in showing the cast exactly what he wanted to convey, and his quick humor whipped the company into gales of laughter when the long hours of rehearsal became wearying."



# The men in Audrey Hepburn's life



**REUNION:** Mel Ferrer affectionately took Sean from his mother at the airport . . . The baby was born in Switzerland just under twelve months ago.



**TIDY-UP:** In the waiting-room Mum made Sean comfortable by taking off his travelling-suit . . . Audrey, now 32, married Mel seven years ago. He has two other children of a previous marriage.

AUDREY HEPBURN and her actor husband, Mel Ferrer, had a date recently at the Paris Airport. Audrey had gone to fetch baby Sean from Switzerland, where he had been in the care of a nurse while the film star was with Mel in Rome.

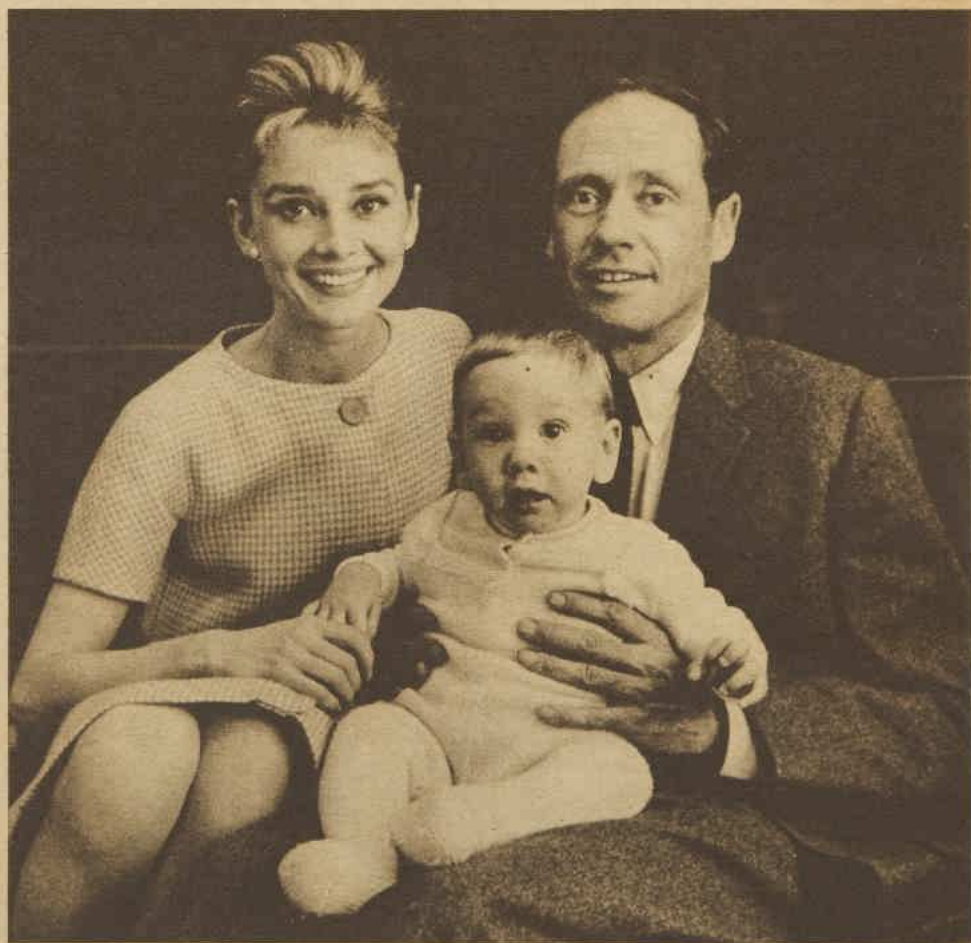
Mother and baby arrived at the airport to be met by Mel, and they retired to a private waiting-room. This gave the parents the opportunity to tidy up little Sean and fuss over him—and it gave the photographer the opportunity to take these exclusive pictures.

An hour later the family left in another airliner for Los Angeles. Sean will be one on July 17. The name's pronounced "Shawn," in the Irish manner, for Audrey's father was Irish (her mother was Dutch).

Her latest film is "Breakfast at Tiffany's," from Truman Capote's long short story of the same title.



**PRIVATE WORLD:** Then there was a session of kisses and baby talk for Sean . . . For years before he was born, the high-strung, sensitive Audrey desperately wanted a baby, but her first miscarried after she fell from a horse.



**PUBLIC FACES:** "Aren't we lucky?" all three seemed to be saying as they turned at last to the photographer in the room. The baby has large, lively eyes—and you can pick out the resemblances for yourself. Apart from "official" pictures issued soon after he was born and a few taken later with telescopic "snoop" cameras, these are the first to be released of little Sean.



# It was lovely..... We danced twice

**He was sixteen, it was the first time they'd met and his conversation dazzled her . . . a short story**

At five o'clock our daughter, Jenny, was at her dressing-table experimenting with her hair. She had a fashion magazine open before her, copying something called "The Italian Windswept." It looked rather like a puffed-up version of Queen Nefertiti's coiffure. Jenny was getting ready for her first school dance. I thought the hairdo looked awful, but it was only five and I knew it was just an experiment, so I let it pass without comment.

A little while later she came into my room and said casually, "Mother, I don't feel like going to the dance tonight." I must have looked surprised, because she added quickly, "I just thought I'd stay home and relax."

It was a disappointment. Jenny's school report had always hinted that as far as mixing was concerned, she had not come up to expectations. But I didn't want to press her, so I pretended it didn't matter to me, either.

"O.K., darling," I said in an excessively cheerful voice, "it's a brutal night out, anyway." (It was merely drizzling and the school was only a block away.)

At six o'clock, without any further discussion, she was at her dressing-table again. I reported this latest development to my husband, who was at his desk working.

"Well, is she going?" he asked.

"I don't know. She hasn't said so. I don't think she knows yet." We waited, uncertain of the outcome. Later she came into my room again and asked me to help her choose a dress. She looked lovely in all of them, but she wasn't satisfied. I walked a tightrope to encourage but not to press; to approve but not to approve equally of all; trying to keep alive the small spark that made her want to go.

At seven-thirty her room was in chaos. All the dresses that she had tried on and discarded were lying in a heap on the bed. Shoes and petticoats and hair-curlers were strewn indiscriminately about. But she was dressed and ready to go. She was going! I noticed with satisfaction that she had decided against "The Italian Windswept." Her hair hung down shiny and brushed and young-looking.

"When shall we expect you home?" my husband asked as Jenny stood in the doorway looking calm and pale.

"The dance ends at eleven-thirty, but I may be home at nine."

"Why, darling?" I asked.

"Well, if it turns out not to be any fun I'll be home at nine."

"Oh, it will be fun!" I said, with a crazy conviction I didn't feel.

She left alone to go to the dance and we went back to our room to wait and read. I left all the lights burning in the rest of the apartment because it felt so empty and quiet.

"She's not ready for it," I said to my husband. "It's too early to compete, to appraise, and then to doubt yourself. It's better at fourteen just to dream about it and feel that you're missing something wonderful rather than to put yourself to the test. Oh I do hope she has a good time."

"Don't be so tense about it. It affects her," my husband said, but I noticed that he kept looking up from the book he was reading to the clock on the wall. We didn't talk much. I was reading, too—a book about travelling.

At ten o'clock my husband said, "Well, it's ten o'clock. You can relax now. How about a drink? . . . Isn't it stupid," he said as he came back with the drinks, "how the life of two adults seems to stop because a little girl is going to a dance?"

"It's just that it's such a horrid way to go, without an escort."

"It's just an informal get-together for the kids. You take it too seriously," he said.

"But she was terrified," I told him. "Her hands were icy cold. It's all too rushed. She's too young for boys. She doesn't know what to say to them."

"The boys are just as scared as she is," my husband said, as if that made it all right. "You know," he went on, "at that age conversation is not the great attraction. If they can dance and have some soft drinks and stay in a group it's quite enough. Anyway, it's after ten and she isn't home, so it must be a roaring success."

But I wasn't so sure.

I remembered her at the age of six when she had fallen in love with a boy named Eric, a white-haired Scandinavian Adonis. She had asked me to invite him to the house to play and I had. He had come with his mother, and while she and I had chatted and drunk tea and the

To page 56

**BY MILLICENT  
OSBORN**







"Just a quick weekly rub-over with Silvo keeps my silver at its gleaming best."

"Yes, there's no doubt about Silvo—it's so easy to use that regular weekly cleaning takes almost no time at all. Silvo is so gentle, too, and will not harm the most delicate surface. It really is a joy to see what a lovely shine Silvo gives to everything it touches."



# Silvo

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Illustrated: Candelabra, entrée dish by Hewarth, 'Berkeley' pattern table silver by Redd, Coffee set, cake stand and salver by Paramount.

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# BRASSO



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## LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Thumb-suckers

HAS any mother a solution to the thumb-sucking problem?

My four-year-old boy continually sucks his thumb, despite the various bitter solutions I've tried and the many rolls of sticking plaster, which he meticulously undoes. As a baby he didn't have a dummy because the local clinic sister denounced them. But it appears that practically all babies who do not have a dummy resort to sucking a thumb. I've read that he'll automatically stop, but I believe the habit is now too strong for this.

£1/1/- to "Distracted Mother" (name supplied), Concord West, N.S.W.

### Toddlers of the TV era

ONE recent Sunday morning my neighbor's little girl attended her first church service, and, of course, was asked about her visit when she returned home. Promptly she gave a very solemn reply: "I enjoyed the music, but the news was awful long."

£1/1/- to Miss N. Richmond, Ballymena, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

### They think it's Liberty Hall

MY neighbor, who is kind in every way, has a bad habit of walking into our home without knocking—or even announcing herself. Her children, when they come over to borrow something, do the same thing—even if visitors are present.

£1/1/- to "Please Knock" (name supplied), Vic.

### Rastus—heavyweight tomeet

HAS anyone a bigger cat than Rastus, my uncle's tom? He weighs one and a half stone and is 24in. around his waist. He eats nothing but kangaroo steak, and will drink only half a saucer of milk a day. His favorite occupation: sitting or sleeping in front of an electric fire.

£1/1/- to Miss E. Redmond, Rutherglen, Vic.

### Magazine plea from Kenya

THE boys at St. Paul Secondary School, Kenya, are eager readers, but the trouble is to find suitable material—books and magazines—to improve their English and also nourish their minds. If you have illustrated books and magazines about Australia they would be of great use for the boys' geography classes. Any reader who wishes to assist should send the literature direct to Father Bertina.

Sent in for Father G. Bertina, St. Paul School Kevote, P.O. Box 24, Embu, Kenya.

### New Aussies in the outback

LAST year I spent a holiday on an outback sheep and cattle station. The cook was Polish, his wife and the mechanic's wife were German, the mechanic came from Liverpool, England, and his assistant from Yorkshire. One of the station hands was Welsh, and the jackeroo was a South African! Just what is a typical Australian bushman?

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. M. Abbott-Griffiths, Port Noarlunga South, S.A.

## Teacher's gift

I AGREE with Mrs. L. M. Trainor (Vic.), who objected to her child donating 1/- toward teacher's £2/10/- Easter egg from her class of 60. A card would have been more appropriate and just as enjoyable.

£1/1/- to B. Warner, Armadale, W.A.

WHAT a popular teacher she must be! Surely she would have preferred something more practical—or that the money be given to her favorite charity.

£1/1/- to "Just-no-end-to-it" (name supplied), Cooma North, N.S.W.

ANY unfortunate person who teaches a class of 60 deserve a £5 Easter egg. If you don't believe me, try it.

£1/1/- to "Teacher" (name supplied), Kilaben Bay, N.S.W.

IF each child had given 6d. instead of 1/- asked for, the class could have still got quite a nice egg for teacher. But most children would now think that looked mean. Do not begrudge a little gift of appreciation.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. E. Woolley, Stanthorpe, Qld.

AT my son's school, teacher dipped in his own pocket and bought every child in his class an Easter Egg.

£1/1/- to V. Christy, South Blackburn, Vic.

IN my opinion, a sweet teacher is worth a bob of anybody's money.

£1/1/- to "Long Life" (name supplied), Blackwood, S.A.

## Ross Campbell writes...

"WHY don't you come closer to the light to read?" I said to my eldest daughter. "You'll ruin your eyesight."

"You'll ruin your eyesight"—that's an old one," said my wife. "They said it to me when I was a girl."

After that I began to notice how many of my remarks to the children were unoriginal.

When I saw my son outside in his pyjamas I called out: "Come in! You'll get your death of cold."

At breakfast I observed that a jar of peanut butter had been emptied in record time. I said: "You children must think money grows on trees."

I let some volunteers paint a chair and they left stains on the floor. My comment was: "It's easier to do it yourself."

Someone asked: "Can't I stay up and see the feature film on TV? It's called 'Desert Desire.'"

"No, off you go," I replied. "It's long past your bedtime."

I have a stock of well-tried words of wisdom to do with eating.

### HOUSEHOLD WORDS

When my second daughter (8) was munching a chocolate at 5 p.m. I told her sternly: "You'll spoil your dinner!"

Another child reached for the largest piece of cake at afternoon tea. I gave the apt reminder: "You should take the one that's nearest."



A piece of steam pudding was left on a dinner plate and I said reproachfully: "Your eyes are too big."

No domestic situation seems to find me at a loss for the right phrase.

A child was wearing an overcoat inside the house. I said at once: "Take your coat off. When you go outside you won't feel the benefit."

My son returned after spending his weekly pay on comics. "Why don't you save a bit?" I said. "Money always burns a hole in your pocket."

An evening game of strip-jack-naked became too noisy. "The trouble is you don't know where to stop," I told the players. "Give you an inch and you take a yard."

When I was a boy I used to get tired of hearing remarks of this sort. I didn't know that one day I would be using them myself.

This morning when my second daughter made cross-eyes at the table I warned her: "If the wind changes you'll stay like that."

Her brother didn't want his porridge. I told him sharply: "It would do you good to go hungry for a while."

I am afraid children are fated to be spoken to in this same old language, however much the world changes.

In a hundred years' time it probably won't be any different. Parents will be saying: "Hurry up, or you'll miss the space rocket! And brush your hair—it's like a birch broom in a fit."



# Learning about husbands

Surely the change of hats would be noticed . . . a short short story

By  
**HERBERT HARRIS**



WHEN Norman brought his small red sports car to a halt at the kerb Melanie was all ready and waiting for him. "Hello, darling," she said, a little flushed and self-conscious. "Do you think I look all right?"

"You look more beautiful every time I see you," he said. "No, seriously, darling," she told him earnestly. "I mean my clothes."

"Oh, the clothes," he said. "Yes . . . Yes, you look like a million pounds." Had his eyes dwelt just a little too long on the hat? She knew the hat was absolutely wrong. She had arranged it at all sorts of angles, but somehow it never looked right. It simply didn't go with the dress.

"You . . . you like the hat?" she asked tensely.

"H'm? Oh, the hat. Yes, sweetheart, the hat's fine . . . Tres chic . . . I like it."

Presently they were on their way to Lady Morington's garden party. Norman's head was buzzing with business affairs. He was thinking of what he was going to say to the influential men of commerce who were certain to be at the garden party.

Melanie was thinking about the hat. Norman had insisted on taking her to this garden party, and she had finally capitulated with a certain reluctance. She knew that his bosses and other V.I.P.s would be there, and that he was anxious to introduce her.

"My fiancée . . ." — she could hear him saying it. This was a test really. It was important to him in his career that she should do just the right thing. And equally vital, she must look exactly right, too.

But this hat! She was pleased with the dress, it was fine. Only this hat . . .

"By the way," Norman said suddenly. "I thought you might like to know . . . er — Patricia is going to be there . . ."

Melanie's heart skipped a beat. "Oh. Is she really?"

"You — you don't mind, do you?" Norman said. "It isn't as if . . . I mean, she doesn't mean a thing to me now."

"Of course not," Melanie assured him. "It doesn't make a ha'porth of difference."

She could hardly say anything else. But it did make a difference, of course. Norman could have proposed to Patricia and she would have accepted like a shot.

Patricia would look an absolute fashion-plate — she always did. Her dress sense was impeccable and everything about her would be just right. Norman would be able to compare them — side by side — and he would notice the difference. He would notice above all that Melanie was wearing the wrong hat.

Lady Morington's garden party was a sort of alfresco cocktail-party. And here in force were all the people it was important for Norman to know socially.

Midway through the function Norman whispered:

**SINUS CONGESTION**  
Feel well quickly! WOODS' COLD RELIEF TABLETS are a proven decongestant. Their vasoconstrictor and mucus liqueficient actions promote drainage of clogged sinus cavities and relieve sinus pain. Enjoy restful sleep at night.

"Excuse me, sweetheart, I have to go and do a bit of mingling with the Top Brass. You can amuse yourself for a bit can't you?"

"Of course, darling," she said.

Norman's disappearance seemed to be Patricia's cue. She descended at once upon Melanie. Until this moment, to her credit, she had kept a discreet distance.

"Well . . . Hello, Melanie, dear! How do you feel?" She sounded slightly on edge.

"I feel fine," Melanie answered bravely.

"Well, I don't — I feel awful," Patricia confided, lowering her voice. "I'm here with my fiancée — Johnnie — and it's vitally important to Johnnie that I act and look absolutely right!"

"I'm quite pleased with my dress," Patricia confessed, "but my hat's all wrong."

Melanie started to giggle, then said: "I'm sorry to laugh, Patricia, but I'm sure you understand why!"

"I think so," Patricia grinned. "You've got the wrong hat, too! It looks hopeless with that dress."

"I know," Melanie agreed. "As a matter of fact, that hat you're wearing is just the sort of thing I was looking for. I think it would go beautifully with this outfit."

"And the hat you're wearing is the sort of thing I was trying to get," Patricia admitted. Melanie's eyes sparkled. "Good heavens, what are we waiting for?"

Patricia's expression became conspiratorial as a similar solution flashed through her mind. "Yes . . . Yes, of course!"

They disappeared together into Lady Morington's Regency house and entered into a two-power pact before the nearest mirror.

"Well, how do I look?" Melanie asked when they had exchanged hats.

"Wonderful. How do I look?" Patricia wanted to know.

"Exactly right," Melanie said.

The two returned to mingle with the other garden party guests — both experiencing a strange new confidence — and a little later the ordeal was over.

Norman helped Melanie into the small red sports car for the homeward trip. He looked very pleased with himself.

"Was I a credit to you, darling?" Melanie asked.

Norman pecked swiftly at her cheek. "You were a sensation, my sweet."

The car gathered speed. Both were occupied with their thoughts. Then Melanie said: "Have you noticed anything different about me?"

He gave her a sidelong glance. "No," he said. "You still look just as beautiful."

"Don't be silly," she said. "Do you like my hat?"

"H'm?" He looked at her hat. "Yes, of course, sweetheart. I said so — don't you remember? You asked me if I liked it before we started out and I said yes."

Melanie smiled quietly to herself. She supposed this was all part of the process girls should go through learning about future husbands.

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# THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

Third instalment of our exciting Perry Mason serial

By **ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**

AFTER waking her stepmother, NANCY GILMAN, and her stepfather, GLAMIS BARLOW, to inquire if they had seen her father, CARTER GILMAN, MURIELL GILMAN became alarmed when looking in his workshop she found a pool of red on the floor and ten thousand dollars scattered about. Finding a note in his briefcase to ring PERRY MASON in case of emergency, Muriell did so, giving the address.

Mason's secretary, DELLA STREET, realises it is the same as given by EDWARD CARTER, who has an appointment later that day. Mason goes to the Gilman home, discovers the red substance is paint, gets a photograph of Muriell's father, and takes the money to his office. He also learns a friend of Glamis', HARTLEY ELLIOTT, is a house guest.

When Carter sees Mason, he poses as a friend of the Gilmans. He asks him to find out why a private detective, VERA MARTEL, is blackmailing Mrs. Gilman. Mason accepts the case only after he receives a bill of sale for everything in the Gilman workshop. Carter later admits he is Gilman and instructs Mason to get certain papers from Muriell to give to his partner, ROGER CALHOUN.

Mason tells PAUL DRAKE, private detective, who has been investigating Vera Martel, to follow Muriell, after he collects the papers, but due to a mix-up it is Glamis Drake trails as far as Las Vegas, where her father, STEVE BARLOW, lives. Losing trace of her he reports to Mason, who tells him it was Glamis Barlow he had followed. On hearing this name, Drake realises he has vital information on her, which Mason does not yet know. NOW READ ON:

PAUL DRAKE pulled his chair closer to Mason's desk. "Have I something on Glamis Barlow?" he said. "Yes, lots of things. I got this story from a source I can trust. It's been kept hushed up and not a breath of it got in the papers. But here's what happened — I should have taken a tumble when you told me to look up Steven A. Barlow in Las Vegas, but, of course, I didn't have this information at that time. It was lying on my desk here.

"Here's the story and it's one for the book: Nancy Adair was living in Greenwich Village in New York as a freelance, uninhibited artist. She was taking a fling at that time at story-writing as well as her art work. I guess her stories weren't bad at that. She was making a living.

"If you knew Greenwich Village at that time you get the atmosphere. There was a young writer there, John Yerman Hassell, who was going to write the great American novel and was going to take the world apart. He was about seven or eight years older than Nancy. He was from Texas, had an uncle down there who died and left him acres of dust.

"Hassell and Nancy had an affair and Nancy became pregnant. She wanted Hassell to marry her, and Hassell, I guess, was a little disagreeable about the whole situation."

"So what happened?" "Nancy stuck around for about three months, then suddenly disappeared. She disappeared so completely that later on, when oil was developed on Hassell's property and he became a multi-millionaire, he had a change of heart and looked back on his affair with Nancy and realised that he really was in love with her, he spent thousands of dollars on private detectives, but he couldn't even get a trace of her. He put ads in the papers, did everything he could.

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"Did you know the woman Vera Martel?"  
Mason asked Elliott as Drake stood by.

JUST WASHING AWAY LOOSE DANDRUFF IS NOT ENOUGH...

completely new  
Theraderm 'F' foams  
dandruff away for good!



New foaming Theraderm 'F' has deep penetrating Polythionate. This specific, positive dandruff treatment does far more than any 'medicated' shampoo.

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No wonder more and more sufferers from difficult breathing, wheeziness, shortness of breath, chestiness and similar bronchial troubles, give thanks for D5-D5 Tablets. Their highly effective formula asserts a 'combined action' which:—

1. Relieves constriction of the bronchial tubes enabling the air to flow freely in and out of the lungs and facilitates removal (by expectoration) of clogging mucus.
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Once this 'combined action' has taken effect, you feel relaxed and at ease. You can breathe again — easily — freely — deeply — without wheezing or coughing.

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If you suffer from attacks of shortness of breath, bronchial congestion, painful, difficult breathing, wheezing, catarrhal accumulations in the throat and bronchial tubes, wearying night or day coughing attacks,

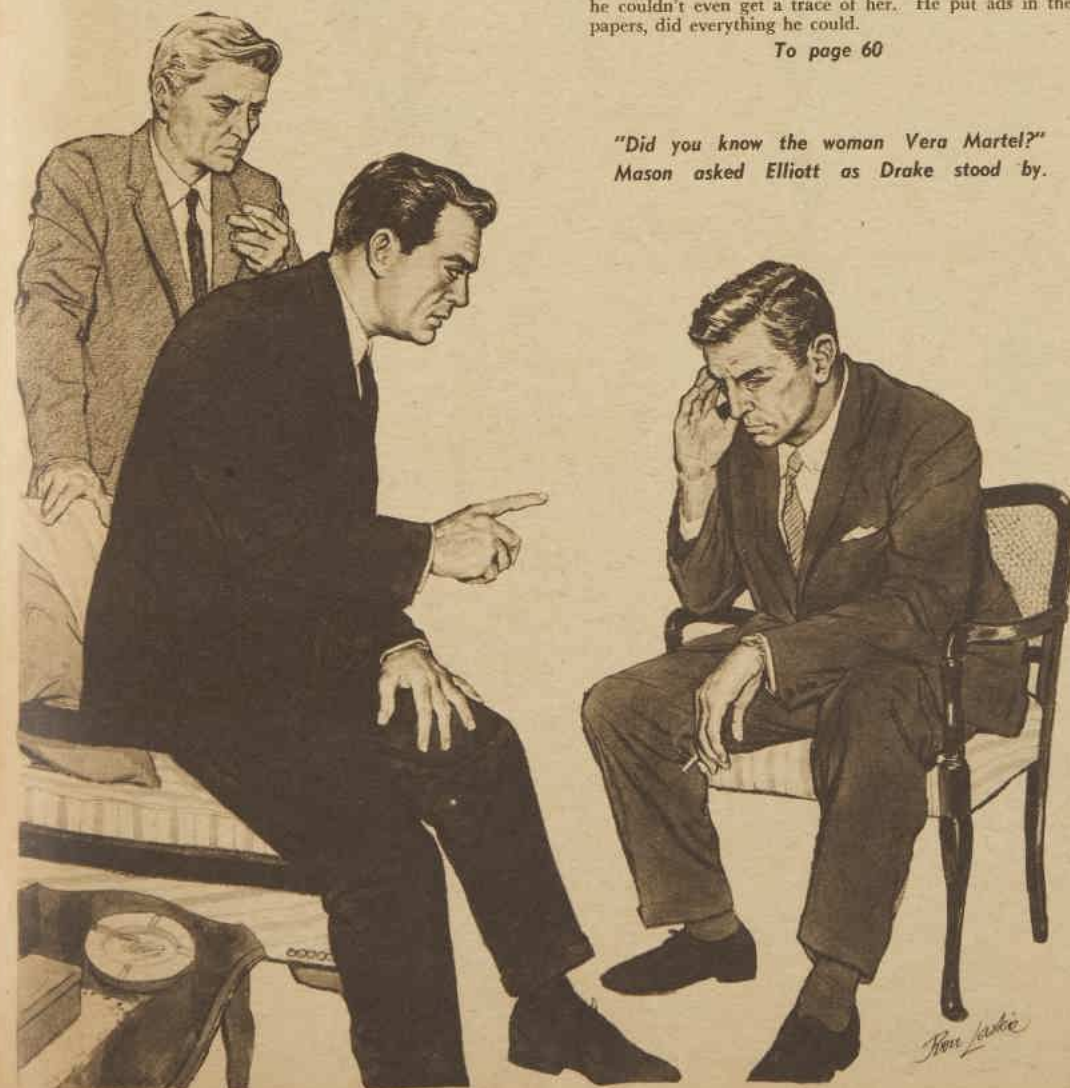
Ask your chemist for D5-D5 Tablets  
24 TABLETS 5/9

### A Recent Article in a LEADING MEDICAL JOURNAL

(British Medical Journal, 11-10-58 No. 5101 page 905) supports the theory behind the D5-D5 formula. The writer explains that a combination of sympathomimetic and xanthine substances with the addition of a sedative may not only be better than either drug given alone but may also be helpful in relieving the nervous tension which often accompanies and sometimes actually "brings on" attacks of breathing troubles.

### THIS IS IN FACT THE BASIS OF THE D5-D5 FORMULA

and serves to explain why D5-D5 produces such striking relief and by reason of its results has become one of the largest selling remedies of its kind throughout the world.





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*says lovely film star Sophia Loren*

*The world's most beautiful film stars  
can afford any beauty care ... but  
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Money means nothing to these lovely stars, but where skin care is concerned the only soap they *trust* is gentle, mild Lux. Its creamy rich lather not only beautifies—it purifies your skin, leaving it wonderfully smooth.

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*It's the purest, most luxurious  
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*Buy Lux Toilet Soap  
in yellow, pink, green,  
blue, or white*



SOPHIA LOREN, STARRING IN PARAMOUNT'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION, "IT STARTED IN NAPLES"

You'll be a little lovelier each day when you use *gentle, mild* Lux Toilet Soap



**By selling her treasured jade ornaments she  
could turn her cherished dream to reality**

**M**ISS FRIDAY turned away from the window and flicked her duster impatiently. If she had not been a thin grey lady of fifty-two she would have sworn. She was sick of the rain, sick of the khaki-colored windows streaked with grime, tired of the grey street outside. Everything was dreary these days: her half-mourning garments, her cheeks, her hair.

She had to face it: her very life was colorless and empty, she was always having to face things; this was just another. "Face up to it, Eleanor," she said to herself several times a week. It didn't make things better, but once faced they were an established fact, and it was useless to agonise.

When Mrs. Linsell had been alive she hadn't time to be depressed. There had been too much to do. Fetching, carrying, reading out loud, consoling, brightening, tucking-in. Looking after a very old lady was like caring for a child. They relied on one's slightest movement, responded to one's changing mood. You were their light and shade. There was no time to think about oneself.

She had been caring for Mrs. Linsell. Mrs. Linsell had been a delightful person: kind and quiet and generous, never unnecessarily demanding, with a comic turn of mind.

Now that she was dead everything was flat. Miss Friday had no money, which made things flatter, and it always rained.

Sometimes in the past she had allowed her mind to wander and toy with the ideas of freedom. Half thoughts, half dreams; in the wanderings she had seen herself as twenty years younger, with fair hair, glowing cheeks, and long loose legs, swishing down Alps, waving ski-sticks

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# Miss Friday's Day

**BY JOSEPHINE  
BLUMENFELD**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 5, 1961



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## The energy crispbread youngsters need

He's growing fast . . . burning up energy that must be replaced . . . so make sure he has health-giving Vita-Weat every day. Add any nutritious spread to Vita-Weat's whole wheat goodness and you have delicious energy-packed "sandwiches" that he'll enjoy.



P.S. Write today to Poch Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Box 113, Ashfield, N.S.W. for your free Vita-Weat "eat and keep slim" diet chart.

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## Do friends say You're the Picture of Health?

When you're aglow with health, there's a sparkle in your eyes and a radiance in your complexion that is admired by everyone.

In Bile Beans you have the ideal family laxative for constipation and biliousness, indigestion, liver-itchness, sick headache and loss of appetite when due to faulty elimination.

Feel youthful and gay all thro' the day—take Bile Beans tonight.



2/- and 4/- from chemists and stores everywhere.

## BILE BEANS

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You Can Taste the Difference

## VENCAT CURRY

THE WORLD'S BEST

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# The Way Back

Time had passed and yet stood still . . .  
a short short story

BY WINIFRED DARBY



It was a chill autumn morning, turning too swiftly from summer's languid heat into the biting bleakness of winter on the plains. The rain, long overdue, had come and gone, leaving a legacy of khaki weed and yellow bine sprawling victoriously upon the soft dark earth. All over Nooroo the short sweet grasses sprung, thrusting from seed baked dry by summer sun, and tussocks sere and long-withered.

To the man watching from the road the season held promise. He nodded approvingly at the swelling sea of hills blending greenly with the smoke-blue of the distant range, but it was on the freshly turned furrows that his eyes lay the longest.

Given rain at the right time it would be a good year, he thought. Nooroo had never looked better. He climbed through the fence and scuffed the soft soil with the shabby toe of his boot: fine earth, warm earth, waiting after long and patient fallow for sturdy seed and burgeoning shoot.

He sifted the soil carefully, letting it run through his fingers for a long moment. He rose, dusting his hands leisurely on the front of his jacket, and stared towards the homestead far across the paddocks.

Nooroo lay in a pocket of hills, slightly higher than the plain, and its faded red roof glanced obliquely through the thick tangle of ironbarks that followed the road. He stood for a long time, impassive as the gnarled trunks of the trees, narrowing his eyes against the bright sunlight.

It had not altered; such is the power of memory that each stump, each tree, each rocky outcrop on distant hill remained the same. It was as if he had never been away; as if that other place, that dark place, had never been.

By striking directly across the ploughed ground he could have reached Nooroo sooner, yet he plunged back into the shelter of the trees. He was here and that was enough. The compulsion that had driven him, mile upon weary mile, gave way to a feeling of pleasurable anticipation, and, childlike, he yearned to prolong it as long as possible.

Stumbling down the eroded banks of a small gully he jerked to a standstill, listening intently. No sound, only the soft slithering of dislodged pebbles under his feet. He waited, hunched and bewildered and terribly afraid. He was aware of the silence and covered his ears. The silence.

But the silence was no silence at all. Instead of the void, the nothing, that he had expected, it was full of small companionable sounds: the crackle of twigs beneath his feet, the sharp, startled cry of a bird, the soft sound of the wind, and the distant hum of a tractor working somewhere over the rise. The sounds he had almost forgotten. The fear and the terrible loneliness receded; he remembered who he was and wondered vaguely why he had felt lost and forsaken.

Climbing out of the gully, still shaken, he came upon the house suddenly, as he had known he would. It seemed smaller than he remembered, shrunken and vulnerable. Within his mind it had always stayed safe and inviolate, shining in whiteness against its sheltering hills. Now he saw it was small, and the smallness troubled him greatly.

He moved closer, conscious, with an odd sense of futility, that within him lay the change.

The white double-gates, he noticed, had been freshly painted; the sign that swung, creaking softly in the light wind, was new. The name was the same — "Nooroo" — the dark place. Why had they given it that name? What

premonition had lain, all unaware, behind their choice? He thought of that other dark place, so far away, without any emotion this time. He would never go back; he felt calm and reassured, aware that the decision had been made.

The woman watched his approach from her chair on the verandah. She studied him covertly as he opened the gate and stood, watchful, studying the house. He was a small man with receding hair and was, she realised, a stranger.

"Are you looking for someone?"

He looked up sharply, plunging his hands into his pockets to conceal their trembling. For a moment he could not speak—nothing had prepared him for this meeting.

The woman was watching him curiously. "Just a minute," she said, turning away, "I'll call my husband."

Nothing was going right; there was no room for people in the dream, not even the pallid ghosts who had long left Nooroo. Weak tears filled his eyes and he brushed them away with the back of his hand. He despised his weakness, willing himself desperately to be confident and self-assured.

"What can I do for you?" The voice startled him and he stared resentfully at the newcomer who stood, hatefully self-possessed, on the worn stone steps of Nooroo.

"I—I—came back," he stammered, blinking his eyes nervously, and at the blank look on the man's face he ventured: "Thought it was time for sowing, so I came back. Yes," he nodded his head vigorously, "time for sowing, so I—I," he started to mumble incoherently.

The man shook his head and motioned his wife inside: "Jean, how about a cup of tea for Mr. Carpenter; he looks all in. It is Paul Carpenter, isn't it — who used to own Nooroo?"

The man in the garden shuffled his feet a little, then was quiet. If he stood still long enough, he thought, they would forget all about him and leave him alone. That was all he had ever wanted, really; just to be left alone. Suddenly he felt angry and wanted to shout, but the sound was only a whimper, and if the other heard it he gave no sign.

"Come on inside; you must be tired after coming such a long way." He allowed himself to be drawn reluctantly up the steps and into the shade of the verandah. It was much as he had remembered; the grapevines threw thicker shade perhaps, dark and fretted around his feet.

He heard the sound of a car somewhere close at hand and started nervously. The other man smiled and said easily: "What do you think of the season so far. Looks pretty good, doesn't it?" He did not wait for, nor expect, an answer. "Lots of feed down in the old plantation paddock, best there's been for years. Think I might take a chance on sowing a little early; might be lucky, you never know."

The soft talk flowed over and around him like a benediction and he gave himself up to its soothing cadence.

When the police came, as he had known they would, he was almost asleep; a slight, seedy little man, waking like a puzzled child from an uneasy dream.

"Beats me," said the man who owned Nooroo, "how he found his way back here — over two hundred miles. Hitched rides, I suppose, then walked the rest. Dangerous, they called him. Suppose they were right." He was silent for a long time, looking down the plain without really seeing.

"I wonder," he said softly, "how he knew it was time for sowing?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 5, 1961



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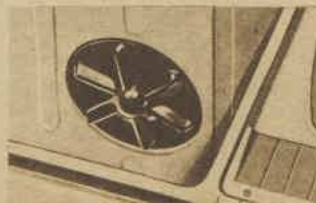
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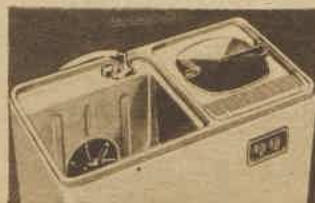
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HW.79.WWFPg



# A REBEL GROWS OLD-FASHIONED

● In the 1920s, 23-year-old author Ethel Mannin advised her readers to enjoy fuller and richer sex lives and was called "outrageously daring" and labelled a "sex writer."

From ELSA BARKER, in London

Only a Woman can understand how embarrassing it is . . .



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## CHRONIC CATARRH

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**B**EST remembered for her autobiography "Confessions and Impressions," which was considered particularly frank, her forthright opinions on anarchism, pacifism, and atheism caused a furor in the literary world.

Today, aged 61, this author of 66 books says: "I am still a pacifist, an anarchist, an atheist, but I am old-fashioned."

"The clinical details about sex in novels by young authors both shock and horrify me."

"If I were an adolescent today and had read some of these books I would be terrified about sex."

I met Miss Mannin one evening in the sitting-room of her Tudor-style home in the London suburb of Wimbledon.

At six o'clock she was drinking a cup of tea before starting work for the day on her new novel—about a man who is both deaf and blind.

"I am amused by the way life has caught up with me," she said. "Even my daughter thinks I am old-fashioned."

"She is 40 years old and is expecting her first baby any day now."

"But each day she rides her motor-scooter to work at the office of a local hospital, and when I told her I thought she was taking a great risk, she told me not to be an old-fashioned fusspot."

"She said that riding the

scooter was easier than walking and much less bumpy than the bus."

As Miss Mannin spoke she walked to the window to look at her garden, filled with laburnum, lilac, roses, and wistaria.

"I love this house and garden, and leave it only to visit my cottage in Ireland," she said.

"When I was a child I lived in a nearby terrace house. Each time I walked up this road pushing my baby brother in his pram I wished I could live here."

Miss Mannin waited 23 years for her dream to come true.

"I left my first husband when I was 29 years old," she said. "I told the land agent I wanted to buy a house. The first he drove me to was this one."

"I gave him a cheque for £1000 as a deposit, and then wondered where on earth I would get the £2000 to pay the house off. But after two years of hard work the house was mine."

## Happy marriage

Shortly after Miss Mannin moved into the house she married author Reginald Reynolds.

"Our marriage was a very happy one," she said.

"We both lived separate lives, and we were good friends until he died two years ago."

In April this year Miss Mannin stood in Middlesex Court in a slate-blue suit

which had been made over from one belonging to her husband.

She was there to speak in defence of Frank Stanley, who was charged with house-breaking.

"The suit was a symbol—a reminder to Frank of a promise he made to my husband that he would go straight," said Miss Mannin.

"My husband first met Frank when he came to our home via our dining-room window, and shortly after he went to prison for seven years."

## A helping hand

"We decided to try to help this man. We visited him in Wandsworth and Parkhurst Gaols, for although there is an evil side to his personality he also has a great deal of good in him."

"When I told him an Irish tweed suit he stole from us was of great sentimental value, he sent me £10 to replace it."

"The suit was a symbol, because Frank told my husband he would go straight until the suit dropped off him."

Partly because of Miss Mannin's evidence, Frank Stanley was put on three years' probation instead of receiving the full penalty of 14 years' gaol.

Miss Mannin's stand at court was one of her rare public appearances.

She lives a life of seclusion, with only her daughter, her mother, and her publisher knowing her telephone number.

Her days are spent at home—doing housework in the morning, answering letters from fans and friends in the afternoon, and writing at night.

"I have known great loneliness, but I am not lonely now," she said.

"After the death of my husband I forced myself to go to Japan and work to pull myself together. And the work helped me."

As a result of her visit four books are being published this year.

## Four new books

They are a novel, "Sabishisa"; a travel book, "The Flowery Sword"; and two children's books, "Ann and Peter in Japan" and "With Will Adams in Japan."

Miss Mannin, who was born in London in 1900 and at 15 became a stenographer in an advertising agency, has tried to find faith in religion twice in her life.

"The first time was in 1946, when I visited Germany and saw the terrible destruction there," she said.

"I turned to Roman Catholicism to find an answer to the

problems of the world, and wrote a book about my experience.

"The book was called 'Late Have I Loved Thee,' and was a best-seller."

"Today I believe it's often given to people thinking of entering the Roman Catholic Church."

But Miss Mannin turned from Catholicism to Buddhism, a religion she studied when she visited Burma in 1955.

"Buddhists do not kill," she said. "They let cockroaches run unharmed on their floors. They eat meat and yet despise the people who kill the animals for them."

"I could not justify this. Indeed, I became so incensed with the thought that I allowed people to kill animals for meat for me that I became a vegetarian."

"And so today I am an atheist again, but my conscience is clear."



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ETHEL MANNIN, who was labelled a daring "sex writer" of the 1920s, now describes herself as "old-fashioned." She is pictured in her Tudor-style home in the London suburb of Wimbledon.



*Ladies . . . we're*

*embarrassed by your*



# tremendous demand for **QUAKER OATS**

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# *New Look* *in HAIR* *is*

# FREE *and* EASY

A FOUR-PAGE  
FEATURE

● Skimming into fashion is the smooth, rounded free-and-easy look in hairstyling, shown on this page in three versions. The new line (created here by Sydney stylist John Taylor) springs from a low side part, and puffs over the crown. With a few small changes in the basic set, it can be done with hair of all lengths and textures. The small pictures give how-to-set details.



**PUFFIEST**, dressiest line (above) depends on a high, wide sweep of hair to one side, a deep fringe, and sculptured back. Left, how to set: Big rollers turned away from the part, fringe rollers slightly angled, with clip-curls elsewhere.



**FLATTERING** line for the older woman (left) is achieved with shorter hair and gets its effect from a raised, fairly smooth "fit" rather than an exaggerated p u f f. Above, how to set: Fat rollers on top and sides, clip-curls lower at the sides and back.



**YOUNGEST**, glossiest version (right) of the new line. It's a charming party "do," decorated here with a may-pole of bright velvet ribbons, yet just as pretty by day. Below, how to set: Big rollers turned away from the low part, clip-curls turned toward the face and round the nape.





## NEW LOOK IN HAIR... continued

# PARIS DOES IT THIS WAY

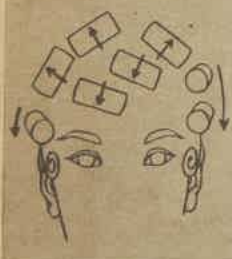
**T**HE eye-catching heads on these pages show free-and-easy hair-styling on the Champs Elysees.

The hairdos were designed by Paris style-maker Jacques Dessange, who calls the new line "Desinvolte." That, freely translated, means free, easy, graceful.

How-to-set instructions are given here for each style.

For the basic style, the hair is cut medium-short and set on large rollers all over the head. When dry it is brushed into soft waves which fall easily over the ears and brow. Finally — here's an innovation — the head is bent as far forward as possible, then tossed back with a jerk so that the hair falls naturally into place.

Dessange says his new hairstyle is ideal for the outdoor girl, because even if her hair gets blown about it will fall right back into place.



**PUFFY** charm of style above is due partly to the set and partly to back-combed hair at the crown. In setting, pay strict attention to the direction of the rollers (see sketch at left) and use big ones.

Arrange large pin-curls at sides and roll the back hair down from the crown. When demonstrating this style at a Paris showing, Dessange undertook that he and a beauty expert would do a set and facial in 15 minutes. By the sixth model, however, they had reduced the time to eight minutes. To get these rapid results, he dried the hair unset and waved it with a curler which he made for the purpose.



**BREEZY** style combines rollers and clip-curls in the setting — rollers for the sides, top, and back, clip-curls for the top tendrils and back hairends. Place as shown in sketch above. Brush out both roller and clip-curls to form waves round head, coax out bangs from rest, curling them on brow.



**GAY**, girlish style (left) takes four big-rollers on top and two more at back. Sides and back take rollers wound down at the bottom layers. Wisps of bangs are left unset and later brushed with some of rolled top hair to form a long, puffy circle across brow.

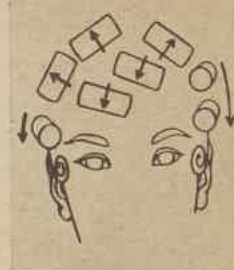


# ROUNDED SHAPES, FRINGED EFFECTS

SOME of the newsiest facets of these small, rounded hairdos — they will intrigue most young women because they look very much like some styles worn by Jacqueline Kennedy — are prettily displayed in these three pictures. Points to note are the rounded crown, full sides, the uncurlly curve at the cheekbones, the partial and full bangs. Sketches show how the styles can be set at home if you want to try this free-and-easy look.



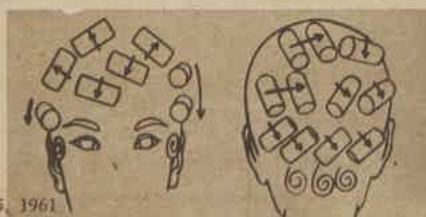
BIG, loose waves go with a deep bang in this hair fashion which covers the ears and swings forward in soft sweeps on each cheek. Diagonally placed rollers used as sketched at right give the style the height and fullness it needs. Except for pin-curls in front of each ear, only jumbo rollers are used for the loosely waved look. Back rollers all turn down from the crown.



SMOOTH is the word for this style which is pretty in profile or from the front. There's less wave to it than any of the other designs shown here, and it features a high part. Rollers do the trick; on top they turn away from the part, on the sides they turn down with only the lower one on each side turned up. At the back three rows of big, evenly spaced rollers turn down.



STYLIST Jacques Desange designed this hairdo to look like one of Jacqueline Kennedy's favorite styles: it flatters high cheekbones and a wide jawline. Its pattern secret is directional rollers set at angles round the head (sketches below). Pin-curls set nape hair and side cheek-curls.





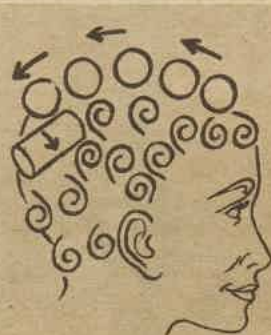
*New Look in* •  
*HAIR* (Cont'd) •

STYLED

# TO FLATTER THE OLDER WOMAN

THESE becoming new hairstyles for the older woman are modelled by three chic Frenchwomen who are world-famous in beauty and fashion circles. They are hairstylist Maria Carita; Maud, a topflight milliner; and Mad, former cover-girl and mannequin. All admit cheerfully that they're in the 40-to-over-50 age-group and that they like the casual look of current hair trends because these are adaptable. Setting diagrams are given for each style.

MAD (below) wears a rounded hairdo to make her face look fuller. Top hair is set on seven big rollers (sketch at right), five in a straight row to back, two at 45-degree angles to this row. The side and back hair is set on very large pincurls.



MARIA CARITA, one of the two Carita sisters who dictate Paris hair fashions, likes sun-glints in her dark ash hair and a curved, casual style. She adapts each of her new styles for herself. Big rollers are used for the curved height of the pictured "do" (sketch at left). Sides roll down, cheek curls come forward. Down-rollers and pincurls set back.



MAUD, Paris milliner-de-luxe, wears a hairstyle designed for her by Maria Carita. Maud's hair is pale ash-blond. Note (above) the reverse sweep of hair with a section of side hair brushed forward. This "do" is only one of many possible with the set at right—rollers turned back on top, down on the sides and back. Pincurls shape the short ends.





# AN "EMMY" FOR A DAME

## Australian's TV honor

● Australian actress Dame Judith Anderson won the Best Actress Award in America's "Emmy" presentations for her favorite role, Lady Macbeth.

HER award-winning performance was in a color telecast of "Macbeth."

This production won five "Emmy" awards.

In addition to Dame Judith's award, it was judged the year's best programme and the best dramatic programme.

Its director, George Schaefer, won the award for the best dramatic direction, and in its title role Maurice Evans gained the Best Actor "Emmy."

This winning telecast was a slightly shortened version of a screen production made in Britain last year.

Commenting on her "Emmy" award, Dame Judith said she'd played Lady Macbeth "too many times to be able to count."

She said: "The previous one was for live TV in New York in 1952. That time Maurice and I spent

two terrifying hours dashing from side to side on a set four times as big as the one on which we later did much of the screen filming of 'Macbeth' in Britain.

"And for these two terrifying hours we also seemed to be leaping from costume to costume, in and out of exits.

"None of the play was cut to make it easier, and you can imagine what a frightful strain it therefore was to make it live.

"In comparison, making the film was a rest cure."

Director George Schaefer, a stickler for accuracy, put his cast through six weeks' studio shooting before taking them to Scotland for location filming.

Australians will see the "Emmy"-winning color film late this year when British Lion International will release its full-length version for picture-theatre screening.



TV "EMMY" WINNERS Dame Judith Anderson and Maurice Evans pictured (right) in their starring roles in "Macbeth." They are shown (above) strolling in Edinburgh before location filming of "Macbeth" in the Scottish lowlands.







Mr. William Henry, of Gordon, Sydney, one of Australia's best known Interior Decorators, says:

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THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE





# I AM PROUD TO BE A HOUSEWIFE

● *A child's tearful question made this doctor decide that her children needed her more than her patients.*

EVER since I mended a frog's broken leg with a twig splint—or thought I did—at the age of six, I wanted to be a doctor.

I followed a steady course to medical school and loved every minute of it.

I warded off marriage here and there, but couldn't resist a persistent, carrot-topped medical student with ice-blue eyes and quicksilver brain.

Just as I managed to graduate the children began to tumble on to the scene.

I took a week off for each baby and kept on my work.

At home I had excellent help, and it seldom seemed that the children were suffering any deprivation.

I always got up to dress and feed them before I left for the hospital. I came home for their lunch and laid them down for naps. I usually managed to look in somewhere around bedtime.

## Who comes first?

Occasionally, torn between a demanding child and a demanding profession, I had some doubts about combining a career and marriage. But always I squelched them quickly by telling myself that my patients "needed" me.

Then our eldest, aged three, a delightful double of his father, began trailing me to the hospital, which was within sight of our home.

He began crying every time I picked up my coat.

When our fourth baby arrived at four one morning, my weary husband went home and fell into a semicomatose.

At dawn I heard a plaintive voice below my hospital room. "Mummy, where are you?"

I crawled out of bed and went to the window. There stood our eldest in his pyjamas on the ground below.

He was bundled back home. "When will you always stay home with us?" he cried as he was carted off.

I was surprised at the tears streaming down my face. I must have had more serious doubts than I had cared to admit to myself about the wisdom of letting other people rear my children.

In the dawn of that day I found myself framing an answer to our son: "Right now, as of this minute, I'm finished with my career."

## By a woman doctor

Once I had said it, I thought, too: I need a vacation from dashing to work every morning, preparing lunch and dinner in one breath, getting up with sick patients. It will be wonderful to relax and be a housewife.

At this time my husband had already decided to take specialty training. His decision meant markedly less salary; my decision meant a complete loss of my income. It ruled out hired help in our home.

"I don't mind," I said. "I'll enjoy the change."

Radiant, enthusiastic, and confident, I plunged into a household of four children. I emerged a week later battered and uncertain, with eyes glazed from lack of sleep.

Another few weeks shattered me completely. I, who worked swiftly and coolly in any medical emergency, now flew to pieces over such trivial things as spilled orange juice, a floor tracked with mud, or a three-year-old's furious "No, no!"

I, who was used to immaculate hospitals with nurses bustling to carry out

the inexperience of toddlers who would fall downstairs if I didn't grab them, whose skin would redden if I didn't keep diapers whirling on and off them, who would starve if I didn't prepare endless formulas and rush endless supplies of food to their gaping little mouths.

My husband came home to chaos. "And I thought the emergency room was bad today," he'd comment acidly.

When I realised I was trapped I became resentful.

What was a person of my intelligence doing dealing with these subhuman creatures? The skills of my hands and brain were going to waste.

## A "pin-pusher"

The most intricate manoeuvres I now performed were tying muddy shoelaces and pushing a pin through two layers of cloth.

The most complicated problem my brain handled was how to get the day's dishes done before the head of the family walked into the house.

A colleague came to visit. "What are you doing being a mere housewife?" he asked, with emphasis on the "mere."

I tried schedules, those neat-as-a-pin deceptions that work well anywhere but in the unpredictable world of growing children.

Dishes lay mildewing as the baby with a cold howled unless I perched him on my right hip; a neighbor dropped in for "five minutes" and stayed for three hours.

I couldn't work the kinks out of the disorder.

A few months later I met



And then I really saw myself: the frustrated, career-minded woman who thinks a home and family—even though she protests they are what she wants—are too menial for her talents.

When you enjoy what you're

husband and I have for each other.

You can hire someone to blow your child's nose and even tuck him in with a kiss. But you can't hire anyone to love him.

And love in great, un-

was thrilled when I became a good cook; and I feel really creative vibrations when I'm concocting something delectable.

No wonder the children didn't challenge me. I was acting like a bored zookeeper.

I began to see what a feat it is to change these primitive little animals into well-disciplined, responsive, and responsible children.

It takes skill, imagination, and infinite patience. Challenge enough to last a lifetime!

We now have seven children bursting the seams of our house. There isn't much time in a day for me to read and study.

The answer? I read and study with our children.

I am astonished at what a pre-school child can learn. Parents tend to think their minds are unreceptive vacuums until they enter school.

I did, too, until on one of our daily walks our three-year-old said, "Look at the leaf, Mum."

I usually half-listened to their chatter, thinking my own thoughts.

But that day I knelt beside him and said, "That's an oak leaf. See its long fingers."

## Teaching role

He repeated the name after me, and the four-year-old ran to see its "fingers," with the five-year-old close at his heels.

The next day they remembered the oak.

I was excited. Why shouldn't I teach our children, casually, unobtrusively, about the world around them? It was another challenge.

We learned the name of every tree in the area, then the flowers, and even rocks.

We had poems for breakfast, simple lyric ones, and the children ate them up.

We started an art gallery with inexpensive prints which we change about once a month.

The children help select the pictures they like best. Van Gogh is as familiar to them as Donald Duck.

I no longer chafe at being home. My tired-wife attitude is out the door.

A mere housewife, indeed! I'm proud to be a housewife, a wife-at-home to my husband.

These are the golden years, full of the laughs, loves, and vexations that only a growing family can bring.

I can always go back to a profession, but these years will never come back to me. I intend to enjoy them while they're mine.

Reprinted by special arrangement from "Redbook Magazine."

## "These are the golden years"

## How do YOU cope with your family?

EVERY mother has her own way of coping with her family problems and running her household. Write and tell us (in not more than 1500 words) how you cope with yours. The story on this page is one mother's story—you have one, too. Address your letters to "Home and Family," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Payment of £20 will be made for any story published.

my orders, was now confronted with dirty diapers, bare bottoms, and snarling urchins with endless demands.

I felt trapped.

Trapped by the endless merry-go-round of chores for a growing family, trapped by

the next phase of the trapped-resentment cycle—tiredness—the type no tonic helped.

I bored my husband with my talk of "fatigue."

Then one day, out of the blue, the words of one of my professors came back to me.

"If the patient states as her chief complaint that she wakes up tired, the diagnosis is not physical, as a rule. It is emotional. The patient is not up to facing her day."

I squirmed. That was me. It was eight o'clock in the morning, and I was sitting wearily at the kitchen table.

All four children were fussing at once, and number five was kicking me hard from within. I had to think it all out then and there.

"You're healthy," I told myself. "No anemia. Had eight hours' sleep last night."

I took a deep breath and said it. "Your tiredness is all above the brow."

doing you can keep at it 12 to 14 hours a day, go to bed satisfied, and awaken refreshed. Hate what you're doing and you slowly destroy yourself and those about you.

I heard myself snapping at our children. ("Run!" they'd shout. "Mum's got her mad face on.") I heard myself growling at my husband.

Ugly picture? It was, and I made myself look squarely at it that morning.

The cure to all my discontent? A change in attitude. I know this is easier said than done, yet once I had had a true, vivid glimpse of myself my attitude did change.

I had assumed that anyone could wipe a nose, say evening prayers, and tuck in any children who happened to be sleepy. I have come to realise that these aren't just any children. They are unique.

They sprang from the love my

abashed amounts is what children need. Only my continuing, uninterrupted presence and love in our home would give our children that feeling of security and permanence they needed.

## New importance

I realised how important I was at home. This was where I belonged, most specially in those vital pre-school years. They needed me for the hundred crises of every day.

No patient's bedside needed me as much as my children needed me at home.

As time went by I probed more deeply.

I had been bored because I wasn't challenged. A dirty house may be a challenge to some women; it wasn't to me.

But a meal cooked with distinction is. My husband doesn't give a hoot that I can whip out an appendix, but he



# nuts

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Z710.8





# AT HOME with

## Margaret Sydney

● What an idiotic thing fashion is — and what fun! Talk turned to it the other day when a group of us were doing our monthly stint at the local hospital canteen.

ONE of our team, who doesn't have to count her pennies too carefully, was regaling us, while we checked stock and tidied shelves, with an account of trousseau-buying for her only daughter, who is to be married next month.

Shoes, stockings, underclothes, winter and summer dressing-gowns, suits, sportswear, blouses, evening dresses, beachwear, slacks, sweaters . . . the list went on and on, and I was beginning to feel sorry for Di and Katherine (I'm afraid they won't get a trousseau like this!) when the youngest of our team sounded a note of warning . . .

"I had that sort of trousseau," she said. "Last time the Salvation Army came round I gave them eleven pairs of shoes that were not even a quarter worn."

"I was married eight years ago, and you know what shoes were like then — round, stubby toes, thick heels."

"It nearly broke my heart to toss them out, but they were quite useless, and taking up an awful lot of cupboard space."

"I wish now I'd had three pairs of shoes in my trousseau, and a cheque to buy some more when I needed them."

### Fashions in getting married

INCIDENTALLY, fashions in trousseaus seem to be changing, too. In the old days the well-heeled family provided liberally — six dozen of everything for the linen closet, six dozen of everything for the bride's chest of drawers.

For underclothes, at least, the fashion when you married was likely to go on being your fashion indefinitely, and all that was needed was an inexhaustible supply of summer- and winter-weight petticoats and vests and drawers and corset-covers, camisoles, nightgowns, and dressing-jackets.

The wise mama, without consulting the bride, saw to it that her "little" dressmaker made provision, in cutting out, for the days when time and child-bearing would have changed the bride's elegant 19-inch waist to a comfortable 28.

Then we had two wars and a depression, and people's ideas changed about what was needed before a young couple could set up house.

Our generation had scaled things down from six dozen of everything to four of everything, if you could possibly afford it, and people set up house in a tiny flat with scratch furniture and a twenty-five shilling ice-chest, eked out with wedding presents (three toasters, two cocktail-shakers, no cutlery, and not enough plates).

Now the tendency once again seems to be not to set up house until you've got a house of your own to set up in, and it has to be complete with matched furniture, venetian blinds, carpets, refrigerator, hot-water service, a well-stocked linen cupboard, and a car.

I can't help feeling there's something distinctly Victorian about today's 20-25-year-olds. Don't they miss an awful lot of the fun of building up a home together? Or is that just middle-aged sour grapes?

We think of fashion as going back into the dim ages, but I suppose it never really got a start in the days when there were Sumptuary Laws.

Those were the horrible, class-conscious laws that limited private spending by laying down rules about what you could wear.

If the law said that you belonged to the cotton-thongs-on-sandals class you could keep up with the Joneses by replacing those cotton thongs whenever necessary, but heaven help you if you tried to keep up with the Jones-Joneses by wearing leather thongs.

Even those of royal blood had their splendor limited — a train seventeen yards long for the queen, ten yards for the king's daughters, seven yards for other princesses, and four yards for a duchess.

### The yo-yo — a perennial fad

WE'RE bedevilled by a different sort of fashion at present — the revival of the yo-yo craze.

Mike lives with a yo-yo permanently fixed to the middle finger of his right hand, and now that he's past the tyro stage and trying to learn Over-the-Mill and other more spectacular throws, I live in hourly fear that I've seen the last of the light fittings in this house.

Yo-yo must be one of the most perennial of all fads — every few years they burst out all over again, and teachers' cupboards are full of confiscated ones.

I remember seeing my first yo-yo when I was about ten, and thinking it the most spectacular invention of the twentieth century.

Mike obviously thinks so, too.

He looked at me with disbelief when I said we had 'em in the dim ages when I was a child, and with pity when I said that for all I knew the Egyptians may have played yo-yo during their lunch hours while they were building the pyramids.

### What makes

"knock-knock" so "drak"?

ONE of my least sensible ambitions is to start a fad or a word circulating, and see how long it takes to spread.

After all, somebody must have made the first yo-yo, somebody must have invented the word "drak," somebody must have drawn the first picture of Chad's nose and fingers poking over a fence, somebody must have thought up "Knock Knock" and Davy Crockett and Minnie Golf, and the first Confucius Say.

But it's not so easy to invent a word.

You can try hitting the typewriter at random, but it'll probably come out 4%Nm?jw, and there's not much chance of sweeping the world with that.

There's an awkward little law—two laws, really — that seems to operate on inventions. First, the time has to be ripe. It's no good inventing something before it's wanted.

The other odd part of the law is that things often get invented simultaneously by different people in different parts of the world.

I've heard this happens often with books. Somebody thinks up an "original" plot, or decides to write a book about some historic character who has never been used in fiction before, and somewhere, in some other country, in some other language probably, someone else will be found to be working on exactly the same idea at the same time.

Which only goes to prove, I suppose, that Ecclesiastes is right — The thing that hath been, it is that that shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows the wide eaves extending on one side to form a carport and giving shade to the rooms in summer.

## WIDE EAVES GIVE SHADE

● Ideal for a wide or narrow site, this week's Home Plan has been designed with a pitched roof and wide, overhanging eaves.

AT one side of the house, the eaves extend to form a carport big enough for two cars.

A large entrance hall separates the living area from the sleeping wing, and the bathroom and separate toilet are conveniently placed near the three large bedrooms.

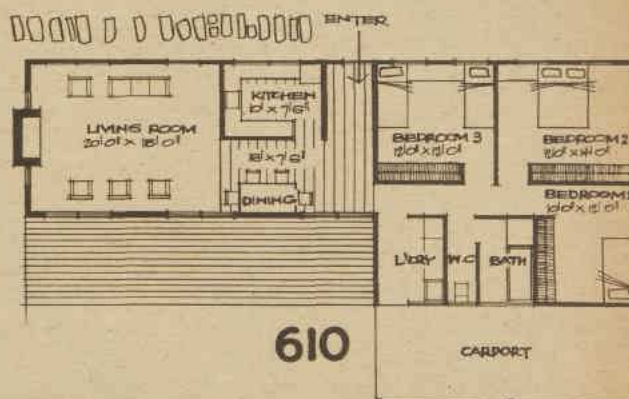
The spacious living-room has a built-in fireplace and opens into a dining-room with easy access to a compact kitchen.

Building costs are — in timber, £3750-£4500; and in brick, £3900-£4700. Area in timber is 12.5 squares.

These prices are, of course, approximate, and do not include the price of your land. For accurate costs on your own land, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)  
HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Telephone 27221.)  
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FLOOR PLAN shows wide entrance hall separating living and sleeping areas.



## Recipe for onion pie wins £5

● The main prizewinning recipe this week—hamburger onion pie—could be served as a main course or made into small pies.

SMALL almond-flavored biscuits topped with cherries win a consolation prize of £1

All spoon measurements are level.

**HAMBURGER ONION PIE**  
Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 lb. fine mince steak, 3 onions (peeled and sliced), salt, pepper, 2 teaspoons butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 cup water, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon mustard, pinch cayenne pepper.

Line bottom and sides of 8in. pie-plate with rolled pastry; chill while preparing filling. Melt butter in saucepan, add sliced onions, saute until soft but not brown. Remove half the onion. Add meat to remaining onion in saucepan, stir over low heat until it changes color. Flavor with salt and

pepper. Cool. Spread over base of uncooked pastry-case. Beat eggs, add evaporated milk, water, salt, cayenne pepper, mustard, remaining onion, and cheese. Carefully pour over meat, bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, continue cooking further 20 minutes or until custard is set and pastry golden brown.

First prize of £5 to Mr. George Wong (staff), c/o Boys' Home, Gosford, N.S.W.

**ALMOND CRUNCHIES**

Two cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup butter, 2 cups icing-sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 cups ground almonds, pinch salt, 2 cups bran flakes (or any other cereal coating), maraschino cherries.

Sift and measure flour, add

spices, salt, and sift again. Cream butter until light and fluffy, add sugar and beat until all sugar dissolves. Add egg-yolk. Fold in flour, milk, and nuts. Mix well, shape into small balls with floured hands. Slightly crush bran flakes, dip small balls in this mixture, coating each one well. Place maraschino cherry in centre of each. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven 15 to 18 minutes or until delicately browned.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Kenny, Murton Ave., Holland Park, Brisbane.

**JAM INGREDIENTS.**

Would readers please note that in the prizewinning recipe for Speedy Fruit Jam published in our issue of May 31, 1961, the quantity of sugar should be 3 1/2 lb. and not 1 lb.



# Add golden nourishment with shredded cheese

— choose **KRAFT CHEDDAR** — your best cheese for shredding

## TOMATO MACARONI CHEESE

Macaroni's not the same without cheese. And macaroni cheese with Kraft Cheddar is everybody's favourite. Try this recipe soon:

**Ingredients:** 2ozs. butter (2 tablespoons); 4 tablespoons flour; 2½ cups milk; 4ozs. (½ packet) Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 1 teaspoon salt or more to taste, dash of pepper; ½ cup undiluted tomato soup; 4ozs. uncooked macaroni (½ cup); 1 cup diced celery; 1 cup finely chopped onion; 1½ pints boiling water; 1 teaspoon salt.

**Method:** Cook macaroni, onion and 1 teaspoon salt in the 1½ pints of boiling water. When tender, drain. Meanwhile melt butter in saucepan. Add flour. Let cook for a few minutes. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Add 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, half of the shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, celery, tomato soup, and stir until Cheese has melted. Combine both mixtures. Pour into a greased casserole. Top with the remaining shredded cheese and bake in a moderate oven 350°F. Gas, 375°F. Electric, for 15-20 minutes until heated through and cheese melted. 6 servings.

And Kraft Cheddar is the best cheese for sandwiches, too. Here are some sandwich suggestions:

- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese with sliced tomato and chopped chives.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese and sweetcorn.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese with sliced dates.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, sardines and cucumber.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese with mashed potato and pickle.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, tuna and Kraft Mayonnaise.



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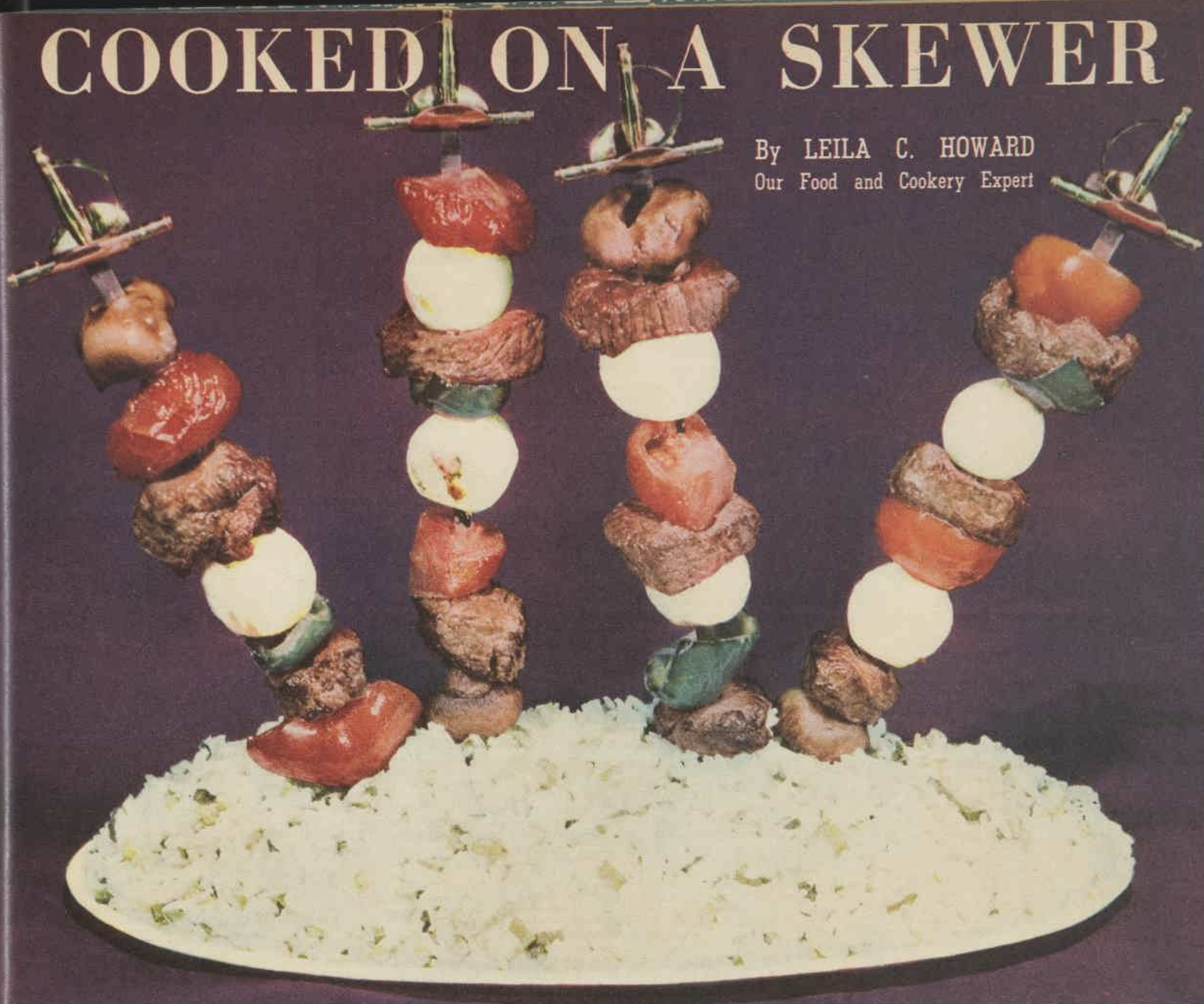
Cheese is a wonderful food — always put a cheese from **KRAFT** on your table

KR25-R



# COOKED ON A SKEWER

By LEILA C. HOWARD  
Our Food and Cookery Expert



● To keep skewers upright, stick points into half-lemons, cut-side down, under rice.

**A**N endless variety of ingredients can be threaded on skewers and cooked as desired. But be sure the foods threaded together all take approximately the same time to cook. Whole onions, green peppers, and similar vegetables can be parboiled before using.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in these recipes. Quantities are sufficient to serve four.

## COMBINATION BROCHETTE (Illustrated above)

One pound round or blade steak, 1 crushed clove garlic,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup vegetable oil,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup red wine, salt and pepper, 8 small white onions, 2 tomatoes, 1 large green pepper, 8 small mushrooms.

Remove fat from steak, cut into large cubes. Combine crushed garlic with oil, red wine, salt and pepper in basin. Marinate meat in this mixture 1 to 2 hours, turning occasionally. Peel onion, parboil in salted water until almost tender; drain. Cut tomatoes in quarters, cut green pepper into half, remove seeds, and cut into pieces. Wash mushrooms, trim stalks. Drain meat from marinade mixture and thread alternately on 4 tall skewers with other prepared ingredients. Grill until tender, basting with marinade mixture and turning constantly. Serve with green-and-white rice.

**Green-and-white rice:** One large chopped onion, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 cups rice,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints chicken stock (or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints water and 2 chicken cubes), 1 cup chopped shallots (use some green section), extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salad oil,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white vinegar, salt, pepper.

● Arrange a colorful array of foods invitingly on a skewer or kabob stick and cook them over glowing coals at an informal barbecue, or grill them in the kitchen and serve as an entree for a dinner or supper party.

Saute onion in hot oil until soft but not brown. Add rice, stir over heat until evenly coated with oil; do not brown. Stir in stock, salt and pepper, simmer gently until stock is absorbed and rice tender (about 20 minutes), stirring occasionally. Fold in chopped shallots, extra oil, and vinegar.

## BARBECUE CHICK SIZZLE

One cooked chicken (about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lb.), 4 tinned or fresh pineapple rings, 4 small onions, 4 pieces of celery (2 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 in. long), 2 bacon rashers (rind removed and cut in halves), 4 small tomatoes, barbecue sauce, bread rolls, butter.

Break chicken away from bones, cut into pieces about 2 in. square. Cut pineapple pieces in halves. Place peeled onions in little salted water, simmer until almost tender; drain. Wind half rasher of bacon round each piece of celery. Skin tomatoes by plunging into hot water then peeling off the skin. Thread all these ingredients on long skewers so they look colorful. Brush liberally with barbecue sauce (recipe below), grill under hot grill or over glowing coals until all ingredients are tender. Turn frequently, baste with sauce. Serve with buttered bread rolls and remainder of barbecue sauce.

**Barbecue Sauce:** Half cup malt vinegar, 1-3rd cup salad oil, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire

sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  clove garlic (crushed),  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon tomato paste,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard.

Combine all ingredients together in saucepan, stir over heat until mixture is hot.

## MINTY VEGETABLE STACKS

Two carrots, 1 large parsnip, 2 tomatoes, 8 tiny new potatoes, 4 onions, 4 brussels sprouts, 4oz. butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint, salt and pepper to taste.

Remove skins from vegetables (except tomatoes), cut into approximately 2 in. pieces. Parboil in salted water; drain. Cut each tomato into quarters. Thread vegetables alternately on to skewers. Melt butter, add mint, salt and pepper. Brush over vegetables. Place under grill, cook until golden, basting every 3 minutes with minted butter. Serve hot.

## CHINESE MEDLEY

Eight chicken livers, 4 water chestnuts, 4 bacon rashers,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. pork pieces, 8 dried mushrooms (soaked for 20 minutes and squeezed out), 1 small piece bamboo shoot (cut into 8),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soy sauce, 2 tablespoons dry sherry, hot fluffy rice.

Soak livers in salted water 15 minutes, drain. Place half chestnut with each liver, roll in half rasher of bacon. Arrange alternately with

pork, mushrooms, and bamboo shoots on 4 skewers. Mix together soy sauce and sherry, brush over ingredients. Cook under hot grill, brushing frequently with soy sauce mixture. Serve on bed of hot fluffy rice.

## SEAFOOD SPECIAL

Eight king prawns, 8 scallops,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. haddock, 1 green pepper, 1 small lobster, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 2oz. butter, salt, pepper, lemon wedges, parsley.

Place haddock in cold water, bring slowly to boil. Drain off and repeat. Cut into pieces. Shell prawns. Cut lobster and green pepper into even-sized pieces. Parboil pepper in salted water 5 minutes, drain. Thread prawns, scallops (bearded), fish pieces, pepper, and lobster on four skewers, coat generously with mixture of melted butter, lemon rind, salt and pepper. Place under hot grill and cook, turning frequently and basting until ingredients are heated through. Be careful not to overcook the seafoods, because this will make it tough and unpalatable. Serve with fresh tossed salad, lemon wedges and parsley to garnish.

## KABOBS ITALIENNE

Four frankfurts (cut in halves), 8 strips sliced cheese, 4 slices bacon (cut in halves), 8 chipolata sausages (pricked), 2 tomatoes, 2 kidneys (soaked, skin removed), 8 stuffed olives, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 clove crushed garlic, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Place frankfurts on square of cheese, roll in bacon. Cut each tomato into quarters. Arrange frankfurts, tomato, halved kidneys, olives, and sausages alternately on skewers. Combine tomato puree, garlic, vinegar, salt and pepper and brush over while cooking. Serve remainder of sauce with kabobs.



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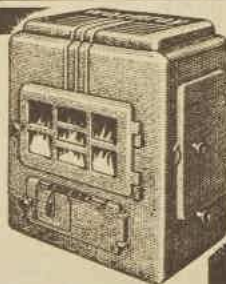
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LESSON 17: By Leila C. Howard

# Cookery Course

## SWEET SAUCES

### — Bases and flavorings

**S**WEET sauces add extra flavor and nutriment to desserts, provide a contrast in textures, and also help to make them look more attractive.

Although most sweet sauces are suitable to accompany any dessert, a good general rule to follow is to serve simple, bland sauces with luscious-type desserts, and the more flavorsome sauces with plain, steamed, or baked puddings.

Because of the wide variety of methods used to make sweet sauces, it is not possible to group their basic recipes as for savory sauces. But they can be grouped according to their basic ingredient or flavoring. These are:

**Milk, fruit, butter, and wine or spirits.**

Flavorings used in all sweet sauces can be increased or decreased according to taste.

### MILK BASE

These bland, smooth sauces make an ideal accompaniment to both hot and cold desserts.

#### CUSTARD SAUCE

Care must be taken in making this sauce so the mixture is allowed to come almost to the boil only, then removed immediately from the heat, otherwise it may curdle. To help prevent this, add 1 teaspoon of cornflour to the eggs before commencing to cook.

Beat 3 eggs with 2 tablespoons sugar, pour in 1 pint warmed milk and cook, stirring constantly until mixture is thick enough to coat silver spoon. Remove from heat, add vanilla to taste, cover until ready for use. Serve hot or cold with steamed and baked puddings.

#### SWEET WHITE SAUCE

Heat 2 cups milk with 2 tablespoons sugar and small piece of lemon rind. Stir in 2 tablespoons cornflour which has been blended with 1 cup milk and cook, stirring constantly 2 to 3 minutes. Remove lemon rind, add vanilla, cover to prevent skin forming until ready for use. Serve as for custard sauce.

**Variations.**—Chocolate Sauce: Add 2 tablespoons grated or powdered chocolate.

**Honey Sauce:** Use honey in place of sugar.

#### RICH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Combine in saucepan 1 small tin evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons grated or powdered chocolate, 1oz. butter, and pinch salt. Bring slowly to boil, add 1 cup sugar and 3 tablespoons golden syrup. Boil gently 5 minutes. Cool slightly, flavor with vanilla, rum, or coffee. Serve with simple puddings or ice-cream.

### BUTTER BASE

These sauces depend on the richness of butter for much of their flavor.

#### CARAMEL SAUCE

Combine 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup in saucepan. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture is rich golden color and leaves sides of saucepan. Remove from heat, gradually stir in 4 tablespoons hot water. Return to heat, cook further 1 to 2 minutes. Add sufficient cream or milk to correct consistency after it has cooled. Serve with steamed, baked, and rice puddings and ice-cream.

#### BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Melt 2-3rds cup butter, stir in 1½ cups brown sugar, cook slowly until sugar dissolves. Boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in 1 large tin evaporated milk and vanilla to taste. Serve with hot or cold desserts and ice-cream.

#### HARD SAUCE

Cream ½ cup butter thoroughly, beat in 4oz.

## RECIPES FOR MISCELLANEOUS SAUCES

These sauces are all easy to make, and will help to vary the menu when served with winter or summer desserts.

**Mock Maple Sauce:** Combine equal quantities of honey and golden syrup. Heat, add lemon juice to taste. Serve with ice-cream.

**Cider Sauce:** Place 1 cup of sugar and ½ cup cider in a saucepan. Bring to the boil over low heat, cook 4 to 5 minutes. Serve warm or cold, poured over waffles or fritters.

**Marshmallow Peppermint Sauce:** Place ½ cup sugar, ½ cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, and pinch of cream of tartar in saucepan, boil steadily 10 minutes. When beginning to

castor or icing sugar, then gradually add 2 tablespoons brandy. Chill well. Serve with steamed fruit pudding.

### FRUIT BASE

In these sauces, fresh or tinned fruit is used to give a sharp, distinctive flavor. Plain fruit sauces are simply made by thickening fruit juices with blended arrowroot or cornflour (1 to 1½ dessertspoons to every cup of liquid) and sweetening to taste. Arrowroot gives a clearer, more glossy sauce.

Serve fruit sauces with hot steamed puddings, rice custards and moulds, blancmange. Extra flavorings, such as brandy, sherry, or rum, can be added if desired.

#### RASPBERRY CREAM SAUCE

Drain syrup from large tin of raspberries, crush fruit with fork, sprinkle with 1½ tablespoons sugar and 2 dessertspoons kirsch or similar liqueur. Set aside. Mix together 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon flour, and ½ teaspoon salt, pour over 1 cup hot sauterne or any other sweet white wine. Place on stove, cook, stirring constantly until boiling. Remove from fire, cool slightly, stir in 2 egg-yolks previously beaten with pinch each of nutmeg and ginger. Return to fire, cook 3 or 4 minutes, stirring constantly and being careful not to boil. (Saucepan can be placed over hot water if desired.) Add crushed berries. If sauce is to be served hot, stir in ½ cup cream; if cold, chill before folding in ½ cup whipped cream.

#### LEMON SAUCE

Place ½ cup sugar and 3 tablespoons sifted flour in top half of double saucepan. Stir in 2 egg-yolks previously beaten with ½ cup cold water. Place over hot water, cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 1½ tablespoons sweet butter, ½ cup lemon juice, grated rind of half lemon and orange. Mix. Serve hot or cold.

#### GLACE FRUIT SAUCE

Place 1 cup orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, and ½ cup pineapple juice in saucepan. Add 1½ cups sugar, cook about 10 minutes or until mixture becomes syrupy. Add 1 tablespoon golden syrup and ½ cup finely chopped mixed glace fruits. Cover, simmer gently 20 minutes. Cool, fold in 3 tablespoons slivered toasted almonds. Serve cold.

#### APRICOT JAM SAUCE

Combine 1½ cups apricot jam, ½ cup water, and 3 tablespoons sugar. Bring to boil, cook, stirring to prevent scorching, 5 to 10 minutes. Rub through sieve or puree in electric blender. Just before serving, stir in 2 tablespoons kirsch, brandy, or any similar liqueur.

### WINE, SPIRIT BASE

The quantity and type of the wines and spirits used in these recipes can be varied to suit individual taste.

#### FOAMY WHITE SAUCE

Combine 3 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, and ½ pint sherry or Marsala in earthenware basin. Beat over boiling water until mixture thickens to desired consistency. Serve with Continental-style desserts.

#### BRANDY SAUCE

Heat 1 cup water with 1 tablespoon sugar, stir in 1 tablespoon arrowroot or cornflour blended with extra 2 tablespoons water. Cook, stirring constantly, 2 or 3 minutes. Add 3 tablespoons brandy just before serving. Serve with steamed fruit puddings.

#### EASY CHOCOLATE RUM SAUCE

Place 6oz. dark chocolate (broken into small pieces) and ½ cup strong coffee in small saucepan. Cook gently until chocolate melts, stirring constantly. Add 1 tablespoon rum and mix well. Serve hot.

come-hither  
eyes?



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"Germ warfare," warned the Marston spies. "Earth's spreading wings before our eyes. The germs, we hear, attack the throat. The chief cried, 'Find an antidote.' The spies declared, 'We found the worth Of Woods' has been well proved on earth. We brought a case back—give the men A dose and they'll be fit again.'"  
**WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND** for Coughs and Colds

**NEXT WEEK: All about eggs.**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 5, 1961



munchy,  
crunchy  
and new!



## Mother's Choice Coconut Crescents...baked in minutes!

(the recipe's on this pack)

**Mix...** a better biscuit with Mother's Choice self-raising flour. Four easy steps to follow.

**Bake...** a mere 12 minutes. That's all the time it takes to bake a batch of 36.

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**Serve...** delicious Coconut Crescents at your party or tea.  
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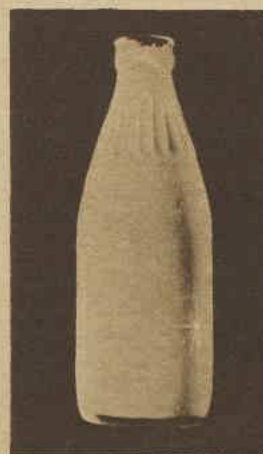
Recording star Noeleen Batley (latest hit record — "Rendezvous") cracks a bottle of cool, refreshing milk on a fun fair date.

## let's crack a bottle!

When there's big fun and life is whizzing along, you need big energy to keep pace. And milk gives it to you — fast! Milk tops up your energy in a creamy cold, refreshing way. Tastes smooth and super.

If you're in the know, you know milk supplies bone-building calcium, body-building protein. Every pint of milk has energising sugars and vitamins you need to keep in the pink. You never outgrow your need for milk. How about it? Let's crack a bottle of milk.

**MILK...makes you look good—feel good!**



To keep milk at its creamy best, keep it out of sunlight. MB66/61



**EASIEST WAY** to transfer pastry to the pie-dish is to wrap pastry round the rolling-pin, then unfold gradually to avoid breakage.

## Kitchen hints from readers

● These tips will save time and help with your cooking. Sent in by readers, each one wins £1/1/-.

**T**O remove excess salt from soups or stews add a few slices of raw potato and cook for five minutes longer, then remove potatoes, which will have absorbed much of the salt. — Mrs. J. Downey, Cowper Street, Wee Waa.

★ ★ ★  
A tablespoon of powdered milk added to butter icing in place of some of the icing-sugar will greatly improve the result. — Mrs. B. L. Britten, c/o Post Office, Michelago.

★ ★ ★  
When forming rissoles, instead of dipping hands in flour dip them in a bowl of cold water. This prevents sticky hands and the crumbs will adhere to rissoles much better. — Mrs. N. Freeman, 34 Burg Street, East Maitland.

★ ★ ★  
Add a dessertspoon of sago, a little lemon juice, and a little extra water if you are short of an apple when cooking apple pie, etc. The sago and water take the place of the apple. — Mrs. H. D. Clively, Proof Range, Fern Bay.

★ ★ ★  
If a cracked egg is rubbed with dripping before being put into water it will cook without bursting. — Mrs. G. Ringland, 168 Gosford Road, Adamstown.

★ ★ ★  
When a boiled custard curdles add 1 tablespoon of cold milk, beat quickly for a couple of minutes. — Mrs. J. Wynne, 32 Spencer Street, Rose Bay, Sydney.

Instead of peeling apples with a knife when preparing them for cooking, pour boiling water over them. Allow to stand for a few minutes. Then you will find that the peel can be taken off quite easily. — Mrs. H. Kennedy, 17 Reuss Street, Balmain.

★ ★ ★  
Dip fish in ground rice before frying. It browns well and does not stick to frying-pan. — Miss V. King, 24 Victory Street, Belmore.

★ ★ ★  
If you have trouble keeping brown sugar from going hard, place a slice of bread in with the sugar. — Mrs. M.D., 26 Fifth Avenue, Canley Vale.

★ ★ ★  
Save left-over slices and ends from bread and after baking a dinner put the slices into the hot oven to dry. Put bread through the mincer, using a small cutter. The result is lots of golden brown breadcrumbs for cutlets, etc. — Mrs. J. D. Worth, 35 Lane Street, Wentworthville.

★ ★ ★  
Walnuts shell more easily if warmed first. — Mrs. Garforth, 10 Walter Street, Arncliffe.

★ ★ ★  
If you have a hint you would like to pass on to other readers, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088 WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each one published.

### SINUSITIS

Feel well quickly! The vasoconstrictor and mucus liquefacient actions of WOODS' COLD RELIEF TABS promote drainage of clogged sinus cavities and relieve sinus pain and headache. Enjoy restful sleep at night.



# Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

DS453.—Suit with its own blouse, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust, requires 3 1-8yds. 54in. material for suit and 1 1/2yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price 5/6. Patterns from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



● The wool suit with its own overblouse is one of the best buys for winter-into-spring. This fashion team is the answer to a query in this week's fashion mail.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

*"Is a suit with a blouse still being worn? If so, should the blouse match or contrast? I would like this information and a design and pattern for a suit in 36in. bust size."*

A blouse worn outside the skirt will be very much in fashion for spring. Blouses in this category are seen both in plain and printed silk, and the fabric is often matched to the jacket lining.

The design I have chosen for you is illustrated above. The just-below-waist-length jacket has an easy fit, three-quarter sleeves, and a round, flat collar. The skirt is slim, with a Dior pleat at centre back. The overblouse is in floral silk with a high, round, collarless neckline and short sleeves.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design, including the blouse, in your size. Beside the illustration are details.

*"I have some floral sheer and would like something very new and sophisticated in a ballerina design suitable for the dance floor. I have an S.S.W. figure and am 5ft. 5in. in height."*

Godets and flares create a new look in spring fashion, and I suggest you follow this for your dance dress. Have it made with a long-torso top, sleeveless, with the neckline uncollared and cut from shoulder point to shoulder point. The godets, two front and two back, should start from below the hip level.

*"I need a new hat to wear to an afternoon wedding in September. Are there any designs other than the rather heavy, tall hats selling in the shops?"*

A complete departure from the "hatty" look of recent seasons is the doll-size hat worn perched forward on the brow. The doll hat can be a

sailor, a cap of flowers, or just a circle of straw fabric trimmed with a bow or single blossom. You did not mention what else you plan to wear, but this type of hat would look charming with practically any outfit.

*"What material would be suitable for a between-seasons coat to wear over floral silk?"*

A slim topcoat in light wool lined with the dress fabric and worn over the dress is one of the most popular 1961 fashions. Both units can be worn separately.

*"I need an idea for a ballerina and have some floral sheer. I am tall and slim and love the flapper styles."*

A beltless long-torso silhouette with a three-flounced skirt would have a distinct flapper flavor, yet look completely 1961. Have the bodice straight-cut back and front, finished with self-material shoe-string shoulder-straps and outlined with a 2in. self-material ruffle.

*"Would it be correct to have an artificial flower to trim the lapel of a between-seasons navy wool suit?"*

A cluster of bright red cherries would be newer. This "nature" accent was sponsored by the Paris couture in the recent spring collections.

*"Will belts be worn with the new spring fashions that have a long-torso top?"*

Yes, they will. The shifting of emphasis to the hipline in spring fashions does not banish belts! It gives them a new resting place. This is particularly so below the new low-waisted blouse on bodice-tops.

*"What trim would be suitable for a short evening dress made with a low, scooped-out back?"*

Twin bows in self-material placed on either side of the back decolletage.



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• June, a traditional month for brides, is the month of my 24th wedding anniversary.

# How to make marriage work

**A**LTHOUGH there are no degrees following my name I think I am expert enough on how to make marriage work happily to offer some advice.

Surely, if ever there was a marriage that started off inauspiciously it was ours.

It hasn't been easy by any set of standards. We can laugh now, in fact we have a laugh line done in a decorative motto over one of the doors at "The Mill," our home outside Paris. It reads, "I'm not the miller's daughter, but I've been through the mill." It says it all.

With any man of lesser stature than the Duke, I freely admit I would have been whipped long ago.

But I have the privilege to be married to a man who has some of the qualities of a saint, and who also happens to have a sense of humor.

## Early misery

Frequently, in the early days, I was weighed down with misery. But David would say, "Hold your head high," and sometimes he even had to lift it off my knees.

For my part, I have given to my husband every ounce of my affection, something he had never had a great deal of in his bachelor life.

Notice, I use the word "affection." I believe it is an element apart from love, the deep bond which one assumes as part of the marriage.

Some of you might know the phrase "tender, loving care"; it means much the same thing. It means doing the things that uphold a man's confidence in himself, creating an atmosphere of warmth and interest, taking his mind off his worries.

No marriage can exist without it, and the giving of it should not be one-sided.

Each must give, give generously of one's self, and give constantly. Only then will problems solve themselves.

Certainly no man, and no woman, is perfect. Although I have said my husband has saintly qualities, these are intermixed with little weaknesses.

When we were first married I discovered that he could not

of whose former activities were cut off, and put him in an atmosphere and surroundings not too far removed from those to which his previous life and upbringing had accustomed him.

You must remember that even the matter of money and its management were foreign to my husband. As Prince of Wales and as King he had controllers, aides, and a clerical staff to handle all expenditure; and until the end of World War II a former clerk from the Palace took care of his accounts.

Now he attends to all our finances. At one end of the

make ends meet, I think it most admirable of her. But if a woman works to maintain her own independence, there is bound to be a conflict of interests, even if it's only about the matter of scheduling a vacation together.

In all these years of our marriage not once, not once, mind you, has the Duke said a cross word to me. And, believe me, I have been guilty of some deeds that would try the patience of heaven's population.

Most of what I have said can be applied, I think, to any marriage, whether it is just beginning, has passed the "seven-year-itch" stage, or is in its "tried and true years."

But according to some couples whose problems I have read about, there is a new and increasingly prevalent period of dissatisfaction between husband and wife.

Without meaning to eavesdrop, I once overheard a man confide to his luncheon companion about a month's vacation he had just had with his wife to whom he had been married for 30 years.

## Good friends

The gist of his confidence was that although he still loved his wife as much as ever, a solid 30 days of her constant companionship was a little too much and he wasn't likely to let it happen again.

The very obstacles that might have made our marriage a nightmare worked to our good by throwing us together

continuously and continually. Today, in addition to our very happy marriage, we share another enviable relationship—we are also very good friends.

Could it be that the factor of friendship is what is missing in all these marriages that are floundering or are headed for the rocks?

If this be true, then may I suggest that every girl and woman be sure in her heart that the man of her choice is not merely a handsome, dashing hero, but a man in whom the qualities of respect, loyalty, and kindness are as deeply instilled as they are in my husband.

Finally to all of you, whether you are about to be a bride or have been one for as long as or longer than I, I would like you to think about the following. It is a passage read at

**A RECENT picture of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor by Cecil Beaton.**

the marriage service of one of my friends:

"You must never forget nor deny the vision you once saw; you must resolve that it be not blotted out nor blurred by the commonplace experiences of life.

"Faults may appear which were hidden in a golden mist; excellences may seem to fade in the glare of the noonday sun; still be unmoved in your devotion; still remain confident and hopeful. Amid apparent imperfection, believe in the ideal. You saw it once. It still exists."

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Babies love the delicious creamy flavour of this nourishing baby cereal, which provides in easily digestible form, the variety needed during the weaning period.

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**BLUE OMO LIFTS OUT DIRT!**

Those Blue Omo suds *lift* out dirt. They surround it, hold it away from clothes . . . then rinse away in an instant.

**BLUE IS FOR BRIGHTNESS!**







LOVELY flower-packed garden which surrounds the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Bass, at Palm Beach, N.S.W., is the result of only five months' work on a new block of land. Petunias and lobelias give it bright color.

## EARLY COLOR

● Now is the time for gardeners who want an early spring splash of color and a bright summer garden to study seed catalogues and plan purchases.

PICTURED here is a colorful garden only five months old. It is an example of careful planning.

When they were laying out the garden from the scrubby bushland around their newly built house, Mr. and Mrs. Bass aimed for a quick return of color and time to think about later planting of more expensive shrubs.

They retained the natural contours of the land and the gumtrees on it. They planted a fast-growing lawn mixture, and got local sandstone to make rockeries, which could be built up with good soil to improve the sandy soil of the district.

The Bases' home is a weekender, and the garden has to rely on a good weekly watering rather than daily care.

They concentrated on masses of double and single petunias and brilliant blue patches

of lobelia, both annuals. In other sections they planted gazanias, the more hardy varieties of azaleas, irises, and attractive thirst-resisting perennials.

For both the gardener planning a new garden and for those with a garden already established we give these suggestions for planting within the next few months:

Lobelias, being dwarf plants, are suited to borders and rockeries.

Mathiolas, which are dwarf stocks, should be sown in massed beds or in wide strips along the borders, as they do not transplant.

Another favorite blue border plant is torenia. It is becoming more popular each year and is well worth a place.

Note that lobelia (pictured here), nigellas, linarias, brachycomes, dimorphothecas, rhodanthes, mathiolas, and Shirley poppies should be sown direct where they are to spend their lives. If too many germinate, thin them out.

Shirley poppies will flower in about ten weeks if sown now and left undisturbed.

Although salvia is usually seen in large masses, it is effective as a background to other plants or interspersed in borders with plants of similar height and growth.

Verbena is one of the hardiest bedding plants and the brilliance of its color is rarely surpassed. It flowers for many months, and if looked after will last two to three years.

Alyssum, or Sweet Alice, is not new, but in recent years it has gained considerably in popularity for edging and border work.

### GARDENING

OVERLEAF:  
spring sowing  
guide

ANOTHER VIEW of the Bases' garden. The natural beauty of the bushland has been retained, and annuals and hardy plants which need only weekend care and watering were planted.



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● These suggestions are for temperate zones. (For colder climates wait till September.) Add decayed manure to soil; don't sow too deep.

AGERATUM  
ALYSSUM  
AMARANTHUS  
ANTIRRHINUM  
ASTER  
BALSAM  
BORONIA  
BRACHYCOME  
CALLIOSPIS, annual  
CARNATION  
CELOSIA  
CHRYSANTHEMUM,  
perennial  
CLIANTHUS  
CUPHEA  
CYCLAMEN  
DAHLIA  
DELPHINIUM  
DIANTHUS  
DISCIDS  
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KOCCHIA  
LARKSPUR  
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MATRICARIA  
MIGNONETTE  
MINA LOBATA  
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PORTULACA  
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SALPIGLOSSIS  
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SWEET PEAS  
THALICTRUM  
TITHONIA  
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VERBENA  
VIOLA  
VISCARIA  
WALLFLOWER  
ZINNIA

BEANS, French  
BEANS, climbing  
BEANS, snake  
BEETROOT  
CABBAGE  
CAPSICUM  
CARROT  
CAULIFLOWER  
CELERY  
CRESS  
CUCUMBER  
ENDIVE  
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TOMATO

**FOOTNOTE:** Buy seedlings for planting out approximately one month later.

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**in December, January, February**  
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**in March, April, May**  
The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race; The Grand National; The Pitlochry Drama Festival; The Royal Windsor Horse Show.



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little boy had wandered aimlessly about, Jenny had stayed hidden behind the couch, biding her time until he left. When they had gone and she finally came out, she told me that Eric made her shivery all over; that he gave her goose-pimples.

Of course, she was older now, but there had been practically no boys in her life since Eric.

She was always telling me that other girls her age were going steady and somehow she made it appear my fault that she was not, so I was eager for this first venture to be a success.

**A**T eleven-forty-five we heard the elevator stop at our floor—then her key in the door. "Anybody home?" she called.

"Yes, we're in bed. Come in."

She came in, tossed her coat on a chair and plopped down on the bed between us. She shook back her shiny hair, which hung down to her shoulders, and lifted her arms and gathered it back from her face in a luxurious stretching gesture. She looked like a slightly rumpled goddess.

"Well, how was it?" I said. "Oh, it was lovely," she answered, her eyes going far, far away, and a slight sigh escaping her.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Did you dance a lot?" I asked.

"Two dances," she said, and stretched full length on the bed and kicked off her shoes. There was a silence. I waited for more, but no more came. Two dances doesn't sound so lovely, I thought. When I went to dances if I didn't dance simply every dance my whole evening would have been considered a complete flop.

"Well, I'm glad you enjoyed it. Did you come home alone?"

"No, Kevin brought me home. We thought it was too late for him to come up."

Again there was silence.

"Who is Kevin?" I asked. Then she sat up in bed between us and she bent her head and she said very quietly, "His name is Kevin McLough-

## IT WAS LOVELY . . . WE DANCED TWICE

from page 23

lin. He's a rebel. We danced only two dances and then just sat and talked. It was wonderful to listen to him. I've never met anyone like him before." Her voice was full of visions. She looked off into space, then turned and looked straight at us.

"He doesn't believe in anything he can't see," she said, and there were wonder and discovery in her voice now. She put her hands under her billowing skirt and began to remove her stockings, rolling them carefully down the length of her young, slim legs.

"He sounds very interesting," I said. "How old is he?"

"Sixteen. He's a brilliant conversationalist," she said, pulling the stocking she'd taken off until it was taut between her outstretched arms. "You can just sit and talk to him. You don't have to be doing something all the time." She folded the stocking, carefully smoothing it back into shape.

"And another thing," she said, "he admires Jews because they've suffered so much and come up smiling." She looked into the past, reflecting on the tragedy. Then coming back to the present she said, as though arguing the point, "He believes each person has his own rights and he will defend them even if he doesn't agree. I think that's almost noble, don't you, Father?"

"Yes, almost," my husband said. "What school does he go to?"

"Trinity—but he may be kicked out. He loves guns. He walked into the nurse's office one day and said, holding out his hand like this, 'Can you take these bullet splinters out?'"

"Bullet splinters?" my husband asked, puzzled. "What are they?"

"You know, little splinters from a bullet," she said simply.

By now she had both her stockings off. She turned and asked me to have her dress unzipped. Her head disappeared for a moment as she pulled her dress over it. I

took the moment to look at my husband for some assurance. He looked just as puzzled as I. Then her head appeared again and she threw her dress on a nearby chair.

"I can't understand," I said. "Did he really have bullet splinters?"

"Yes, I told you. He loves guns and he has one and they know it. That's why they may kick him out." She looked from one to the other of us. "Don't you believe him?" she asked, incredulous at the possibility.



"Do his parents know he carries a gun?" her father asked.

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. Then she added, "He admitted he likes his parents, but he doesn't like to do things with them."

"Oh, he admitted he liked them? Is that unusual?" I asked.

"Well, you know, most boys pretend they don't, but he's absolutely honest. He can't pretend about anything. That's why he hates movies. He says they're not true to life. And he thinks actors are awful exhibitionists. And as for the Method School! Well, he says that's absolutely old hat. He says if you want drama just turn to the Greeks."

"What does he like?" my husband asked, and I could tell he wasn't going to like Kevin.

"He's interested in nature," she said, and for a moment he sounded like another Albert Schweitzer. Then she added, "Bird banding is his hobby."

"Bird banding?" my husband

asked. "Is that what he plans to do?"

"Oh, Father, you don't understand!" she said. "He has lots of plans for the future. He wants to go to Alaska State College and never come back."

"Oh, that's interesting," my husband said.

"Then he hopes to go to some far-off place and start a new society where they never heard of destruction and war."

"But you just said he loves guns," my husband said.

"Yes, of course he does, but only as beautiful precision instruments," she said, and I

happened put him in a bad light, she added, "Last year he was on the honor roll."

"That's quite a drop," my husband said. "What's eating him?"

She didn't answer for a moment, but looked away, and I could see the struggle within her; but at last she made up her mind in favor of saying it. "He's carrying a torch for last year's girl," she said, and looked at us with heartbreaking sympathy.

"Oh, what a shame," I said.

"Yes." Then she sighed heavily and got up and took her dress with her and went

could tell that this, too, was a new thought.

We sat a moment in silence. What could we say to this child of ours with her head full of dreams?

"He sounds very interesting," I said at last. "I feel as though I knew him already."

"Oh, Mother," she said with a little pitying smile that somehow made me feel as though I was just about to have my tenth birthday and that I was a pretty immature ten at that.

"Well, you've made him so clear to me, I feel I understand him."

"Oh, no, he's very complex." She smiled at me gently, not expecting understanding from me and forgiving me for it.

"Well, he sounds very intelligent," I said lamely.

"Oh, he's brilliant, really brilliant!" she said on a high note. "But he failed most of his subjects." She made it sound quite an accomplishment.

Then seeing that she had per-

to the bathroom. We heard the water splashing in the sink.

"He sounds like a nut," my husband said, sitting up in bed.

"He's just trying out new ideas—new to him, that is."

"Bullet splinters! Bird banding, for heaven's sake! How old did she say he was? Sixteen? That's not so young. All that showing off about guns! He ought to know better than that. Why, when I was sixteen—"

"Yes, I know, you were engaged to that Julia What's-her-name. Well, that didn't last, either."

"Yes, but I didn't go around talking about her to other girls, working on their sympathy. That's what I call exhibitionism."

**J**ENNY opened the door to our room.

"I'm going to play my phonograph for a while before I go to sleep. Good-night, you two," she said and closed the

door. She opened it again immediately and stuck her head in. "Mother, do you think he'll ever call me?" she asked uncertainly.

"I don't know, darling. Did you give him your telephone number?"

"No! Of course not, Mother!"

"Then how can he call you?" "Oh, if he wants to he'll find a way, somehow."

Then she said good-night again and closed the door. A moment later we heard the sad strains from "The King and I."

"Though he study me, my lord and master, what does he know of me"—and we knew that she was sitting on the floor, bent over her phonograph, lost in a world of delicious sorrow, loving but not loved.

What could you do with a great love at fourteen if it was returned? You would still have to go to school. You would still have to obey your parents. What could you dream of if all went well? But oh, the beautiful sadness of loving someone who loved another.

Yes, we agree, that is the way she really wants it. We go back to her this way. It's better for her this way. We go back to our books and note that the hour is late. "Ten minutes more," my husband says, and I agree and we start to read again.

But I've lost the thread of the book and the sad music from Jenny's room makes it difficult to pick up again. So I sit with the book before me, making no pretence now. The presence of Kevin floats hauntingly through the room.

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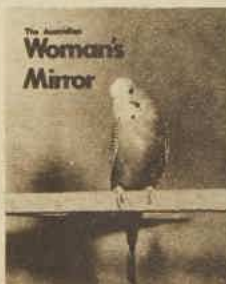
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behind her and landing at the bottom with a professional turn. Somewhere there was a little white goat with a daisy behind its ear, and a tall sunburnt gentleman who was paying her a great deal of attention.

Now that she had her freedom she recognised the wanderings as fabrications. Her hair had never been fair or long, and her legs were on the short side. There was no little white goat and no sunburnt gentleman, only the quarterly gas bill and some loose tiles which needed replacing on the roof.

Mrs. Lindsell's money had gone to relatives in the Channel Islands. It was in trust, so she couldn't have done otherwise, but it made things hard for Miss Friday. The semidetached house in Hampstead was her own and she supposed she could sell it, but if you sold your home at her age where were you? Where, indeed?

## Continuing . . . MISS FRIDAY'S DAY

from page 29

If it wasn't for Miss Beam on the top floor she might have had to sell it, but Miss Beam had been one of those Acts of God who had come in with the snow a week after the funeral and only needed breakfast and supper. She was out all day. She worked in the Ministry of Food and wore a rubber cap on her first finger to keep away the ink from the fountain pen.

She was bright and punctual. Flat up and down. Navy-blue suited. Tidy and clean. Impersonal as a spare bedroom. She paid well, was no trouble, and it was nice to share one's breakfast and evening meal with someone. One might so easily slip into a book-on-a-tray individual; a mutterer

with untidy hair who let everything slip because there was no one in the world to care. Miss Friday had a great fear of slipping. One must not slip as long as there was a footing.

She had once been over a doss house with her father; the inmates had impressed themselves on her young mind then; now in her early fifties they reappeared in all their sadness and jerked her into activity. "Not a doss house," she repeated to herself as she worked about the empty house; "Not a doss house." Miss Beam was the alternative. Miss Beam was her salvation.

There were some treasures of her

mother's she could sell. The little jade cups and saucers, an exquisite pair which had been saved from the Emperor's Summer Palace in Peking by some far-off ancestor, some General or other. They were priceless, she knew, and it would be a daring thing to do, but if one never dared one never got anywhere, did one? She had no children, no relatives to leave them to in her will, so why shouldn't she? There was the harp in the corner, too. It hadn't any strings, so perhaps it wouldn't be worth very much, but the china dogs on the mantelpiece were whole.

As a child she had disliked the dogs; now she hated them quite violently.

They stared at each other

across the clock, and in spite of her hope they had never been dropped, or even cracked. They had wicked little black eyes and pointed muzzles; their fuzzy hair was tied in blue china bows between their sticking-up ears; their hindquarters were indecently bare and unbecoming. If she sold them as well as the cups she could give herself a holiday in the sun. Even the Alps?

She found the idea so attractive she sat down on the piano-stool and twirled round on it like a top till she saw four stringless harps in the corner instead of one.

Then she stood up, turned herself round in the opposite direction to regain her balance, and furtively, as though someone might be watching, went to her bedroom and took out the trunk which held her mother's things.

The jade cups and saucers were in a cardboard box, together with a feather boa, a jet of string beads, a Japanese fan, and a packet of old Danish playing-cards. They smelt of camphor, the cups and saucers were cold to hold. She wrapped them in the old tissue paper, worn, creased, and yellow like the cheeks of an ancient Chinese. Excited by her own daring, she ran down the stairs, picked the china dogs off the mantelpiece, holding their bodies between thumb and forefinger, the way one picks up other people's handkerchiefs, packed them all up neatly in a parcel, dusted the piano, and played a scale.

THE next day it rained again, but Miss Friday didn't mind. With the parcel under her arm and a purposeful look on her pointed grey face, she took a bus to the West End of London and walked nervously into the auction rooms.

It was an auction room of repute, and Miss Friday went there because one of the directors was a relation of Mrs. Lindsell.

"May I see Mr. Broadbelt, please?" she asked, leaning over the expansive counter in the hall, a pleading look in her large grey eyes.

The clerk at the desk didn't seem in the least excited. "I'll see if he's in. What name shall I say?"

Miss Friday held the parcel in both hands in front of her, like an offering to the poor and needy.

"Just say it's Mrs. Lindsell's friend, Miss Friday. I think he'll know. You see, he's a sort of relation of Mrs. Lindsell's, and I was Mrs. . . ."

The clerk went off down a passage, leaving Miss Friday to finish her sentence to herself.

Mr. Broadbelt was very kind. He had pince-nez half-way down an enormous hooked nose, and bright little eyes which dashed hither and thither like fish in a pond.

"Miss Friday? Yes, of course," he said. "Come into my office."

His office was very small; the walls and shelves packed high with books and broken pieces of china, a few naked bronzes and a leering green china cow about the size of a live kitten. A big roll-top desk in front of the window kept out the light.

Mr. Broadbelt sat down in front of the desk and pulled a chair up for Miss Friday beside him. He fixed his pince-nez farther up on the bridge of his nose and said, "Now, what can I do to help?"

Miss Friday whispered to him in a hoarse voice about the jades from the Summer Palace. She didn't tell him about the dogs; she thought it might put him off. She handed him the cups and saucers and said "Do you think they are worth anything?"

Mr. Broadbelt held them up to the light. They were like toys, rounded and smooth, with large, curved handles, a smoky olive-green.

"I'll get my jewel expert to look at them," he said. "I have no reliable knowledge of such things myself. He will know at a glance."

He rang a bell, and the clerk who had seen her in the hall came in. Mr. Broadbelt muttered something to him. He took the cups and saucers and went out.

Mr. Broadbelt smiled at Miss Friday and talked a little about the weather. Then he said: "He won't be long. A cigarette? No? Did you bring anything else?"

Miss Friday looked rather frightened.

"Only a pair of china dogs that I've never been very fond of," she said, and she had to clear her throat before going on. "I'm afraid they wouldn't be worth much. I just brought them along on chance. Well — half-chance, you know."

"May I see them?"

To page 59

Maggi Chicken Noodle Soup:  
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# CHUNKY SPORTS SWEATER TO KNIT

● This attractively patterned sweater has an unusual broad collar and neat stocking-stitch trim on front, back, and sleeves. Directions are below to fit 32 to 38in. bust sizes and lengths 23½ to 24in.

**Materials:** 31 (32, 34, 36) balls Villawool Cha Cha yarn; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 7 needles.

**Measurements:** To fit loosely, bust 32 (34, 36, 38) in.; length, 23½ (23½, 23½, 24) in.; sleeve, 16in. (all sizes).

**Tension:** 11 sts. to 2in.

**Pattern—1st Row** (wrong side facing): K 1, (p 2, k 1), rep. to end of row.

**2nd Row:** P 1, (wool over needle, k 2, sl. wool over the k 2 sts., p 1), rep. to end of row.

**3rd Row:** Purl.

**4th Row:** Knit.

Rep. these 4 rows inclusive.

## BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 100 (106, 112, 118) sts. and work in st-st. for 8 rows. K 1 row in back of sts. on wrong side for hemline. Beg. with a k row and cont. in st-st. for 9 rows, ending on right side. Change to No. 5 needles and patt. until work measures 16in. above hemline (or desired length) to underarm, ending on wrong side of work.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row 6 (6, 6, 9) times, 70 (76, 82, 82) sts. Cont. until armholes measure 5½ (6, 6½, 6½) in. on the straight, ending on row 2 (4, 2, 4) of patt.

**To Shape Neck:** Keeping patt. in order, work first 26 (28, 30, 30) sts., sl. next 18 (20, 22, 22) sts. on to holder for collar, join another ball of yarn and work rem. 26 (28, 30, 30) sts. Working on both sides at once, dec. 1 st. on each neck edge every row 6 times, 20 (22, 24, 24) sts. each side. Work straight until armholes measure 7½ (7½, 7½, 8) in. on the straight.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 8 (10, 12, 12) sts. twice.

## BACK COLLAR

Beg. at right shoulder of back (when working front collar, beg. at left shoulder) from right side. Using No. 7 needles, pick up and k 13 sts. on side of neck from holder, k 8 (9, 10, 10) sts., k next 2 sts. tog.

(mark this st. for centre st.), k 8 (9, 10, 10) sts. from holder, pick up and k 13 sts. on other side of neck to shoulder, 43 (45, 47, 47) sts., k 1 row, p 1 row for 8 rows. Carry up marker as you work.

**To Shape Point—9th Row:** K to within 1 st. of centre st., inc. 1 st. in each of next 2 sts., k to end of row—2 incs. made.

**10th Row:** Purl.  
Rep. last 2 rows 19 times, ending on k row, 83 (85, 87, 87) sts. K 1 row in back of sts. on wrong side for turning ridge.

## COLLAR FACING

**Next Row:** K to within 2 sts. of centre st., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k centre st., k 2 tog., k to end of row—2 decs. made. Purl 1 row.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times, ending on a p row, 75 (77, 79, 79) sts.

Cast off loosely.

## FRONT

Work as for back.

## SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 38 (41, 44, 47) sts. Work

in st-st. for 14 rows (hem). K 1 row in the back of sts. on wrong side for hemline. Beg. with k row, work in st-st. for 14 rows.

**Next Row:** (K 1, inc. 1 st. in next st.) 18 (19, 16, 13) times. On size 32in., inc. 1 st. in each of last 2 sts. On sizes 34, 36, 38in., (k 2, inc. 1 st. in next st.) (1, 4, 7) times, 58 (61, 64, 67) sts.

**All Sizes:** Change to No. 5 needles. Work in patt., inc. 1 st. each side every 2in. 6 times, working added sts. into patt. 70 (73, 76, 79) sts. Cont. until 16in. above hemline (or desired length).

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row 11 (12, 13, 14) times, every row 6 times. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off last 18 (19, 20, 21) sts.

## TO FINISH OFF

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up shoulder, collar, side, and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set in sleeves. Fold all hems back to inside at fold of hem row and sl-st. down.

**SPORTS sweater with a good line. The pattern stitch is simple to work on number 7 needles and in thick quick-to-work wool.**



Mr. Broadbelt leaned forward and took the box off Miss Friday's lap. The top of his head was bald and shiny, and Miss Friday felt a childlike desire to touch it just to see what it felt like. The next minute the desire had gone, so had the bald head, and he was fumbling among the old sheets of tissue paper with his huge red hands.

Miss Friday felt ashamed when he took out the dogs.

He laid them on the desk and looked at them searchingly; then he turned them upside down and Miss Friday felt more ashamed than ever.

There was a knock on the door and the clerk came back. He handed the jade cups and saucers back to Mr. Broadbelt. Under one of the cups was a slip of paper.

Mr. Broadbelt looked at it; then very gently he handed them over to Miss Friday.

"I'm sorry," he said apologetically, "but they're not worth anything. They're not jade. They're colored glass."

He looked upset as though it was his own fault. Then he held up his hands to stay the clerk.

"Ask Mr. Jellybrand to come up for a moment, will you, please?" he said. Then he turned again to Miss Friday.

"This kind of thing often happens, I'm afraid. There has been so much attributed to the Summer Palace and the revolution in Peking. You weren't to know of course, and if they had been right they would have been worth a lot of money."

Miss Friday felt a swelling resentment toward the General who had allowed his descendants to harbor fakes for so many generations, but she couldn't do anything to him now, so she said "Thank you" to Mr. Broadbelt and added: "I quite understand."

The door opened and a tall, cadaverous gentleman with a long neck and a loose collar came into the room.

Mr. Broadbelt stood up and made introductions.

"I want you to meet my partner, Miss Friday. Mr. Jellybrand, Miss Friday. I'd

## Continuing . . . MISS FRIDAY'S DAY

from page 58

like you to have a look at these dogs for me, Harold," he said, pointing to the pair on the desk.

Mr. Jellybrand picked them up and did what Miss Friday knew but dreaded he would do: he turned them upside down and stuck a magnifying-glass in his eye.

For quite a while he didn't say anything, but turned them round and round and stared at them through the eyeglass.

At last he put them down and turned to Miss Friday.

"Where did you find these?" he asked.

Miss Friday cleared her throat again and forced herself to look up at him. She had to strain her neck to see up to his face, which seemed to consist of a big mouth full of jagged teeth. He was smiling down at her so she could see them all.

"They were my mother's," she murmured nervously.

"They were on the mantelpiece when I was a child. They've been on mine and Mrs. Lind-sell's now for many, many years."

Mr. Jellybrand laughed, showing a mauve tongue.

"They're Chelsea," he said. "They're as right as rain. They're worth a great deal of money."

He turned towards Mr. Broadbelt and gave him a whacking slap on the back. "They're perfect, old boy," he shouted. "Absolutely perfect. What a find!"

He whistled and dropped his eyeglass out of his eye on to the desk.

"They'll fetch anything from fifteen hundred to two thousand in the saleroom. What a find! What a find!"

He seemed very excited and he drew up a stool.

"Had you any idea of their value?" He stared into Miss Friday's face; she leaned away from him, not knowing where to look. She felt giddy. Her mouth had dried inside, and she would like to have been in the open air.

"No," she answered after a pause. "I never liked them. I only brought them along on chance. I didn't think they would be worth very much; they had such wicked eyes."

Mr. Jellybrand and Mr. Broadbelt laughed. They were delighted with the dogs. They chuckled and chortled, exchanged cigarettes, pulled at

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## FROM THE BIBLE

### — Two versions

● "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

—John 10:11.

(Authorised version)

● "I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep."

—John 10:11.

(New English Bible)

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their cuffs, and tweaked their ties. Miss Friday began to think she had something important.

"And now to business."

Mr. Broadbelt sat down at the desk and gave Miss Friday his attention.

"These dogs of yours will be catalogued and put into a sale. We can let you know what they fetch by telephone or letter, unless you care to come to the sale yourself."

Miss Friday put her hand to her forehead. She was confused. She felt as though she had just come round after gas in the dentist's chair.

"How much did you say they would fetch?" she asked apologetically.

"Anything between fifteen hundred and two thousand, I should say," put in Mr. Jellybrand, who was examining the dogs again through his eyeglass. "They're a rare pair indeed. They might fetch more."

The sum was out of all proportion, and Miss Friday knew she would have to be in her bed in the dark before she could take it in.

She stood up and held out her hand. "I'll be getting along, now, I think. Thank you very much for your kindness. It has all come as rather a shock. I never thought they were of any value at all. You see they've always been on the mantelpiece."

She tried to smile but it turned out to be more like an effort not to cry. They patted her shoulder, shook hands with her, and showed her down through the hall into the street. Mr. Broadbelt handed her the box with the cups and saucers inside and they stood on the steps of the doorway and waved to her. Tall Mr. Jellybrand. Squat Mr. Broadbelt.

Miss Friday took a bus home. It was rush hour, so she had to stand. She was jostled from side to side; people trod on her toes and caught their coats in the spikes of her unrolled umbrella. Her thoughts whirled about her head, buzzing and jumping like electric wires. The world was suddenly hers. She had riches and freedom, she was terrified.

The value of the dogs was out of all proportion, and her dislike of them made it worse. If it had been the cups and saucers she would have felt differently; they were, after all, heirlooms of importance, and she was sure her mother wouldn't have wished her to sell them, for however great a fortune, but those dogs which she had always looked upon as worthless! It seemed to her troubled mind that they were jeering at her dismay.

When she got home she went into the dark sitting-room and sat down on the edge of the

armchair with the little cardboard box on her lap. She kept on her hat and coat. Her umbrella was propped against the sofa. The house was cold and more silent than usual. It had an unnatural coldness like the emptiness of a cave.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck six. It seemed ages since she had left in the morning, excited and gay and clutching the parcel under her arm. Now it was almost dark and the parcel sat on her lap like a weighted brick. She was confused and no longer interested in a holiday.

Soon Miss Beam would be in, then things would be easier. She hoped she would call out 'Hello' or 'Good Evening.' The need for someone sane to interrupt her jangled thoughts was strong inside her and she prayed that Miss Beam would call.

She gripped the parcel, tore off the string, went over to the mantelpiece and put the cups and saucers each side of the clock where the dogs had always been. The cups looked small and insignificant in comparison with the dogs as she remembered them, and the clock enormous. It had never been enormous before, but now everything was out of proportion. She stepped back into the room and frowned contemptuously at the cups.

"To think of it," she whispered, "colored glass!"

The front door opened. She snatched up her umbrella and waited eagerly. She heard footsteps in the hall; shoes rubbing on the mat, then the door opened and Miss Beam's head and shoulders appeared.

"Are you there, Miss Friday?" she called.

Miss Beam's neat face was like a stream of sunlight. It was sane. It was in proportion; it looked the same as it had at breakfast. It was immensely refreshing.

Miss Friday felt revived. "Oh! Miss Beam," she cried, "how nice to see you. Do please come in."

She went to the door as though to drag her friend in, and when she switched on the lights everything looked normal again. It was the usual quiet,

unexciting room she was used to, the room she loved, the room where she felt secure.

Miss Beam walked over to the fireplace and held out her neatly gloved hands to the dying fire.

"I didn't see your usual light in the window as I came along, so I wondered if perhaps you were out. That's why I called. It's been a horrid day, hasn't it? The rain seems endless."

She straightened herself, then peered suddenly at the mantelpiece and touched one of the cups and saucers.

"But these are new! What dear little things. Are they jade? If you don't mind my saying so I think they're infinitely preferable to the china dogs you had here before." She touched them lightly with the tips of her fingers as if she were caressing the wings of a moth.

Miss Friday knelt down and poked the fire.

"They were rescued from the summer Palace of Peking after the poor Emperor had fled during the revolution," she said, and she jabbed vigorously at the coal as if gathering up further steam before she continued with her patter. . . . "They were rescued from the burning debris by an ancestor of mine, a gallant General of that time."

Miss Beam was enthralled.

"Really?" she cried. "How interesting! What wonderful things to have in one's possession, and how proud you must all have been of the General. Such soft coloring. Such simplicity of line. I suppose they are worth a great deal of money?"

Miss Friday was looking for the hearth-brush and she was glad Miss Beam could not see her face.

"Oh! Yes, they are," she answered. "They're very valuable indeed." And her voice rose high with enthusiasm as she added:

"But whatever their worth I would never think of selling them. There are some things, are there not, one could never sell?"

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## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

"Nancy took steps to cover up. She changed her name, came to Los Angeles, had her child, and a few weeks later met Steve Barlow."

"Barlow lived in San Francisco. He was rather unconventional himself, and Nancy appealed to him. They were married and moved up north some place. Barlow was speculating in real estate, and he turned a nice deal up there, and he and Nancy went to live in Portland, Oregon. He made another deal in some timberland there and they moved to Bend, Oregon. After a while they split up. Later on Nancy married Gilman."

"How much of all this does Glamis know?" Mason asked.

"Not a bit of it," Drake said. "She

thinks Steve Barlow is her real father, and I guess Steve is tremendously attached to her. I didn't know he was living in Las Vegas or I'd have put two and two together. The last I heard of him he was in Bend, Oregon, but I do know that when they split up the divorce decree provided that Steve Barlow had the right to visit his daughter."

"Now, what about Hassell?" Mason asked.

"Six years ago Hassell died. He had never married. He left an estate running into big money and he left a cool three million after all taxes to any person who could prove he or she was the child that had been born out of wedlock to Nancy Adair, formerly of New York, and he fixed

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the approximate date of birth and tied it all up in the will with legal strings."

"Nancy had refused her hands of him when he refused to stand by her when she got into trouble, but the papers were full of the strange provisions of the will, so Nancy quietly went to the heirs and told them she was going to file a claim on behalf of Glamis."

"The heirs were a brother and sister, and there was lots of money in the estate. They told Nancy to hold off while they made a check. And I guess they really made a check. That's where I got my information. One of

the investigators who was employed by the brother and sister told my operative the whole story a couple of years ago, and when my operative found I wanted a check on Nancy Gilman he remembered about it and went back and got the details."

"It seems that Nancy was able to show rent receipts showing she'd been living at the apartment in Greenwich Village which was mentioned in Hassell's will. She couldn't prove anything by a birth certificate because she'd used an assumed name when she had the child, but there was something a lot better than that."

"It seems that there was such a marked family resemblance that as soon as the brother and sister saw Glamis they decided she was it. They

offered a million and a half for settlement of around two million bucks after all taxes had been paid. There was a proviso in the settlement that the matter should be kept secret so that Glamis wouldn't be given the stigma of being illegitimate. By that time Glamis was growing up and Nancy wanted her to have all the breaks."

"That was after she married Gilman?" Mason asked.

"About a year before."

"Where does Glamis think the money came from if she doesn't know anything about the will and the settlement?" Mason asked.

"That I can't tell you. Nancy has covered up in some way, but that's generally the story."

Mason got up and started pacing the floor. "Well," he said, "that's the kernel of the nut."

"What is?"

"The blackmail," Drake said. "This Vera Martel has found out about it in some way, and she's putting the heat on Nancy, or perhaps on Glamis, or perhaps on both."

The phone rang.

Della Street picked it up, said, "It's for you, Paul."

Drake scooped up the instrument, said, "Hello, I'm coming right back to the office. If it's anything that'll wait . . . What? . . . You're sure? . . . Okay, give me the details."

Drake stood listening at the telephone for a good three minutes, then he said, "Okay. Get men on the job. Find out everything you can . . . That's right, give it the works. Don't spare any expense."

Drake hung up the telephone.

Mason, grinning, said, "You're spending a lot of someone's money, Paul. I'd hate to be the client in that case."

**D**RAKE looked at him with troubled eyes. "You are," he said. "Police found the body of Vera Martel early this morning."

"She was in her automobile and the automobile had apparently gone out of control and gone over a mountain grade back up around Mulholland Drive somewhere."

"However, there are lots of things about the case that are suspicious. The cops started with the idea that the car had been deliberately driven off the road at a place where there was an almost perpendicular drop of more than a hundred feet. They then got the body to the coroner's office and a couple of hours ago the coroner gave them the information that it was murder, that there was a broken hyoid bone, distinctive petechial hemorrhagic spots, and that Vera Martel had been quite dead when the automobile was pushed over the cliff."

"So the police started doing some high-class detective work and they found sawdust ground into Vera's skirt and some sawdust in the inside of her shoes. It wasn't the ordinary kind of sawdust, but the sort that comes from a workshop where someone deals in rare woods—the kind one has as a hobby."

"How long has she been dead?" Mason asked.

"The best guess is that she died somewhere between seven o'clock yesterday morning and noon. If the police hadn't found the body when they did—in other words, if the body had remained there for a couple of days longer—police would have had great difficulty in fixing the time of death."

"The body was discovered because of good work on the part of a highway patrol who happened to notice peculiar automobile tracks in the dirt shoulder of the road. If it hadn't been for that, the body could have been there for days or weeks, because it was impossible to see the car unless someone got off the road and climbed part-way down the mountain. The car had rolled over into a clump of scrub oak and was almost completely concealed."

Mason said, "How long have the police been working on this thing, Paul?"

"Since a little after daylight. They didn't let the news leak out for a while and now they're really closing a lot of loose ends. They're—"

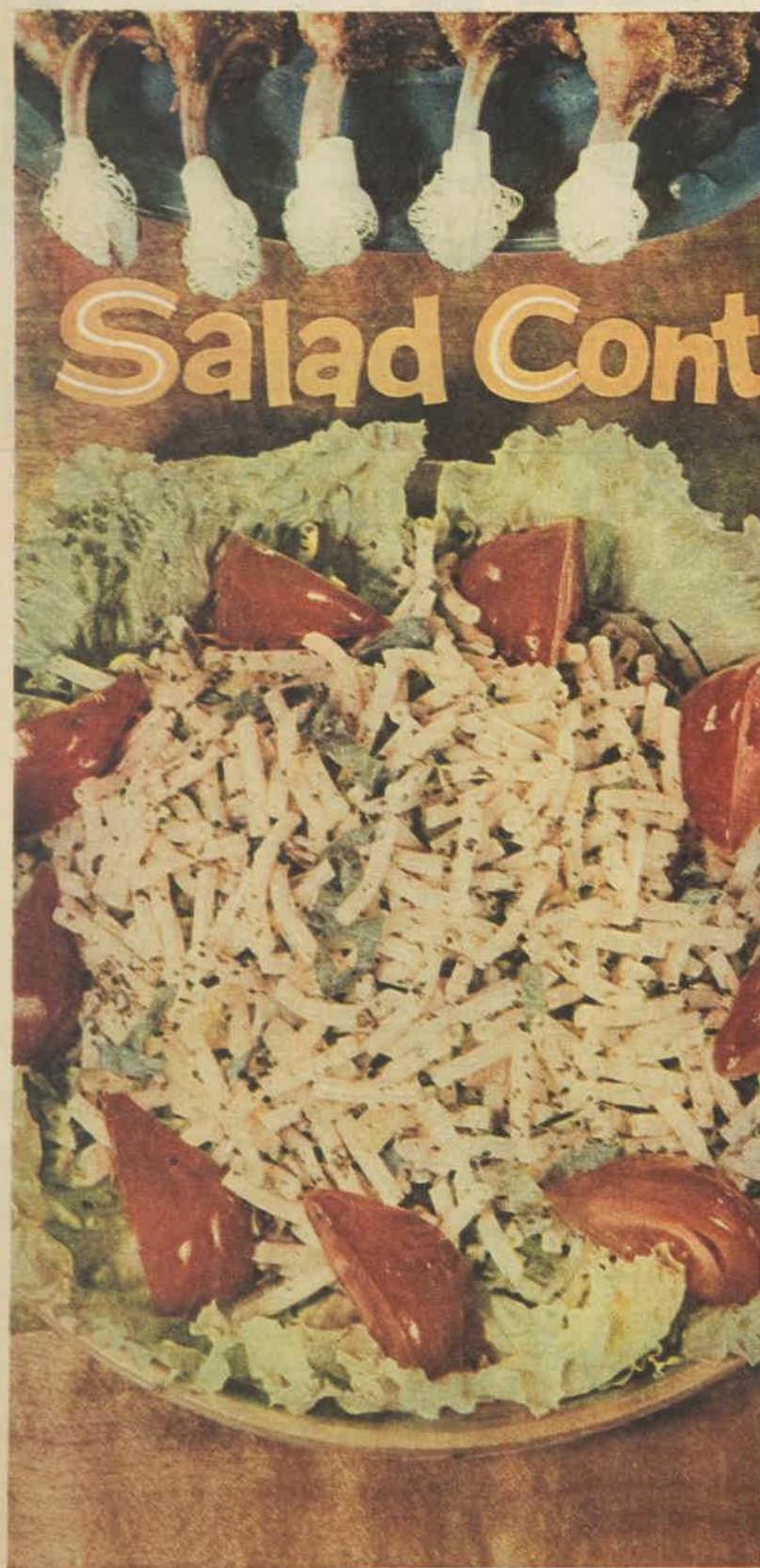
The telephone from the outer office rang. Della Street picked up the instrument and said, "Yes, Gertie." And then she said to Mason, "It's Muriel Gilman. She's on the line and Gertie says she's all but hysterical."

The lawyer picked up the telephone, said to Della Street, "You stay on the line, too, Della."

Della nodded, said, "Put her on, Gertie."

Mason heard a click and said, "Hello, Muriel. This is Mr. Mason."

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### AN EXCITING NEW KIND OF SALAD MADE WITH KRAFT DINNER!

Serve this "macaroni" salad hot or cold with a main course meal, a grill, or fish. Both ways there's no beating this great new taste treat. Fresh with flavour, full of Kraft Goodness®, Salad Continental is easily, economically prepared. And this exclusive recipe from the Kraft Kitchen provides sufficient for five generous servings!

INGREDIENTS: 1 packet Kraft Dinner.

#### SAUCE

1/2 cup chopped lettuce	2 tablespoons chopped celery
1/2 cup chopped parsley	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon chopped onion	2 1/2 dessertspoons lemon juice
	1 1/2 dessertspoons salad oil

#### METHOD

Make up Kraft Dinner according to the directions on the packet. Combine the sauce ingredients and mix through the macaroni cheese. Arrange on lettuce leaves, garnish with tomato wedges and serve cold. 5 servings. This salad can also be served hot.

#### A COMPLETE MEAL IN A PACKET

In every packet of Kraft Dinner you get special Kraft macaroni that cooks so very tender in just 7 minutes . . . plus plenty of golden grated cheese to mix through and through the macaroni.



#### KRAFT GOODNESS®

There's no guesswork in Kraft Goodness. Each packet contains a perfect product created and quality tested in the Kraft Kitchen.

Another member of the **KRAFT** family of fine foods



"Oh, Mr. Mason, the most terrible thing has happened," Muriell said.

"All right," Mason said. "Now keep calm and tell me in as few words as possible what it is. We may not have much time."

"The police were out here with a search warrant, Mr. Mason."

"All right," Mason said. "Who was home at the time?"

"All three of us. Nancy was asleep. Glamis got home in the small hours this morning and she was asleep. But I was up."

"All right," Mason said. "The police served the warrant on you?"

"Yes. They asked me who was in charge here and I said I guessed I was and they wanted to look in Daddy's woodworking shop."

"What did they do?"

"They had a man who had some sort of a vacuum-sweeping attachment and he got sawdust off the floor and they looked at the broken chair and at the upset paint and they took some powder and dusted the can of enamel and there were fingerprints on it and they photographed those, and then they told me I had better wait outside but not to go near a phone."

MASON asked, "How long ago was that, Muriell?"

"It must have been half or three quarters of an hour."

"Then what?"

"Then they left and . . . well, they were very nice, but they wouldn't answer questions. I kept asking them if there was some trouble, but they said they couldn't answer questions, that their job was to get information and not give it out."

"All right," Mason said. "Where's your father?"

"He's been in Las Vegas. He was supposed to be back on an early-morning plane and was supposed to be at the office at nine o'clock, but Mr. Calhoun called at nine thirty and said Daddy hadn't shown up and asked if he knew where he was."

"What did you tell Calhoun?"

"Mr. Mason, I—I lied to him."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him I didn't know where Daddy was at the moment. I left the impression Daddy had been here for breakfast."

"Did he ask if your father had been home last night?"

"No, he didn't ask that specifically. He asked me if Daddy had intended to be at the office this morning and I told him I was quite sure he was going to be there."

"All right," Mason said. "Now, the police left there how long ago?"

"About ten minutes ago."

"Why didn't you call me sooner?"

"I was just completely flabbergasted. I didn't know what to do. I felt as though my knees had turned to rubber. I didn't know whether to tell Glamis and Nancy or what to do."

"What did you do?"

"I haven't wakened either Nancy or Glamis."

Mason said, "I want to talk with Nancy and I want to talk with Glamis. It's probably better for me to go out there than to have you come in here. I—"

The door from the outer office opened and Lt. Tragg of Homicide, his distinctive black hat tilted somewhat to the back of his head, entered the room. A plainclothes officer followed behind him.

"Well, well, good morning, folks," he said. "I see you're busy as usual here."

Mason said in a sufficiently loud voice so Muriell would

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

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have no difficulty hearing him. "Well, well! What brings the Lieutenant of Homicide to my office this morning, and why don't you ask to be announced? It's only a trifling formality but it indicates a certain consideration for the conventions."

"I've repeatedly told you, the taxpayers don't pay me to be considerate of conventions," Lt. Tragg said. "I could waste a lot of the taxpayers' time waiting in people's outer offices. And then again, Perry, it would give people an opportunity to prepare for my visit."

"They could perhaps remove evidence or think things over a little bit, or sometimes they might even slip out of the side exit door and then their

Mason interrupted to say, "Well, that's most interesting. Now, a matter has come up which is going to keep me occupied for some little while. I'll probably have to call you back when I can get at the documents in the case. As it happens, a homicide inspector has appeared at the office. They are a little troublesome at times because they always insist on their affairs being given the right-of-way."

"I'll be calling you back as soon as I have a reasonable opportunity, but I'll have to investigate those documents first. Now those matters which I

clothes man and said, "I guess you know Perry Mason. That's Paul Drake, his detective, and Della Street, the very estimable secretary who chaperons his affairs. Don't underestimate the intelligence of any one of them, particularly don't be misled by that look of innocence on the part of Miss Street, or those very, very beautiful eyes which somehow seem to get your thoughts off things you're trying to accomplish."

"Would you mind telling me with whom you were talking, Perry?"

"A client," Mason said. "Good heavens!" Tragg exclaimed in mock surprise. "I thought from what I heard of the conversation it was a total stranger."

"A good detective should never jump at conclusions," Mason said.

Tragg said, "Mason, I understand you have a client by the name of Gilman, Carter Gilman."

Mason said, "If you say you have a certain understanding, I see no reason to doubt the statement."

"Well, then, let me ask you—do you have a client by the name of Carter Gilman?"

Mason frowned as though trying to prod his memory. "Gilman," he said. "Carter Gilman. Do you happen to know his address?"

"6231 Vauxman Avenue," Tragg said.

"Well," Mason said, "we could look it up and . . . no, Tragg, I don't think I should answer that question."

TRAGG turned to the man in plain clothes and said, "Notice the cleverness of the guy. He acts as though he hadn't heard of Carter Gilman in a month of Sundays, and then, having put on that act, he tells me that he isn't going to answer the question. In that way he hasn't lied to me, he hasn't said anything that wasn't so, he simply played it cute."

Tragg turned back to Mason. "Mason," he said, "I am asking you now an official question. Have you removed any incriminating evidence from the premises at 6231 Vauxman Avenue—from any part of the premises?"

"Incriminating evidence," Mason said. "Now, let's see what we mean by that. Evidence, of course, is something that is legally admissible in the way of proof, and that, of course, calls for legal definition."

"Now incriminating is something else again. I would have to ask incriminating to whom?"

"Well, now," Tragg said, "I see we're going to have rather a prolonged visit. I—"

The telephone rang again. Della Street picked up the receiver, said, "Yes," then gave Mason a meaningful glance. "Perhaps you'd better take this call in the law library," she said.

"Oh, now, you don't have to do anything like that," Tragg said. "We're not trying to eavesdrop, but we are in something of a hurry, and the business might be described as official, so perhaps you'd just better answer the phone, Perry, and tell whoever is calling to call back."

Mason caught the expression on Della Street's face, picked up the telephone, said "Hello," and heard the voice of Carter Gilman.

"Mr. Mason, this is Carter Gilman. I am being held on suspicion of murder. They've interrogated me at the district attorney's office and I am now being 'booked.' They told me that I had a right to call my attorney, so I'm calling you."

Mason said, "I'll be right down to see you. Now, in the meantime, I don't know what you've said to anybody, but from now on you aren't to say a thing unless I'm there. Do you understand? You're not to open your mouth unless I give you permission. I'll be there just as soon as I can get there."

Mason hung up the telephone.

"Well, I guess the cat's out of the bag, Mason," Tragg said. "I presume that you're not going to answer any more questions, that you're going to clap on your hat, shoot out of that door, and dash down to the gaol to confer with your client. Well, we can't stop you, Mason. So far we don't have anything on you, but we're looking around, Perry, we're looking around."

Mason said, "Keep on looking, Lieutenant. By the way, I presume you have your official car out here and you're probably on your way to the gaol. Now, if you wanted to be hospitable and a good sport about this thing you'd give

me a ride with you and I'd save quite a bit of time."

"To say nothing of taxi fare," Tragg said. "It's quite all right, Perry. Just to show you that we're good sports, we'll take you right through traffic and right up to where you can visit your client."

"Come right along with us, Perry, and we'll see that you can talk with your client, who is being held on suspicion of murdering Vera Martel. And I don't mind telling you privately and confidentially, Perry, that this time we have an ironclad case, and unless you're very, very careful you're going to find yourself involved along with your client—right up to your necktie."

Mason bowed. "Thank you for the warning and the ride, Lieutenant."

Mason turned to Della Street and said, half jokingly, half seriously, "If you don't hear from me within an hour make an application for a writ of habeas corpus."

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## Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"DEBORAH."—Smart frock with slim skirt and three-quarter-length sleeves is available in angora in olive-gold, oatmeal, caramel, honey, and pale blue.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/18/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £7/2/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/2/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/7/9. Postage on both ready to wear and cut out styles, 5/-.

secretary would be able to say quite truthfully that a man I wanted to see was gone, and she didn't know just where he could be located.

"I think I've got my singular and plurals all mixed up there somehow, Mason, but I'm quite certain you get the idea. Now, go right ahead with your telephone conversation."

"I had just about completed my telephone conversation," Mason said. And then said into the telephone, "Was there anything else?"

Muriell said, "Oh, Mr. Mason, something terrible has happened, I know it has. I—"

suggested you keep in confidence are, I take it, still confidential. You haven't told anyone about them?"

"You mean about the—?"

"About any of them," Mason interrupted firmly.

"No, Mr. Mason, they didn't ask too many questions. They were asking about Daddy and I told them that he was in Las Vegas and was due in on the early-morning plane."

"Well, I'll be calling you back," Mason said.

Mason hung up the telephone and turned to Lt. Tragg. "What can I do for you this morning, Lieutenant?"

Tragg turned to the plain-

problem:

Want to slim

but

hate to diet?



delightful answer:

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make your daily bread

**RYVITA**

Makes you fit—keeps you slim.



## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

Della Street nodded solemnly. Paul Drake, who had been a silent spectator, held the door open for the three men to go out.

Perry Mason sat in the counsel room at the county gaol and looked across at Carter Gilman as the latter entered the room.

"All right, Gilman," Mason said. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Mr. Mason, I don't know. I swear I don't."

"Save the swearing until you get in front of a jury," Mason said. "Then you'll have to be sworn. Now tell me what happened."

"I had been in Las Vegas and came in on an early plane. I was supposed to be at the office this morning, but I thought I'd go to the house

first. However, I never got there. Police were waiting at the airport, and they picked me up and said they wanted to question me."

"What about?"

"About the death of Vera Martel."

"You know she's dead, then?"

"Oh, yes. They told me that."

"And what did you tell them?"

"I told them that . . . well, I finally admitted that I had been to see you about Vera Martel."

"Oh, you did, did you? And did you tell them why you had to see me?"

"Because I thought she was trying to blackmail some member of the family."

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"Now you say some member of the family," Mason said. "Originally you told me she was trying to blackmail your wife."

"Well, I've been thinking things over."

"All right," Mason said, "go on. What else?"

"Well, they asked me about my workshop and what kind of woods I'd been working with, and where I bought my woods, and they asked me what I'd been doing in Las Vegas."

"What were you doing?"

"Gambling."

"Win anything?"

"No."

"How much did you lose?"

"I guess I just about broke even."

"Rather an uneventful trip," Mason said. "Did they ask you when you first learned Vera Martel was trying to blackmail some member of the family?"

"Oh, yes. And I told them that I had seen Miss Martel's car parked near my office on two occasions and near my house once. I also said a Miss Martel had called the house a couple of times."

"Those were times when you were home alone?"

"Yes."

"And you asked Vera Martel for her name?"

"She gave her name, and said for

Mrs. Gilman to call as soon as she came in."

"And you gave your wife those messages?" Mason asked.

Gilman hesitated.

"Now, look," Mason said, "let's quit beating around the bush. I don't think Vera Martel was ever inside your house. I don't think she ever called your wife. I'm pretty certain that you never delivered any messages to your wife saying that she had called and that your wife will go tell the police."

"Now, what happened is that Roger Calhoun hired Vera Martel because he had heard there was some sort of a scandal connected with Glamis and he wanted to find out what it was."

"Vera Martel dug up something and then she decided to play it smart. She started playing both ends against the middle. She wanted to know how much Roger Calhoun was willing to pay to get the information and how much you were willing to pay not to have her give it to Calhoun."

"So," Mason went on, "yesterday morning you had a date with Vera Martel. She was to meet you in your workshop. You were to pay her ten thousand dollars. She came a little earlier than you expected, and you wanted to get away from Muriel's field of vision, so, despite the fact you'd eaten a full breakfast, you sent Muriel back to the kitchen to do some more cooking."

"Good heavens! How do you know all this?" Gilman interrupted.

"I make it my business to know things," Mason said. "You got up and left the table. You went out to the workshop. Vera Martel took the ten thousand dollars and then told you she wanted some additional money. You lost your temper and flew at her in a rage. She may have pulled a knife or a gun."

GILMAN started to speak, but Mason went on, "You choked her and then, frightened to death at what had happened, put her body in the trunk of your car, drove her out to where you could hide the body. Then you went back and got Vera Martel's car where it had been parked near your place, and

Gilman was shaking his head.

"Just listen for a while," Mason said. "You got her car, drove out on Mulholland Drive, put her body in the car, ran the car over the grade."

"Then you decided you'd start building an alibi for yourself. You had an appointment with me at eleven-thirty. You did your best to try and make it, but you had been doing a lot. You were a few minutes late."

"So you told me this story about Vera Martel and about what you wanted me to do, knowing all the time that Vera Martel was dead. Then you went out and started building your alibi. You arranged to have someone with you all the time. You didn't know just when Vera Martel's body would be discovered, but you knew that the longer you could postpone discovery the better chance you had."

"So you decided to trap me and use me as a witness to show that Vera Martel had been alive some time after she was actually murdered. So you fixed up a message with your secretary about your fingerprints, and had your secretary, whom you felt you could trust, call me from a telephone pay station at Graystone 9-3535—that's only a few blocks from your office. You had your secretary call me from that station while you were standing beside her."

"You had her try to disguise her voice by talking rapidly and say that she was Vera Martel, that you had been to see me, that you had given me the name of Edward Carter, that actually you were Carter Gilman, that you were a fool, that I was to ring you at that number and give you a message about fingerprints."

"So I rang you up at that number. I gave you that message, and you pretended to be tremendously impressed by it and very frightened. You hesitated, and you wanted to know how in the world Vera Martel could have known you were there unless you were being shadowed. Then, after you had put on a pretty good act, you hung up and your secretary called the office to see if you had come in yet. You dashed back to whatever place it was where you were building an alibi, probably a conference with some banker, since that pay station is within three blocks of a branch bank where you do business."

"Later on you went to Las Vegas. The records of the aeroplane company will show which plane you took. Once in Las Vegas you didn't need to be quite so careful. Now, I don't know what you went there for, but I wouldn't be

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## Bayer's Aspirin Gives FAST Pain Relief

Whether you use it to relieve the symptoms of colds and 'flu, headache, or nerve and muscular pain, of one thing you can be sure: Bayer's Aspirin will bring the fastest, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief you can get!

The secret of BAYER'S fast pain relief is *Instant Flaking Action!* You see, BAYER'S ASPIRIN actually disintegrates on its way to your stomach . . . enters as soft, tiny flakes that are ready to go to work instantly to bring you fast, really fast, pain relief.

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4. Take BAYER'S Aspirin.

BAYER'S relieves the minor aches and pains, reduces fever, checks 'flu fast.



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too surprised if it wasn't to try to get into the office of Vera Martel to look for incriminating documents.

"That's generally the plan you had worked out. By following it you've bought yourself a one-way ticket to the gas chamber. Your secretary is loyal, and she'd do just about anything you asked her, but when she finds out that she's given a choice of being an accessory after the fact in a murder or telling the police the truth, she'll tell the truth. They're probably grilling her right now."

"If you'd called me as soon as it happened and had given me the facts, I might have been able to do something to help you. We might at least have made it look like manslaughter or second-degree murder. But now, with all this elaborate skulduggery you've worked out, you've made the whole thing appear to be premeditated murder, and they're going to get a verdict of first-degree murder."

Mason quit talking and let his eyes bore into Gilman's panic-stricken eyes.

"Well?" Mason asked at length.

Gilman shook his head.

"All right," Mason said. "What's the truth?"

"I'll tell it to you," Gilman said, "but I won't tell it to any other living soul. I won't go on the witness stand. I won't even admit it if you should ask me."

"All right," Mason said. "Go on, tell me what happened."

"I'm—I'm protecting someone; someone I love very much."

"Who?" Mason asked.

"All right," Gilman blurted. "I'm protecting a member of my family."

"That's a little better," Mason said. "Now perhaps we can do something. Tell me what happened."

"I was eating breakfast," Gilman said. "I knew that Vera Martel was trying to find out something about the family."

"How did you know that?"

"I'll come to that in a minute."

"All right," Mason said. "What happened at breakfast?"

**S**LOWLY, Gilman said, "I saw Vera Martel hurry down the driveway and enter Nancy's darkroom."

"Go on," Mason said.

"I was absolutely thunderstruck," Gilman said, "to think that she would come to my house. I knew then that the situation was very desperate, that there was something in the nature of a pay-off that was taking place."

"I intended to go down the driveway and have a showdown with Vera Martel."

"Now, this is important, Mr. Mason, and you must remember it. In order to keep from arousing Muriel's suspicions I didn't dare sit there just looking out of the window. I had to be pretending to read my paper, so I can't swear to exactly what happened."

"Go on."

"I got Muriel out in the kitchen cooking and I got up quietly from the table, dropped the paper on the floor, and was about to tiptoe out of the front door when I looked out of the window and saw—"

"Yes," Mason said.

"I saw a member of my family running from the workshop with a face that was indicative of panic."

"Who was it?" Mason asked.

Gilman shook his head. "I'll never tell even you that, Mason, because I know that if you take my case you're going to try to save me, and as an ethical lawyer you'll do it at the expense of anyone whom you think is guilty."

"All right," Mason said, "we'll let it go at that for a while. You saw a member of your family coming out of the workshop. So then what happened?"

"Then I hurried out of the front door. I ran out on tiptoe along the cement driveway. I opened the door to the darkroom and hurried across the darkroom to the door of the workshop. I opened that and at what I saw nearly fainted."

"What did you see?"

"There was a pool of crimson on the floor which at first I took to be blood. There was a broken chair. There was money all over the floor of the workshop—hundred-dollar bills just scattered everywhere."

"All right, go on," Mason said. "What did you do?"

"I dropped my napkin, I guess. I just stood there. Then I saw that the pool of red I had thought was blood was actually red enamel which was leaking from the loose cap of a can of red enamel which had been knocked off the work-bench. I went over and picked up

## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

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the can and put it back on the shelf, right side up. Then I realised what must have happened."

"What must have happened?" Mason asked.

"This member of my family had gone out with a lot of money in hundred-dollar bills to pay for blackmail and . . . well, Vera Martel had raised the ante and there had been violence."

"So what did you do? Did you ask this member of the family about it?"

"I did not," Gilman said. "I ran and jumped in my car and started the motor and started looking for Vera Martel. I knew she couldn't have gone far. I circled the block, then I cruised around the various streets and I couldn't find her, but I did find her

car parked within half a block of the house."

"How did you know it was her car?"

"It had a Nevada licence on it."

"How did you know it was her car?" Mason repeated.

"It . . . all right, I'll tell you the rest of it. Roger Calhoun did hire Vera Martel to find out something about a scandal in the family. My secretary, Matilda Norman, who has been with me for some time and is intensely loyal, found out about it from Roger's secretary when a few words came in over the inter-com before Calhoun realised it was open."

"For your information, Roger Calhoun's secretary, Miss Colfax, hates him, but she has to play up to him because she's drawing about twice the ordinary salary. However, she found out enough to know that Roger had Vera Martel in there and was going to pay her money to find out something about my family and she knew that Vera Martel came from Nevada."

"So what?"

"So she came and told Matilda Norman, and Tillie told me."

"What did you do?"

"I wanted to find out more about what was going on, so I went down to the parking lot and looked around for cars with a Nevada licence. I found one, and I really gave it the

works. I found keys in a key container in the lock, and looked in the key container and found an identifying tag of Vera Martel with a Las Vegas address."

"Go on," Mason said.

"There was some modelling clay in my car. I went over to it, took out the clay, and made an impression of the keys in the key container."

"What did you do that for?" Mason asked.

"I simply don't know," Gilman said. "I just wanted to find out everything I could. I was in a panic at the idea that some scandal might be uncovered in connection with my family."

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"I've known for a long time that there might have been something a little irregular—that is, a little premature about the birth of Glamis, but that wouldn't have been enough. It had to be something in addition to that, and I wanted to find out what it was."

"So you got the idea that while Vera Martel was available you'd make duplicate keys and go over and search her office?"

Gilman hesitated a moment, then nodded.

"You certainly have stuck your neck in a noose," Mason said. "Is that what you were doing last night?"

"Yes."

"What did you find?"

"I found that somebody had beaten me to it," Gilman blurted. "The office was a wreck. Papers were scattered all over the floor. You couldn't find anything in the filing-cases in any kind of order. All of the papers had been mixed up. Someone had pulled everything out and just thrown them helter-skelter on the floor."

"Did you have sense enough to wear gloves?" Mason asked. The look of dismay on Gilman's face was Mason's answer.

"All right," Mason said. "You probably left fingerprints all over the place."

"You've given them the most perfect first-degree murder case Hamilton Burger ever had. There's only one peculiar thing about all this, and that is that I am halfway inclined to believe you . . ."

"Now, what did you do when you finished cruising around

## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

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yesterday morning looking for Vera Martel? You say you found her car parked within half a block of your place. What did you do with your car?"

"I drove to the place where I usually take the bus and parked my car on the side street."

"That's how far from your house?"

"About four blocks."

"All right. You left the car there. Then what did you do?"

"I didn't know what to do, Mr. Mason. I was in a daze. I took a bus for the office, but I never went there. I walked around for some time, then I decided to go home and have a showdown with my family. So I got on the bus and went back almost to my house, and then suddenly realised that I had that appointment with you and that I had better go and see you, that I could dump the whole thing in your lap. So I got off the bus, caught another bus back and came up to your office to keep my appointment."

"Now, you're wrong about me having Matilda Norman ring you up to make you think that Vera Martel was alive at that time. I was afraid that you might be working a little too leisurely. I wanted to give you a challenge. I knew that if Vera Martel made it seem she was outwitting you, you'd get on the job and do something

about it. So I fixed up this scheme with my secretary . . . but how in the world you found out who it was calling is more than I'll ever know."

Mason said, "There's no time for you to ask me questions. I'm asking you questions. You try to answer them. There were three people beside yourself in that house—Muriell, your wife and Glamis. Since Muriell was up and cooking the breakfast she could well be the one you saw running out of the workshop. That's rather an interesting possibility."

"Actually, there were four

refused to take hold, so Glamis suggested that he come on up and spend the night in one of the guest rooms."

"How many guest rooms?"

"Two."

"Where are they?"

"Upstairs, on the north side. The guest room that he occupied was directly over the dining-rooms. As a matter of fact, I heard him roving around up there and that tended to confuse me. I didn't know that he had spent the night there . . . not until later."

"How much later?"

"Last night, when I called Muriell from Las Vegas. Muriell was very much concerned about me and I could see that

slaughter, and then, what with my position and my background, I can get out in a year or two."

Mason said, "You listen to me. I'll tell you what you can do and what you can't do when the time comes. In the meantime, you don't say one single word to anybody about pleading guilty to anything. You just keep your mouth completely, entirely shut. Now then, I want to know one thing. Did you kill her?"

"Mr. Mason, honestly I did not."

"But you felt she probably had been killed, and you are morally certain that someone in your family did kill her?"

"Yes."

"Was it Muriell?"

"I am not going to answer."

"Was it Glamis?"

"I won't be cross-examined."

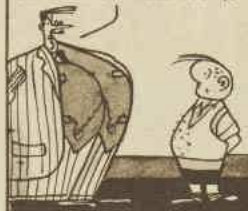
"Was it your wife?"

"I've told you, Mr. Mason,

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

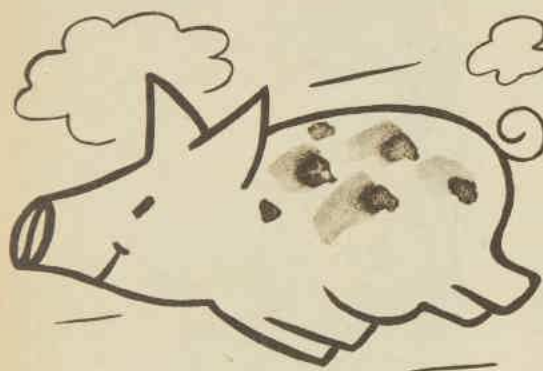
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people, beside myself in the house," Gilman said.

"Who was the fourth?"

"A young man from up in the northern part of the State somewhere. Hartley Elliott, a rather personable young chap, a manufacturers' agent."

"What about him?"

"He has been going with Glamis and he escorted her home at some time around two or three o'clock in the morning . . ."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well, as I get the story now, he parked his car and went up and sat on the porch with Glamis for a while and he left the ignition on in the car. When he came back to turn the ignition key into the starting position, the battery simply

she was curious about me . . . Well, we talked for some little time on the telephone and she told me about Hartley Elliott staying there overnight."

"You paid for the call?"

Mason asked.

"No, I didn't. I called collect."

"From Las Vegas?"

"Yes. I asked for Muriell and told the operator to reverse the charges."

"So, in case they were needing any more clues," Mason said, "they have a long-distance call to help out."

Gilman said, "Mr. Mason, if I have to, I'll plead guilty. You can make some sort of deal with the prosecutor by which I can plead guilty to man-

that I am not going to ever tell anybody."

"Was it Hartley Elliott?"

"Heavens, no. I wouldn't take a rap simply to protect him."

"Well," Mason said, "you're either a devoted husband, father, and stepfather, or else you're a very good actor. Right at the moment I don't know which, but I intend to find out. Now, you sit tight and under no circumstances discuss the case with anyone."

"Where are you going now?"

"I'm going out to your house," Mason said. "I'm going to talk with the various members of the family, and while I'm talking with them I'm going to try to make up my mind whether any one of them

## YOUR BOOKSHELF with JOYCE HALSTEAD

### "In a Summer Season"

Elizabeth Taylor (Peter Davies), 20/-.  
I could not put this book down, so real are its entertaining characters and so well is it written. Kate, the central figure, is a wealthy widow with two children when she marries Dermot, ten years her junior, who is quite happy to let her keep him. He tries growing mushrooms in a disused stable, but this fails; so, too, does his venture into the London business world. She manages this unlikely marriage and her busy household well. In her large Victorian house on London's outskirts are also Tom, her 22-year-old son, 16-year-old daughter Louisa, at home in school holidays, Aunt Ethel, enjoying grace and favor, and Mrs. Meacock, a cook with a mind of her own.

Good friends are neighbors Charles Thornton, much concerned for Kate, and his deliciously modern fashion-model daughter, Araminta. There is also Dermot's mother, with her own brand of interference, and Father Blizzard, a High Church curate, on whom Louisa has a "crush."

Tom, who has known Araminta since childhood, now falls deeply in love with her. Araminta, in fact, affects every man she meets, but it is Dermot who is irrevocably affected by her.

The reactions of all these people to one another, and particularly their inner thoughts, provide the substance of this beautifully handled story.

### "The Fats of Life"

H. M. Whyte (Ure Smith), 15/-.

This book has been written to help normal people avoid coronary heart disease. It recommends a balanced fat diet, i.e., just enough fat of the right type to maintain correct weight and keep the body functioning efficiently. Australians eat about 4oz. of fat each a day—in societies where the deathrate is low the intake per capita is about 2oz. Tables provide a guide for choosing correct foods. Menus, with recipes, are given for maintaining health and correct weight. This is, in fact, a two-way book, telling how to reduce in a simple, straightforward way and how to keep the ideal weight once acquired.

Dr. Malcolm Whyte is Director of Medical Research, Kanematsu Memorial Institute, Sydney Hospital, and a former Australian Rhodes Scholar. The book, though basically technical, is handled with imagination, making it easy to read. The author is giving royalties from its sale to the National Heart Foundation.

is lying, and, if so, which one it is.

"And if none of them are lying I'll feel pretty certain that you murdered Vera Martel out in your workshop and have concocted a story that is designed to arouse my sympathy and cause me to use my best efforts in softening up the district attorney so you can, as they say in crook parlance, cop a plea."

And Mason turned, signalling to the guard that the interview was over.

Mason parked his car in front of the residence on Vauxman Avenue, hurried up the front steps and was about to press the doorbell when the door was flung open by Muriell Gilman.

"Oh, Mr. Mason, what is it?" she asked. "Tell me."

"I'll tell all of you at once," Mason said. "How about the others — are they up?"

She shook her head. "I did what you said, Mr. Mason. I let them sleep on."

"That's fine," Mason said. "Now get them up and tell them to come down here. I have some important news. I want to have them all together when I tell you."

"But, Mr. Mason, tell me, is Daddy . . . Daddy hasn't been hurt . . . or — or killed?"

"Physically," Mason said, "your father is quite safe at the moment. I have some news but I want you all together when I tell it."

Muriell said, "Come on in, Mr. Mason, and I'll get Nancy and Glamis down here."

Mason followed her into a big, tastefully arranged living-room.

"Can I take a look at the dining-room and kitchen while you're upstairs," Mason said.

"Why, certainly."

Muriell hurried up the staircase. Mason glanced briefly around the living-room, then walked to the dining-room, pushed back the swinging door to the kitchen, looked in the kitchen, studying the location of the doors and windows, and was back in the dining-room by the time Muriell returned.

"Did you get them up?" he asked.

"I got them awake," she said. "Nancy is coming right down. I don't know about Glamis. She was really put out."

"That's too bad," Mason said casually. "Now, I notice that standing here in the dining-room the wall makes a little jog right here and you can see the garage and workshop through that window."

"Where was your father sitting?"

"Right near where you're standing, right there at that place at the table."

"Then he could have seen the workshop from the window while he was eating breakfast."

"Yes, I guess so."

"But you couldn't see out from the kitchen?"

"No. The kitchen door opens on to a service porch—you can see the workshop and garage from the door of the service porch, however, but you can't see out from the kitchen. Why, Mr. Mason? Does it make any difference?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "I'm trying to get the picture — and it's rather a confused picture right at the moment. I'm hoping your stepmother can—"

"Can do what?" a woman's voice asked.

Mason turned to encounter the curious, slightly indignant eyes of a tall, blond woman who, despite the lack of make-up and the fact that she apparently was dressed only in a housecoat and slippers, was remarkably attractive.

"I'm hoping," Mason said,

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 5, 1961



"you can clear up certain matters for me."

"I hope so, too. I'm Nancy Gilman. I understand you are Perry Mason, the noted lawyer, and that you have some very important news for me about my husband. I'm certainly hoping that the information you have is sufficiently important to justify an invasion of this sort at this hour of the morning."

Mason reached a sudden decision. He said, "All right, I'll hand it to you straight from the shoulder. Your husband, Carter Gilman, is in gaol."

"For heaven's sake! What's he been doing?"

Mason said, "The authorities think he's guilty of murder."

Nancy Gilman drew out a chair and seated herself. She looked at Mason long and earnestly, then shook her head and said, "There's something completely fantastic about all this, Mr. Mason. Are you sure of your facts?"

"I have just come from visiting him in gaol," Mason said.

"May I ask what this murder is all about—drunken driving, or what?"

Mason said, "Apparently he is accused of the deliberate, wilful murder of Vera Martel."

Nancy Gilman's eyebrows went up. She looked inquiringly at Muriel, then back at Mason. "And who is Vera Martel?"

"A private detective who may have been blackmailing you," Mason said.

Nancy Gilman shook her head. "Nobody's been blackmailing me, Mr. Mason."

"Or trying to?"

Again there was a shake of the head. "Mr. Mason, you have a peculiar attitude. It's the attitude of someone who is trying to force an unwilling witness to give out information."

"What attitude would you suggest?" Mason asked.

## NANCY GILMAN

stared at Mason. "Really, I don't know, Mr. Mason. I know who you are, of course, and your reputation; otherwise I wouldn't have come down here. I hardly feel qualified to tell you how to practise law, but your manner arouses my curiosity and, if you'll pardon my frankness, a certain instinctive resentment."

"All right," Mason said, "have all the resentment you want. Let's get the facts straight. There's no time to play cat and mouse with a situation of this sort. The police will be here any minute and they're going to question you. For your information, the police don't play games."

"I'm not playing games, Mr. Mason."

"Do you know anything about ten thousand dollars in cash?"

"What am I supposed to know about it?"

"Did you know your husband drew that money from his bank?"

She shook her head.

"Did you draw it from your bank?"

"Heavens, no!"

"Did you have ten thousands dollars in cash within the last few days?"

"Certainly not."

"Have you ever had any conversation with Vera Martel?"

"I wouldn't know her from any woman I'd meet on the street. You say she's a private detective?"

"A private detective," Mason said, "and she may have been a blackmailer. The police have reason to believe she was choked to death in the workshop out at the back of the house and that ten thousand dollars, which was intended to be used as a bribe or a blackmail payment, was left in the workshop while someone went out to dispose of Vera Martel's body."

"Mr. Mason, you seem sober, you seem serious, and what you're saying at least seems logical to you, but from my standpoint I'd say you were either drunk, had been taking dope, or were completely crazy."

Glamis Barlow swept into the room imperiously. She was attired in a filmy negligee which silhouetted her long legs and the curves of her body, and she was angry.

"May I ask what in the world all this is about?" she asked.

Mason said, "I wanted to question you."

"Well, question me at some decent hour," she said, "and don't think I have to answer your questions just because I was attracted to you yesterday. Today you're a pain in the anatomy. Now what's this all about?"

Nancy said, "Carter has been arrested for murder, Glamis."

## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

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"For murder!" Glamis echoed. Nancy nodded. "So Mr. Mason insists. It seems a woman named . . . what was that name again, Mr. Mason?"

"Vera Martel," Mason said.

"Mr. Mason seems to think a woman named Martel was murdered out in the workshop," Nancy Gilman said.

Glamis looked at the lawyer with eyes that were like blue ice. "Mr. Mason, is this your idea of a joke or are you trying to get some information out of us and have chosen a shock approach in order to do it?"

Muriel, hurrying in from the kitchen with a cup of steaming coffee, said, "Here, honey, have some coffee."

Glamis made no effort to reach for the coffee cup, no effort to thank Muriel. She simply ignored Muriel as though the girl had no existence, and continued to hold Perry Mason with a fixed stare of hostility.

"I'm waiting for an answer, Mr. Mason," she said.

Mason said, "Listen, I've told your mother and I'm telling you — we aren't playing games here. We don't have much time. The police are going to be here within a few minutes and, believe me, when you start talking with the police you'll come face to face with reality. Now, you can start in answering some direct

questions and avoiding all histrionics. Do you know Vera Martel?"

"No," she spat at him.

"Do you know anything about ten thousand dollars in cash which was supposed to have been found in the workshop?"

"No."

"Did you go to your bank and get ten thousand dollars in cash any time within the past few days?"

"No."

"All right," Mason said, "let's get this thing straight. Do any of the three of you know anything about Vera Martel?"

"I certainly don't," Glamis snapped.

"And you?" Mason asked Nancy.

"Don't be silly, Mr. Mason. I've

told you half a dozen times, I don't know her."

Mason said, "You make just one wrong answer to the police and you're all going to be in this thing up to your necks. What's more, you're going to drag Carter Gilman into the gas chamber. Remember that the police have ways of tracing these things. Murder isn't a parlor game that you play according to rules."

"Now you, Glamis, got into your car after you left me, drove to the airport, and went to Las Vegas."

"So you were having me shadowed! I wondered about it. As it happens, I go to Las Vegas every so often."

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### ALL-BRANT® CURRANT ROLL

**INGREDIENTS**—Pastry: 1½ cups S.R. flour • ½ teaspoon salt • 4 ozs. butter • 1 cup All-Brant • 1 tablespoon sugar • 1 egg • 2 tablespoons milk. Filling: 1 cup currants • 3 tablespoons brown sugar • 2 teaspoons mixed spice • 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

**METHOD**: Cook currants in simmering water until tender. Drain. Combine with brown sugar, lemon juice, spice. Sift flour, salt. Rub in butter until mix resembles bread crumbs. Add All-Brant and sugar. Combine egg, milk. Add to dry ingredients; mix to stiff dough. Turn on to floured board. Knead, roll into large mound. Spread with currant mixture. Roll up. Place on greased slide, glaze with sugar, water. Cook 30 mins. in 400°F. oven. Slice, serve with custard or cream. Spoon measures level.

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"And what did you do in Las Vegas?"

"I gambled, I saw my father, Steven Barlow, and I came home. I had some drinks, I lost some money and I minded my own business—a most commendable habit, Mr. Mason. I would suggest that you try it sometime."

The door chimed sounded. Muriel started for the front door.

"Just a minute," Mason said. He held Glamis Barlow with his eyes. "Vera Martel had an office in Las Vegas. Did you call on her or try to call on her at that office? Did you go near the place?"

"Mr. Mason, don't be silly. I tell you, I don't know any Vera Martel, so why should I go to her office?"

The door chimed sounded again and then there was a knock at the door.

"That," Mason said, "sounds very much like my friend, Lieutenant Arthur Tragg, of Homicide. May I suggest that when you talk with him you either keep very, very quiet

or you answer questions truthfully. Don't try lying. That's going to get you in all sorts of trouble."

"Now, then, I want all three of you to tell me you are, and each of you is, giving me all of your right, title, and interest to any and all money that was in the workshop yesterday."

"Why should we give it to you?" Glamis asked.

"Not the money," Mason said, "only your title to the money. If it wasn't yours you wouldn't be giving me anything."

"All right," Nancy said. "We're all agreed, girls?"

The two girls nodded.

Angry knuckles pounded on the front door and simultaneously there was the sound of knuckles on the back door, then the back door opened and a police officer pushed his way through the kitchen and into the dining-room.

He strode across the dining-room to the living-room, opened the door and said, "Come on in, Lieutenant."

## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

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Mason lowered his voice. "Don't tell anyone anything about any money."

Lieut. Tragg entered the room, said, "Pardon me, ladies, but I'm after some information and . . . I see that Mr. Perry Mason has been briefing you on what happened . . . I noted your car was parked in the driveway, Perry."

"Now, Mr. Mason, since you've had ample opportunity to talk to these witnesses, I think that it's only fair that I be given an opportunity to discuss things with them privately. We're going to excuse you."

"And if I don't choose to go?" Mason asked, "are you going to put me out?"

"Good heavens, no, nothing like that," Tragg said. "I'm simply going to put a police guard at the door of one of these rooms and question these women in the room with a police guard seeing that we're not disturbed—or I can, of course, take the witnesses to headquarters for examination, which will cause a certain amount of newspaper publicity which your client might find objectionable."

### GLAMIS

reached over to pick up the coffee cup which Muriel had deposited on the dining-room table. She smiled provocatively at Lieut. Tragg and said, "I like men who use direct action, Lieutenant."

"Good," Lieut. Tragg said, appraising her unsmilingly. "Then I'll talk with you first, because you've had your coffee."

Mason turned to the women. "I've talked with you," he said. "I've told you the circumstances. I'm going to warn you—don't tell any lies to Lieutenant Tragg. Either tell him the truth or tell him nothing."

"A very, very commendable attitude," Lieut. Tragg said. And then added somewhat wistfully, "I do wish I knew what had taken place before we got here. You see, Perry, we were running down another angle of the case which we considered of prime importance; even of more importance than questioning the members of Mr. Gilman's family."

"I'm sorry that I can't tell you what that angle is, but you'll doubtless discover it by the time you get to court. I can assure you of one thing, Perry. It's a dilly."

"It must have been," Mason said, "to cause you to postpone a trip out here."

Mason walked to the door, turned, said, "Remember what I told you. Either tell him the truth or keep silent, and don't volunteer any information. Answer his questions and then quit."

Mason stopped at the first telephone booth, called his office, and when he had Della Street on the line, asked, "What do you hear from Paul Drake?"

"He's located Glamis' boyfriend, Hartley Elliott," Della Street said, "and has been calling frantically."

"What's the address?" Mason asked.

"The Rossiter Apartments on Blendon Street."

"What's the number, Della?"

"7211. The apartment is 6-B, and Paul seems terribly concerned."

"If he calls in again," Mason said, "tell him I'm on my way. Also, tell him that Tragg and a uniformed officer have just descended on the Gilman family at their home on Vauxman Avenue, and it looks as

though the party is going to get rough."

"I'll tell him. Did you have a chance to get anything worth while before Tragg moved in on you?" Della Street asked.

"There's something peculiar about the case," Mason said. "I can't put my finger on it yet—I had a chance to ask questions and get some negative answers. I'm not certain the negatives mean anything. I'll be on my way to join Paul. I'll call you as soon as I have anything new."

Mason hung up the telephone, jumped in his car, and drove to the Rossiter Apartments, went at once to Apartment 6-B, and knocked on the door.

There was no mistaking the expression of relief on Paul Drake's face when he saw Mason in the doorway.

Drake said, "Come in and take over, Perry."

A tall, slim-waisted man, about twenty-eight years old, with high cheekbones, steady grey eyes, a determined jaw, and the build of an athlete was standing by the window.

"This is Mr. Mason, Elliott," Paul Drake said.

Elliott eyed the attorney appraisingly.

"Mr. Elliott," Paul Drake went on, lowering his left eyelid in a wink that only Mason could see, "is friendly with Glamis Barlow. In fact, they've been keeping company and Elliott spent the night out there Tuesday night. That was it, wasn't it, Elliott—Tuesday?"

"You know it was," Elliott said coldly. "It was yesterday morning. Are you trying to trap me in some way? I didn't spend the night there. I spent the morning there."

Mason stood by Hartley Elliott, who didn't ask either Mason or Drake to sit down.

### DRAKE

said, "By way of explanation, Perry, Hartley Elliott and Glamis got home early, and it was rather a warm night. They went up on the porch for a while, then he went in and had a drink with Glamis. When he went out to start his car he found that he had inadvertently left the ignition on. The car wouldn't start. To make a long story short, he stayed all night."

"I see," Mason said. "Now, before we go any further," Elliott said coldly, "let me state that I prefer to do my own talking. I don't know just what the situation is, but I don't care to have any private detective putting words in my mouth and I don't know that I care to talk with any lawyer until after I've seen my own attorney. I'm willing to listen, but that's all."

"You seem rather truculent," Mason said. "Is anything wrong?"

"How do I know?" Elliott said. "I'm minding my own business and in comes a private detective asking a lot of questions about Glamis, about where I've been and what I've been doing, and then he telephones the office of an attorney and leaves word for the attorney to join him."

"I've indicated to Mr. Drake a couple of times that he doesn't need to stay here on my account, but he's been persistent in questioning me and persistent in waiting for you. I finally agreed that I would wait for you because Drake said you would explain everything. Now, as far as I'm concerned, you can start explaining."

Mason glanced at Paul

Drake, then said abruptly, "All right, I'll start explaining, because we may not have much time. If you stayed in that house yesterday morning, you may not have very much time left for informal conversation."

"Do you know a person named Vera Martel?"

"I told you to start explaining," Elliott said. "I don't care to answer any more questions until there's been a little explaining."

"All right," Mason said. "Vera Martel was found dead in her car on a canyon road in the mountains. At first the police thought it was a highway accident, then they didn't like the looks of things and thought perhaps the car had been deliberately run over a cliff with a body in it. So they performed an autopsy and, so far, they've found petechial hemorrhage of the eyeball and a broken hyoid bone, which are all strongly indicative of manual strangulation."

"They also found some peculiar bits of sawdust in her shoes. Microscopic examination showed the sawdust didn't come from ordinary lumber, but from a very rare type of lumber, and the police think they have traced that rare type of lumber to the workshop of Carter Gilman."

"At the moment, Carter Gilman is in gaol, being held

To page 68

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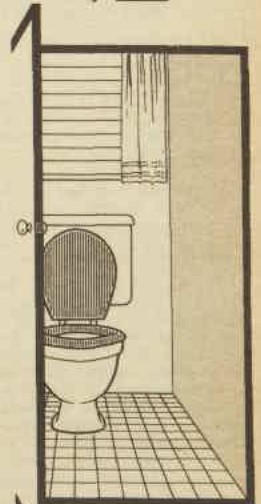
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## AS I READ the STARS

By **EVE HILLIARD**

For week beginning July 3



### ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Lucky color for love, black.  
★ Gambling colors, black, rose.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in the evening.



### TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, red.  
★ Gambling colors, red, white.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in a communication.



### GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Lucky color for love, orange.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Wed, Saturday.  
★ Luck in a busy place.



### CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, grey.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.  
★ Luck in leadership.



### LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, pastels.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.  
★ Luck in leisure.



### VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, brown.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Wed, Thursday.  
★ Luck in social life.



### LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Lucky color for love, green.  
★ Gambling colors, green, black.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
★ Luck in your career.



### SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.  
★ Gambling colors, mauve, rose.  
★ Lucky days, Wed, Sunday.  
★ Luck in your quick wits.



### SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, violet.  
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
★ Luck in a secret.



### CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.  
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in team work.



### AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Lucky color for love, white.  
★ Gambling colors, white, navy.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in routine.



### PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, silver.  
★ Gambling colors, silver, it, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in a speculation.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

★ Although the daytime may be routine and quiet, evenings are likely to provide thrills. Spur-of-the-moment invitations, unexpected visitors, a new pastime, the discovery that your home is a good setting for romance, will color your week with a pleasant glow. Have your prettiest frock handy, your guest shelf well stocked; you may need both.

★ You may be informed through the mail that you have won a prize in a raffle or that your application for a job has been accepted, or that you have been successful in a competition. A few of you will be told that you have had a distinction bestowed upon you, or that if you contact a certain person you will learn of something to your advantage.

★ You may enter a crowded building, spend more time there than you intended, yet feel the thrill of achievement. Whether you are transacting business or shopping for a scarce article, the stars are with you. A small incident could have quite an impact on your affairs. You might run into an old friend or find romance unexpectedly.

★ Others look to you to set the pace and create the right atmosphere for success. Your advice may be sought by the less experienced. You may be obliged to steer people, handle situations with tact and authority, keep the peace, make decisions not popular with everybody. The man in your life could give you moral support in a critical moment.

★ Now is the moment to catch up with personal affairs, correspondence, odd jobs. Guard health, store energy by resting and relaxing from recent tensions, enjoy one or two mild diversions, read, or watch TV, and look forward to a very hectic chapter due in about a fortnight. Love affairs may be limited to daydreaming.

★ You're in demand as you whiz from one appointment to the next. There will probably be at least one major function in your diary. If a debutante, a bride, or on a committee organising a social event, your role will be glamorous. Nearly all of you will be dining and dancing. Some of this will take you into social circles where you find new interests.

★ If in paid employment you may be on the verge of a more important post; some of you resign in order to find a better niche. If your ambitions are social, you are likely to win distinction among people you admire and respect. If you come before the public as an amateur actor, musician, painter, you can establish your reputation as an artist.

★ Think ahead, plan, act speedily in critical moments. Do not be influenced by well-meaning folk who cannot understand your point of view. You can be idealistic, shrewd, and practical at the same time; at present, consultation with those around you will merely cloud your judgment. In some cases it may be necessary to inform others after you act.

★ A long-cherished ambition could get a boost. If it concerns a hobby or pastime, you may cultivate it without telling anyone because you fear you won't make the grade or you think friends might laugh. If quite young you are likely to have fallen in love and will be making discreet efforts to attract your dreamboat.

★ Whether in the home, on the job, or in group activities, you'll all have to pull your weight if you hope to accomplish anything. Differences of opinion as to ways and means are sure to arise, but you can help settle these on a commonsense basis acceptable to everybody. You may be obliged to prod other members of the team into active participation.

★ Don't scorn the daily round in favor of rambling off into new pastures. Don't neglect longtime friends for new companions who may not prove so attractive on closer acquaintance. Don't lend money to those about whom you know very little. This is not the moment to venture into new worlds. Think twice before dropping that faithful boy-friend.

★ Chance is likely to count as much as merit in your affairs now. An almost forgotten investment might suddenly increase in value, or you could hold a winning ticket in a lottery. Whether you are buyer or seller, most of you are likely to show a profit in business outside your ordinary scope. In certain cases it applies to the man in your life.



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## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

there for suspicion of first-degree murder, the police are at the Gilman residence on Vauxman Avenue, and we're trying to get something out of you that may help before the police get here."

Elliott glanced from Mason to Drake, then moved over to a chair and sat down suddenly as though his knees had buckled.

"Now," Mason said, "time is short. Do you know Vera Martel, or did you know her during her lifetime?"

"Martel . . . Martel," Elliott said. "Why, yes, I have heard someone mention the name, but I can't remember who."

"The police may use means to refresh your memory," Mason told him. "I . . . Tell me, Mr. Mason, do

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the police think this person was killed in Gilman's workshop?"

"That's what they think," Mason said.

"And do they have any idea as to the exact time of death?"

"The police," Mason told him, "aren't confiding in me, and you don't seem to be doing such a good job yourself."

"All right. I'll come clean. Yesterday morning about eight-thirty I got up," Elliott said. "I can't sleep much after seven o'clock. I'd been lying there in bed and trying to remain quiet because I knew both Glamis and her mother were late sleepers."

"Go on," Mason said, nodding his head.

"However, I could hear someone moving around downstairs and I got the aroma of coffee."

"All right," Mason said, "go on. What happened?"

"I walked over to the window. It was a window that was on the corner just above the dining-room. I looked out of the window—I guess it would be the west window—and was standing there just idly looking out at the yard and the driveway. That big garage building which holds the cars and has the two rooms, the workshop, and the darkroom, is just beyond."

"And what happened?" Mason asked.

Elliott said, "I don't know whether it means anything, but the door of the workshop opened and Glamis came running out of the workshop. Then, after she'd taken a couple of running steps, she caught herself, stopped, turned back, pulled the door shut, and then ran for all she was worth around the house."

"Now, let's get this straight," Elliott said. "I'm telling you this in strict confidence. I'm assuming that you're not going to do anything that would hurt Glamis."

"I'm trying to get at the truth at the moment," Mason said.

"You're representing Carter Gilman?"

"That's right."

"And you wouldn't sell out Glamis in order to—?"

"For heaven's sake," Mason interrupted, "be your age! You're sitting here swapping words when the police are probably even now headed toward this apartment. Once you get in the clutches of the police you'll talk and you'll spill everything you know."

"No, I won't," Elliott said. "They can't make me talk if I don't want to."

Mason's look was scornful. "They'll have you in front of a grand jury and they'll have you under oath. You'll tell your story, my friend, and you'll tell it right. If you lie, you'll go to prison for perjury, and if you don't lie they'll have it out of you down to every last detail. Now tell me the rest of it."

Elliott said, "There was something about the way she acted, something . . . She seemed to be terribly frightened."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well, I had been trying to keep rather quiet, then I realised that she was up and presumed it would be all right to come down for breakfast, so I went into the bathroom and started shaving."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well, I heard a peculiar creaking of boards, and then the next thing I heard was the sound of voices in the corridor."

"So what did you do?"

"I had lather all over my face," Elliott said, "and I wasn't very presentable. But I heard Glamis' voice and so I opened the door a crack. I was going to ask her, 'What about breakfast?'"

"And what did you see?"

ELLIOTT hesitated a moment and then said, "I saw Muriel standing by the open door of the attic steps and Glamis was there and . . . Well, Glamis wasn't in what you call a presentable condition."

"How was she dressed?" Mason asked.

"Well, she had on . . . I guess they were night things. I felt like a Peeping Tom standing there with the door open just a crack, and I didn't know what the devil to do."

"Was she facing you or away from you?"

"She was turned so she was about three-quarters facing me, but she wasn't looking at me; she was looking at Muriel and she seemed angry, and I heard her say something about the attic, and Muriel said something about her father, and I gently closed the door and certainly hoped they hadn't seen me."

"Then what?" Mason asked.

"I didn't know what to do. I finished shaving and sat around there, waiting."

"And then what?"

"Then . . . oh, I guess it was an hour when Glamis came and tapped on my door."

"She was fully dressed then?"

"No. She had on some sort of negligee. She asked me how I'd slept and chided me for being up and fully dressed and wanted to know why I hadn't gone down and got some coffee and . . . well, we went downstairs and got some coffee and she said she'd already telephoned a service station a couple of blocks down the street to check my battery."

"Did you stay for breakfast?"

"Yes."

"Who cooked it?"

"Glamis. Why?"

"Where was Muriel?"

"I don't know. I didn't see her."

"Where was Nancy?"

"Asleep, I guess."

"What did you have for breakfast?"

"Some sausage and some fried eggs."

"How long did you stay there?"

"Not very long. The man from the service station came to the door and said he had put a temporary battery in the car and it was all ready to go, that they were putting my battery on a charging unit and I could have it any time that afternoon."

"How was the farewell when you left her at the Vauxman house? Cordial?"

"Cordial."

"You kissed her?"

"Dammit, of course I kissed her, if it's any of your damn business, and I don't think it is."

Mason said, "It happens that it's very much my business. Your story is going to be scrutinised very carefully, and if that story is true there's a pretty damn good chance the police will decide Vera Martel was blackmailing either Glamis or her mother, that Glamis met her out in the workshop in order to pay her some blackmail money."

To Page 69

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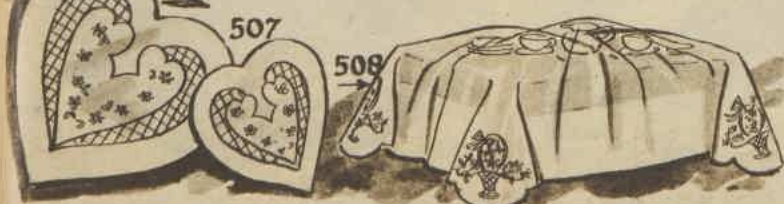
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## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE DUPLICATE DAUGHTER

from page 68

"That there was a dispute, that Glamis choked her to death and ran into the house, that Carter Gilman saw Glamis running out of the workshop, went into the workshop, found Vera Martel's body, knew what had happened, put the body into the trunk of his car and drove the body out to where it was disposed of, that either Gilman or a confederate then got Vera Martel's car, which was parked near the house, and drove it off the cliff."

"A great deal will depend

facts are. For your information, Glamis has denied that she ever knew Vera Martel or knew anything about her."

"What did she say about being out in the workshop yesterday morning?" Elliott asked.

"I didn't ask her," Mason said. And then added dryly: "The police are probably asking her that now. If they aren't, they certainly will after they've talked with you."

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



on the time of death. If it turns out that death could have been around eight thirty to nine o'clock you can be pretty certain Glamis is going to be dragged in as one of the defendants and you're going to be the star witness for the prosecution."

"I am?" Elliott exclaimed. "To convict Glamis of first-degree murder," Mason said, watching the man closely.

Elliott said, "Don't be silly, Mr. Mason. I've told you this. I'm not going to tell it to anybody else."

"You just think you aren't," Mason said. "I'm representing Gilman, and if Glamis should be arrested I'll probably be representing her. I'd like to know what the true

"Can they force me to make a statement?"

"They can take you to headquarters. If you don't talk it's going to look bad. If you do talk it's going to look terrible. They can subpoena you and take you in front of a grand jury and you'll have to talk."

"I don't have to talk," Elliott said.

"Then you go to gaol," Mason said. "And if you lie, you go to prison for perjury."

"And if I talk, Glamis is involved in a murder case?"

"Glamis," Mason said, "is probably involved in the murder case right now. She had a chance to tell me the truth and she missed it. I don't know what's going to happen now."

"Look here," Elliott said,

"suppose the police can't find me."

"If you're missing and the police can't find you and the police learn that you were in that house early yesterday morning, and if the police find that Vera Martel was killed early yesterday morning, then you're going to be the prime suspect."

Elliott strode over to the door, said, "Very well, gentlemen, I've told you all I know and I have things to do."

"Now look," Mason told him, "if you're planning—"

"You heard what I said, I have things to do. As far as I'm concerned, the interview is terminated."

Mason glanced at Paul Drake, nodded, and the two of them walked out into the corridor.

They were silent until they had reached the street.

"Got your car here, Paul?" Mason asked.

"Uh-huh. You came in your car?"

"That's right."

"Want me to tag him?"

Mason shook his head.

"Why not?" Drake asked. "You know what's going to happen. He's going to get right out of there."

"All right," Mason said. "You remember what we told him. We told him we couldn't give him any advice. We told him that if he skipped out he would become the number-one suspect in the case."

"Yes," Drake said, "you were highly ethical, but if I were in Hartley Elliott's shoes and if I were in love with Glamis, I think I'd suddenly have some business that took me out of the country."

"And you'd like to follow him to find out where he goes?"

"Well, it might help," Drake said.

"Help whom?" Mason asked.

Drake thought that over for a moment, then grinned and said, "Okay, I get you, Perry. Do you want me to follow you to the office?"

"Keep me in sight all the way," Mason said.

To be continued

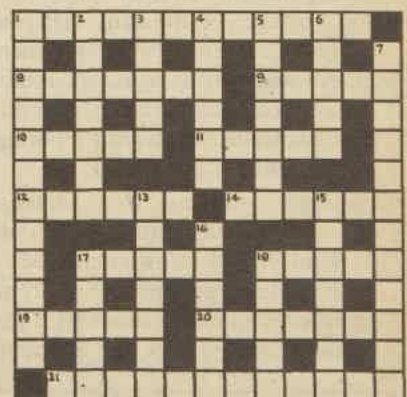
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. This wholesale businessman sounds like a warning to a Cambridge professor, father of the Shropshire Lad (12).
8. A segmented worm (7).
9. Oneness (5).
10. Upright starting before (5).
11. Cuts the harvest and cuts pears, too (5).
12. A humble dependant swallowed a donkey (6).
14. Pater's meal (6).
17. A spore sac in certain kinds of fungus sounds like a command to question us (5).
18. Measure of distance with a strong rope (5).
19. Senior tree (5).
20. Ruins the end of which ages (7).
21. Rest is sad and keeps uniform in shape (12).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Woman, according to Peter (6, 6).
2. They can be sportsmen, creepers, carpets, or beans (7).
3. Old-fashioned look in a slave of the Spartans (5).
4. Mammary glands of cattle (6).
5. Provide schooling for (7).
6. A young lady is out of order (5).
7. See newsy site (Anagr., 12).
13. A sacred Mohammedan scripture (7).
15. Same gab in roundabout ways (7).
16. Peninsula in the Adriatic (6).
17. Official examination of accounts (5).
18. Hollowed out with a welcome in it (5).



Give  
your children  
**MORE**  
**VITAMINS**  
the  
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**NEW**

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You can be absolutely sure your children are getting *all* the vitamins they need when you add Fortagen to the daily diet you've carefully chosen for them. No doubt there have been times when they have unaccountably "gone off" certain foods and you've worried about their general health. Now, with Fortagen, nourishment problems are solved.

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The Fortagen "balance" of vitamins and natural goodness also makes it a great restorative for adults who are suffering from loss of energy, and for convalescents. For nursing mothers, Fortagen provides vital extra nourishment and maintains and stimulates natural feeding. Your doctor knows about Fortagen—consult him first where you have a special feeding problem.

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VITAMIN A (3,000 int. units)	For clear skin, eyesight, proper development.
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Each 10 grams (two teaspoons) of Fortagen provide the minimum daily requirement of the eight essential vitamins. (The measured, standardised quantities of these vitamins are also on the can.)



Fortagen sold only by your Family Chemist ● 7 OZ. 6/- 14 OZ. 9/6 AND 42 OZ. 25/- ● Vacuum-processed for Purity

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 5, 1961



# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



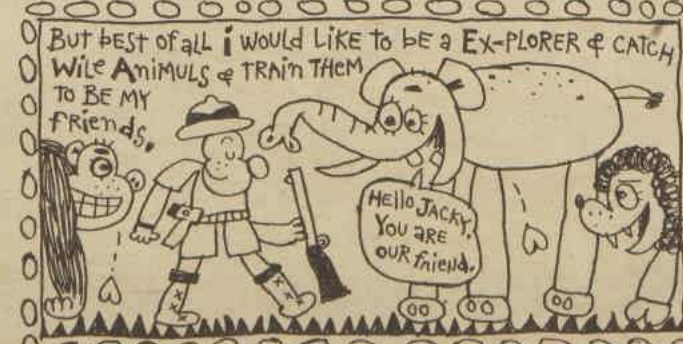
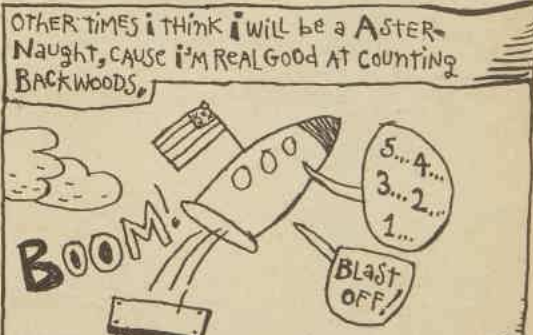
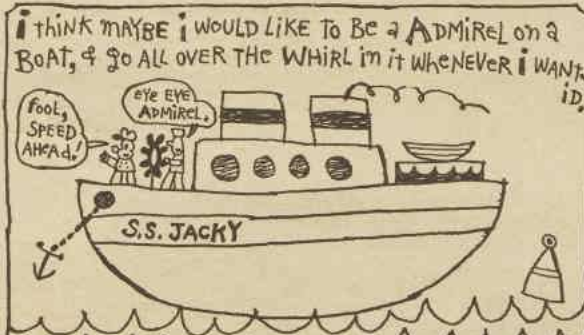
THE LEADERS of four unknown planets have met on neutral Earth to discuss a peace settlement. The planets have been at war for centuries. The leaders have disguised themselves as humans, but some strange things happen. NOW READ ON...



## Jacky's DIARY

By JACKY MENDELSON  
age 33½.

THIS WEEK WE'RE SUP POST TO WRITE A S.A. ON WHAT I WANNA BE WHEN I'M GROWN UP.





## Savoury Suppers...

At home on cold nights butter the "SAOS."

Grate a little cheese over them and then sprinkle with pepper.

One minute in a hot oven and serve hot.



# Arnott's

CRISP

## SAO

## Biscuits

*There is no Substitute for Quality*



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

July 5, 1961

# Teenagers

WEEKLY



**FOOTBALL  
FASHIONS**  
—pages 6, 7;

**Knitting  
directions**  
—page 8

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly  
Not to be sold separately



# LETTERS

## Long-hair wants to let it down

WHAT is the good of learning to play the piano, doing music exams, and not being able to sit down and play a decent piece of music at a party? I have been learning the piano for four years now, but I am not permitted to buy sheet music or learn it. The only pieces I can play are exam pieces. Surely one learns the piano to add to one's personality!—"Pedantic Pianist," Brisbane.

## Going too fur

FASHIONS are even more retrogressive than I thought. Back in the cave-dwelling days we draped ourselves with animal skins from head to toe. The highest bit of fashion this year is a fur busby, a fur collar, and fur round the wrists, ankles, on shoes and earrings, and handbags. Has the world run out of new ideas?—Susan Brinklow, Broome, W.A.

## Party games

MRS. MADDOCK, of Stanwell, Vic., asked (T.W., 31/5/61) for games for teenage parties. Give each guest a sheet of paper and a pencil. Put out the lights and get them to draw a house; then a fence round the house; then steps to the gate; a flagpole on the roof; a girl standing in front of the steps, and so on. It can be quite amusing to compare the results when the lights are switched back on. The same thing can be done with any scene.

An Observation Test is popular, too. Have a tray covered with a lot of small objects (cotton-reel, pencil, earring, bangle, match-box, etc.). About 30 articles are enough. Give each teenager about 3 minutes to have a good look at the tray, then take it away and let them list as many articles as they can remember. Give a small prize for the one who remembers most.—Mrs. R. E. Power, Gladstone St., Gladstone, N.S.W.

## Ideas wanted

I AM the president of a suburban youth club. Have readers any ideas on how to raise funds to build a club building and fit it out? We have a certain amount of finance, but we are lacking ideas for functions.—R. G. Lindemann, Ann St., Brisbane.

## Point to ponder

EXCLUSIVE of medicine and surgery, I wonder which of all the amenities science has brought to the world in the 20th century has been of the greatest use to mankind generally?—Rose Lynne, Clarence St., Perth.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

## The tooth of it

DID you know that Australians have practically the worst teeth in the world? We could improve if we followed a few basic rules: (1) Brush teeth for at least three to five minutes every day. (2) Use a toothpick. (3) Visit the dentist every six months. (4) Buy fruit instead of lollies.—"Marg," Dulwich, S.A.

## Purl of wisdom

THERE is a rule forbidding knitting in class. I have found that knitting has helped me to concentrate better. I do not suggest that knitting should be there when there are notes to be written.—"Knitter," Dubbo, N.S.W.

## Doing time

THE average high-school teacher spends 10 to 20 minutes each week telling us off for crimes we didn't commit, and about 20 to 40 minutes for crimes we did commit. This is only an estimate. For instance, two of our teachers are absolute gems. They wouldn't spend more than 10 minutes each week reprimanding us.

Others aren't so good. One takes us for four periods (160 minutes) each week, and spends 120 minutes of the time talking. Thirty minutes of the time is spent explaining her subject. The rest of the time (90 minutes) the teacher tells us what terrible, disgraceful, useless children we are.—"Earbashed," Vic.

## Next week

NOW is the time for all good girls to go (with their "aides") to the (formal) party of their dreams... so naturally they want to buy or make a gown fit for the occasion... so naturally we feature five beautiful formal gowns in color in our next issue. ALSO, we have a pin-up of Mark Wynter, the 18-year-old British grocerboy who jammed a Melbourne TV station's switchboard when he appeared there last month... AND a cover girl who is helping to sell Australian goods overseas with an official trade mission.

## T.W. introduces

JUST over a year ago someone read a letter I had published on page two of T.W. They wrote to me and now we are firm penfriends. Someone else again wrote to T.W. a reply to my printed letter, and it was published, too. I wrote to her. We met for the first time at the Royal Easter Show, and she met my family and stayed with us.—Pamela Rogers, Brindilly Roadside, Liverpool, N.S.W.

## All in the mind

WHY is it that scientists and other professional men are paid more than garbage men? Maybe some of them are cleverer, but so what? Cleverness simply means that their parents were clever, too.

Why not pay people more if they have names beginning with "A"? This is just as reasonable. Clever people have just been clever enough to see that they were the ones who were appreciated.—"B.Sc.," Pymble, N.S.W.

## Not sm-art

AN art student is looked down on as some inferior being. I have to travel by train and lots of people whisper comments on my "peculiar" appearance. The public should realise that during training very few students receive any money at all, and they cannot be expected to dress as smartly as they may like to. Also, there wouldn't be any point in wearing good clothes to classes for fear of spilling oils or turps on them.—"Arty," Highett, Vic.

## Ring of trouble

AT 16 I have just become engaged. My parents don't agree with my choice and have told my fiancé never to come to our house again, or to pick me up to go out. I am at an age when I know what I am doing. My parents could not know my mind as well as I do myself. We have many fights about it. They must have been engaged once, too.—"R.B.," Earlwood, N.S.W.

## Overseas mail

JERSEY, the largest of England's Channel Islands, is my home. I am 16. There seems to be one particular difference between Australian and English teenagers: Aussies are more ready to discuss their problems openly than we are. We do, too, but not so much, and I admire their frankness. I've found this out from reading T.W. letter page, which my aunt sends me. I am in my last term at school, and have taken and passed six subjects for the General Certificate. In July I shall take three more subjects. I like tennis, popular music, horse-riding, and art.—Aileen Trolic, "Arlington," Le Geyt St., St. Helier, Jersey, Channel Islands.

## BEATNIK



"You may say I want to do as much as I can to improve suffering."

## "Goodfella cowboy"

MY mother lives in Port Moresby and in one of her letters to me described the concert Col Joye gave up there in aid of the Red Cross. She wrote, "The first half of the programme was made up of local talent, and the whole of the second half was Col Joye and his Joy Boys. I was positively stunned by the noise they made. It was one mighty blast, reminiscent of the time I went on a tour of a big iron foundry. However, they made a lot of money, so there must be lots of people who like them."

"Col Joye was dressed in a skin-tight green suit, and someone yelled out, 'You're all wrapped up in your glad rags, Daddy-o!' Cassar (he is my mother's native servant) thought it was great. He went three times to see the 'Goodfella cowboy' belong Australia fightin' gear."—Peter Morrison, Southport, Qld.

## Play the field

TO be called a "flirt" is a compliment and a distinction, so don't get upset. To be a successful flirt is an accomplishment. Perhaps it does give you an idea that you are fickle, but who wants a partner for life while a teenager? Most steady couples are dull as dish-water. Teen time is the time for playing the field and for having fun, fun, fun!—Margrette Young, Wood St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

## Be a square!

WHEN I was at school I was confronted with the problem of loneliness, being an only child. I felt I was at school to learn, and being a little slow at absorbing things I used to spend many lunch hours studying. I was never called a "square" but did not seem to have the knack of mixing well with people.

I decided to get a Saturday-morning job to earn a little extra pocket-money, and after a couple of years bought myself

a beautiful new radiogram — cash!

When I left school I started work as a stenographer and decided it was time I had some outside interests, so I joined two clubs well known in Victoria and took up various activities with them, such as horseriding, skiing, camping, judo, and German lessons.

I found I began to mix better with people and always had something interesting to talk about, apart from meeting new friends all the time. However, I still managed to save quite a lot of my wages and after two years I bought my own small car — cash again! Now I am 21 years old and a fully qualified secretary, very happy in my work. This coming August I am going overseas with a girl-friend and have saved £500 for pocket-money.

My advice to other "squares" is stick to it, it's worth it. —M. Burchill, Beatrice St., Burwood E.13 Vic.

I could hardly believe it, HAIRSETS FOR 4d!

Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4/10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairdo's I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

**Curlypet**



# ANOTHER JOHNNY ROCKS 'EM

● Johnny Chester, 19-year-old rocker, has brown wavy hair drooping over his forehead, and clear blue eyes. He wears a white taffeta suit and a red-and-black-striped brocade waistcoat. Victorian teenagers love him.

AND now that his first record ("The Hokey Pokey," with flipside "That's How it's Gonna Be,") has been released and is doing well — he's becoming a name all over Australia. A second Johnny O'Keefe, they call him.

After leaving school at 14 Johnny worked as a motor mechanic (he's actually a brake specialist) in his father's garages.

He first became interested in rock-'n'-roll at the height of Elvis Presley's pre-Army career about four years ago. He bought Elvis' record "Heartbreak Hotel." "I used to put it on an old record-player and sing with it," he said.

Then Johnny formed a band. "I could play the guitar," he said, "but I was pretty useless at it. So I started singing — and the kids seemed to like my voice."

About 18 months ago he started running a dance at a West Preston church hall. "We used to get about 200 kids to these dances," he said. "We had an old amplifier that distorted everything, but we thought we were mighty."

They must have been pretty good. So many teenagers became regulars that Johnny Chester, his band, and all his fans moved to the larger Preston Town Hall.

"I was really working hard, trying to build up the band, organising the dances, and trying to learn more about singing," Johnny said.

At that stage Johnny met Kevin McLennan, manager of the well-known instrumental group The Thunderbirds, and from then on life became easier and more exciting.

Nowadays about 1000 teenagers turn up at the weekly dance.

Johnny's biggest thrill so far was singing in the Connie Francis show at the Melbourne Stadium. "It was my first Stadium show," he said. "I never get tired of singing and normally I'm not nervous, but I was nervous that night."

He needn't have worried. He got a terrific response from the audience, which went on yelling for him even when popular American Johnny Burnette appeared.

Clothes are Johnny Chester's hobby. "I pay about £30 apiece for my suits," he said. "I have seven already and two more are being made."

He admits that in the past four months he has had to spend more than he has earned, but the days of rock-'n'-roll singers wearing any old thing have gone.

"Teenagers are more clothes-conscious now and so are the singers," he said.

Johnny has a reputation for really putting everything he's got into his singing. He sings mainly rock-'n'-roll, but really likes slow ballads best.

"I love to sing," Johnny said. "This is my big chance and I want to do well."





# Two friends from overseas

● Teenagers' Weekly has made friends all over the world.  
In our mailbag this week were letters from England, America,  
Europe, Malaya, and Communist China.

THE letter from China was from an old friend, Marianna Mandrigin, of Shanghai, whose first letter we published in our March 1 issue. She received more than 200 letters from all parts of Australia in reply to hers, and now she has sent this letter:

Dear Friends,  
The letters I've received from Australia have played an important part in my life. I have stopped feeling lonely and I don't do much howling at the moon anymore. You have cheered me up and given me the feeling that I have lots of good friends.

I read every single letter from beginning to end, but it is impossible to take enough time off from work and study to answer them all individually.

I have filed all the letters in a special "Australia" file, and I'm going to keep them and read them over once in a while.

Sports-minded Australian boys asked me "What is Chinese Shadow Boxing?" Shadow Boxing (Tai Chi Chuan) is so called because the person performs the act of defending him-

self without having anybody fighting him.

One day, 800 years ago, a very learned teacher, Chan Se Foong, sat by the window of his study and observed his garden. Suddenly his attention was caught by a fight between a snake and a big bird. That was how Tai Chi Chuan originated.

All the movements are round and slow, and they are only defensive, not aggressive. No force is used — the exercise is performed as slowly as possible — and therein lies the difficulty of it.

Most of the girls asked about my clothes, hairstyles, and make-up. And couldn't girls chat about that for hours? I'm sending something I designed and made myself.

The material is checked taffeta, and my brother took the photographs of the four variations I wear (see below).

Accept my warmest thanks once again and I wish all of you who wrote, happiness and success. — Marianna Mandrigin, Shanghai, China.

P.S. — Note for Australian girls: Judging by the letters, most Australian boys seem to prefer long hair for girls.

And now for the details of my dress . . .

A TEENAGER from Melbourne introduces us to her penfriend, Clement Northey, in West Africa . . .

Dear Editor,

My penfriend, Clement Northey, lives in Ghana, West Africa. He is greatly interested in the young people of Australia, and I have been sending him copies of Teenagers' Weekly.

Clement taught himself to dance from the instructions in T.W., and he wrote to me that he had won a local dancing competition. The manager of the dance hall was very interested to know how he learnt these steps and asked to see the instructions.

Clement has also told me that he won third prize, out of 500 entries, in a Radio Play Contest. Here is a picture of Clement — a real T.W. fan! — G. Thompson, Myers Ave., Glen Waverley, Melbourne.



CLEMENT NORTEY who learnt to dance from instructions in Teenagers' Weekly.



I WEAR my shirt top with the skirt, too; for town wear or going visiting. Once again the collar is made only of the dark colors in the material. It looks lovely with a fresh rose pinned on near the shoulder.

WHO COULD GUESS that this is not a one-piece dress? For parties in the sun (or under the moon) I wear my skirt with this little matching top. The taffeta shoulder straps match the dark checks in the skirt.



A HIGH-NECKED black velvet top makes me look sophisticated — and completely alters the tone of my outfit. My top tapers to end shorter than the waistline. I wear it outside the cummerbund.

THE SHAWL can be worn with any of them. It's made from the same taffeta (about 1½ yards), and I wear it wrapped over the way I've modelled it here or backwards (with the ends hanging down the back).





# Master Thomas is (nearly) a star

● English boy Royston Thomas could be the lead in the English musical "Oliver!" when it comes to Melbourne at the end of the year. In London 14-year-old Royston was the understudy to Keith Hamshire, who played Oliver.

ROYSTON is on his way to Australia with his family—they're coming to live in Perth.

"Oliver!", an adaptation of Dickens' novel "Oliver Twist," has been playing successfully at the West End, London. Music and songs were written by 27-year-old Lionel Bart, Britain's leading musical-comedy writer. All the original characters feature in the musical.

J. C. Williamson's will bring the musical to Australia.

Keith Hamshire had three months' holiday during the show's run, and it was then that Royston took over and did very well.

"I'd love to play the part in Australia," Royston said, "but we are going to live in Perth and, as the show opens in Melbourne, it rather depends on whether they think it's worth flying me down."

## Stage "exciting, great fun"

The glitter of show business has rubbed off firmly on young Royston. He wants to make entertainment his career in Australia.

"It's exciting and great fun," he said. "People backstage are usually happy, helpful people. When we weren't on stage in London we used to play chess in the dressing-rooms or act out small plays among ourselves.

"I want to dance, sing, and act if I can. I've only got one idol — the late Buddy Holly — so I've nobody to model myself on. It'll be hard work, but I'm going to have a go."

Royston has always liked singing and dressing up and he's never been shy, but he'd had no serious interest in acting till his mother spotted a newspaper advertisement for boys to audition for a London show.

"We were surprised when Royston was chosen," his father, an electrician, said, "but we were glad for him and let him go ahead."

Royston added: "The only thing I didn't like about playing Oliver was that he is the shy type and I'm just the opposite."

"I didn't have much difficulty learning my lines because my brother helped me. He's 16. I learned the songs from watching each night from the wings."

Bright and lively is the best description of Royston. Apart from acting, he likes swimming and tennis. There'll be plenty of both for him in Australia, even if he doesn't get the part.



ROYSTON THOMAS just before leaving London for Australia.

## I LIKE BEING TEN FEET SIX!

● I'm not quite ten feet six, but from the way some people go on you'd think I was easily that. However, I AM tall, and I love it.

I NEVER think of myself as being so different from anyone else, until I catch sight of my reflection in a shop window, surmounting the crowds like Gulliver among the Lilliputians.

It certainly isn't the fault of Mummy's friends that I'm not self-conscious about my height, however, for as long as I can remember I have been greeted by the exclamation, "Aren't you tall!" or "Haven't you grown?"

But the only comment that really annoys me is, "Aren't you big!"

I'm afraid I inevitably reply, in a chilly voice, "Yes, I am TALL."

I remember once a girl was described to me. "Oh, she's absolutely enormous; she must be nearly as big as you," was the description.

Fortunately, I saw the funny side and laughed.

Everybody thinks I'm mad because I have a high hair-do and don't wear flaties all the time, and they're all quite

amazed that I stand up straight.

I wear striped slacks because they emphasise my height and I don't mind in the slightest if the boy I'm with is shorter than I am.

In the days of dancing school I used to feel vaguely sorry for any smallish boy who asked me to dance, because sitting down I looked

my head bent almost to my waist, and arrive at my destination with a crick in my neck.

Climbing in and out of the back seat of two-door cars is another. I always feel that I should have brought the tin-opener.

Now, after some years of practice, I have become quite adept at fitting myself into

be careful of our clothes and manners, especially while we're teenagers.

The best plan is to wear simple clothes (which are always much more elegant, anyway). Don't be afraid of striking outfits, but never go for anything too outlandish.

A quiet charm can work wonders, so try not to be rowdy, and govern those wild gesticulations a little.

But whatever you do, walk tall, sit tall, dance tall, stand tall, and then forget about your height (sounds mad, but it's really quite logical).

Walk as if you owned the world, discard the silly comments about your height, treasure the charming ones, accept compliments gracefully, and when people look at you, take it for granted that they're admiring you (although it's always advisable to check that you haven't your hat on back to front).

Do all this and you (and your friends) will agree that good things don't ALWAYS come in small parcels.

(By the way, if you want to know—I'm 5ft. 9½in. in stocking feet.)

By MARGARET KNIGHT

the same as everyone else, and his expression as I unfolded and rose, rather like an Indian rope trick, yards above him, was quite something to behold.

But I adhered to the Golden Rule that you must never refuse a boy a dance, and we usually got along quite well when he overcame his embarrassment at being confronted by such an Amazon.

But there ARE problems in being tall; one of them is standing in the downstairs of an upstairs bus.

I jolt along for miles with

small places, and have even learnt to fold my legs away like those of a collapsible table so that they're not in the way.

However, we have one advantage that far outweighs all the minor discomforts; clothes are made for us.

While little people can look cute and pretty, only tall girls can look elegant and sophisticated.

That thought makes me quite smug.

And whoever said that tall girls can't be cuddly and feminine was talking through her Balmain boater.

But it is true that we must



# FOOTBALL . . . when every girl's goal is

● Melbourne is again in the grip of its annual fever—footy. Its fans never call it football, and won't call it Australian Rules. Other brands of the game don't exist for the 100,000 people who pack a Final.

**M**ANY of the players are teenagers. They find that fame is sweet, despite the strain of those last hectic minutes before they run out on to the field and hear the big crowd roar with excitement.

Footy is big time for the girls, too — a time when they want to score a few points for fashion rightness. So, with the help of the Melbourne Club, we've photographed some fashions which will keep you ahead of the field . . . whether you're following your favorite football hero or just sitting all rugged up with your Number One fan.



WHITE collar and white buttons give a lift to this black-and-brown-checked suit. The coat is relaxed, simple.



A-TISKET, A-TASKET, all in one. This one, thick, wide-ribbed, wonderful red. Teamed with easy-to-care-for blouse—red.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 5, 1961



# a top-fashion score



girls own a weskit!  
gray; the color,  
wool slacks and  
but very warm.

THE BIG MATCH is no place for frills, so smart girls take to the new, skinny pants. Here, those tiny checks again, teamed with a pretty, plain sweater, the ensemble highlighted by a gold chain.

Tricel Fashions and accessories from Sportsgirl, Melbourne.

MATCHING club and fashion colors is a problem solved here by this blue box-jacketed top and pleated skirt.



TEAMED with a scene - stealing mohair stole for warmth and color, this winter dress could be worn with ropes of wooden beads, with pearls, or just a brooch!

PINK - 'N - PRETTY for the after - football date. Simplicity pays dividends here with a plain neckline, loose top, and pleated skirt.





● Here are the instructions for knitting the monogrammed sweaters worn by the couple on this week's cover.



THIS GRAPH shows how to knit the initials on the pocket. Each square represents one stitch. The crosses represent contrasting colored wool. The other letters at right are to help you make a graph of your own initial. Directions are given in pattern for knitting the letters H and E as shown on our cover.

**Materials:** 18 (20, 22, 24) balls "Peacock" Bulkyknit 2361 blue night; 1 (1, 2, 2) balls "Peacock" Bulkyknit 2519 white; 1 (1, 1, 1) ball "Peacock" Bulkyknit 2138 red.

**Note:** These instructions have been given for men's colors; for women's substitute white for blue night and blue night for white.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 25½ (25½, 27, 27½) in.; bust/chest to fit 34 (36, 38, 40) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 (17½, 18, 19) in.

**Tension:** 5 sts. to lin.; 6½ rows to lin.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; b.n., blue night; w, white; r, red; st-st., stocking-stitch (K 1 row, p 1 row alternately).

#### BACK

Using No. 10 needles and b.n. wool, cast on 88 (92, 98, 102) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 16½ (16½, 17, 17) in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 3 (3, 3, 3) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 2 (2, 2, 2) rows. When armholes measure 8 (8½, 9, 9½) in., change to No. 10 needles.

**Next Row:** Cast off 3 (5, 2, 3) sts., rib to end of row.

**Next Row:** Cast off 3 (5, 2, 3) sts., rib to end of row.

**Cont.** in rib, casting off 3 (3, 4, 4) sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

#### FRONT

Work basque same as for back. Change to No. 6 needles and, using 2 balls b.n. wool and 1 ball of w, cont. as follows:

**Next Row:** K 58 (61, 65, 69) b.n. (twist wools), 8 w, 22 (23, 25, 25) b.n. Cont. in this way, always twisting wool. When work measures 16½ (16½, 17, 17) in., or required length, shape armholes by casting off 3 (3, 3, 3) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, k 2 tog. each end of the next 2 (2, 2, 2) rows. When armholes measure 8 (8½, 9, 9½) in., change to No. 10 needles and b.n. wool and work same as for back, knitting over the 8 w sts. instead of ribbing in the first row only.

#### MAN'S POCKET (E)

Using No. 6 needles and w wool, cast on 28 sts. Work in st-st. for 4 rows. Work as follows:

**1st Row:** K 8 w, 16 r, 4 w.  
**2nd Row:** P 4 w, 16 r, 8 w.  
**Rep.** 1st and 2nd rows.

**5th Row:** K 21 w, 3 r, 4 w.  
**6th Row:** P 4 w, 3 r, 21 w.  
**Rep.** 5th and 6th rows twice, then rep. 5th row.

**12th Row:** P 4 w, 13 r, 11 w.  
**13th Row:** K 11 w, 13 r, 4 w.  
**Rep.** 12th and 13th rows.

**16th Row:** P 4 w, 3 r, 21 w.  
**17th Row:** K 21 w, 3 r, 4 w.  
**Rep.** 16th and 17th rows twice, then rep. 16th row.

**23rd Row:** K 8 w, 16 r, 4 w.  
**24th Row:** P 4 w, 16 r, 8 w.  
**Rep.** 23rd and 24th rows.

Using w wool, work 4 rows st-st. Change to No. 10 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 6 rows. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

#### SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and b.n. wool, cast on 46 (48, 52, 54) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 70 (72, 76, 78) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17 (17½, 18, 19) in.

B	C	D
F	G	H
I	J	K
L	M	N
O	P	Q
U	V	X
Y	Z	

or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 48 (48, 48, 48) sts., then every row until dec. to 24 (24, 24, 24) sts. Cast off.

#### POCKET FOR LADY'S JUMPER (H)

Using No. 6 needles and b.n. wool, cast on 28 sts. Work in st-st. for 4 rows. Work as follows:

**1st Row:** K 8 b.n., 3 r, 10 b.n., 3 r, 4 b.n.  
**2nd Row:** P 4 b.n., 3 r, 10 b.n., 3 r, 8 b.n.

**Rep.** 1st and 2nd rows 4 times, rep. 1st row.  
**12th Row:** P 4 b.n., 16 r, 8 b.n.

**13th Row:** K 8 b.n., 16 r, 4 b.n.  
**Rep.** 12th and 13th rows.

**16th Row:** P 4 b.n., 3 r, 10 b.n., 3 r, 8 b.n.  
**17th Row:** K 8 b.n., 3 r, 10 b.n., 3 r, 4 b.n.

**Rep.** 16th and 17th rows 4 times, rep. 16th row.

Using b.n. wool, work 4 rows st-st. Change to No. 10 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 6 rows. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams, stitch sleeves around armholes, sew up seams. Sew pocket into position.

## GOOD WORK IN CLASS

● When Mrs. Sally Clarke, of Campbelltown, gave birth to her fourth child, a girl, at the General Hospital at Liverpool, near Sydney, she received an unexpected visit from a group of excited schoolgirls.

SIX of them clustered around the bed, placing before the bewildered mother a huge flower-and-ribbon-decked box. Inside were exquisitely knitted baby clothes — matinee coats, dresses, booties, a gay patchwork cot cover . . . about 24 items in all.

Sister Janet Willoughby, in charge of the ward, brought in the lucky little recipient of the baby wardrobe — seven-day-old Lesley Sarah Clarke—for the girls to admire and coo over.

When the schoolgirls left the hospital they also left behind bunches of freshly picked chrysanthemums, roses, carnations, dahlias.

A few weeks later another box of knitted baby clothes, containing some 600 garments, was delivered at the hospital to be distributed and used in the maternity section.

For six years now the pupils of Liverpool Girls' High School have made an annual visit to the hospital with clothes they have knitted.

The hospital is next door to the school, and when the first school anniversary came round the girls decided they wanted to do some good deed in the community to commemorate the birthday.

Mrs. Hilda Johnstone, the school's needlework mistress,

had the bright idea of every girl in the school knitting a baby garment and presenting it to the hospital.

From there the idea grew of adopting a "school baby" to whom a special gift should be given. The baby was to be the one born nearest to the time of the school's official opening.

The baby was to get a box of the best knitted clothes as a gift, to be presented to the mother with a bouquet of flowers. The remainder of the knitted contributions were to be given to the hospital for distribution.

The girls buy wool with their own pocket-money, and

the flowers sent to the hospital are picked from their gardens at home.

Though officially the sewing and needlework class, Mrs. Johnstone's class has in fact become a class in civic responsibility. Practically all the work done in this class is for charity — the Red Cross, Hammondville Homes, the Smith Family, the local hospital.

"The girls used to supply materials to make things for themselves," said Mrs. Johnstone, "but since the idea has grown of making something for someone else they are keener than they have ever been."



FIFTH-YEAR GIRLS who went to Liverpool General Hospital to present Mrs. Sally Clarke with a box of clothes for baby Lesley Sarah (in the arms of Sister Janet Willoughby).



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

## Age difference

"I AM a boy of 16 and I like very much a girl who is 18 months older than I. Our relationship is that of good friends and we intend to keep it that way. However, because of the age difference, her mother will not allow her to go out with me. As I am going away to work soon, I would like to be able to date her before it is too late. She feels the same way as I do. Do you think we should be allowed to go out together despite our age?"

"Troubled," N.S.W.

There's a convention that the man in a romance is always older than the girl, but I can't see that it is important. The tiny gap of 18 months between you will get less and less noticeable as you get older. About the time you're 30 (if you still know one another), it won't be apparent.

I think the difference in your ages doesn't matter a jot, but I don't see how you can take her out before you go off to work if her mother has forbidden it.

## Girl's secret

"I HAVE been going with a girl for the past 14 months. I am very much in love with her. I am 21 and she is 18. Recently, unknown to me, she went out with another boy. This story was told to me by a personal friend. Do you think that I ought to take the advice of my friend, as this girl is rather dishonest?"

L.B., N.S.W.

I always mistrust friends who run with behind-the-back tales about girlfriends. Why do they do it? I often think it is either because they'd like the girl themselves or they'd like to break up the association for some reason of their own. I don't think they can be called friends—they are the worse kind of trouble-makers.

Your letter is confused and you haven't told me what advice your friend gave you, but the quickest way to clear this up is for you to ask the girl did she go out with another boy and why.

I must point out to you, too, that she has every right to go out with any number of boys unless you are engaged to be married. If I were you, I'd give the whole matter some really careful thought.

## Just friends

"I AM a fairly attractive girl of 15½. For 12 months I have been corresponding with a Chinese student. He has asked me to go steady with him. However, I don't feel anything more than plain friendship for him. I don't know how to tell him this. I have been out with him a few times. But I think I am too young to go steady, don't you? I like a boy in our street very much and he likes me. But my mother won't even let me talk to him if I don't go with the other one. I

just want to have him for a friend and he feels the same. Please tell me how to let the Chinese friend know without hurting his feelings. I like the boy next door so much more than him because he doesn't want to get serious either. Don't you think it would be all right to have both of them just as friends?"

"Bingo," N.S.W.

It would be wonderful to have them both as friends. Girls of 15½ are far too young to have steady boy-friends.

You'll just have to tell your Chinese friend exactly what you told me—that you like him only as a friend, and you'd like to keep him as one and not go steady.

There is no way you can tell him without hurting his feelings. It is always hurtful when your feelings for a boy don't match his.

## After the drove is over

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and I have been going with a boy for a year. He has now gone away for 10 months on a droving trip. He said he would not be back. Do you think I should wait? I love him very much and he loves me."

"Worried," Qld.

I take it that he won't be back until after the drove is over from your remark. "He said he would not be back."

I can't see that you have any problem much. If you love him really, you'll only love him more and deeper when he gets back. If you don't, the separation will let you know the true state of your feelings.

At 16, I think you should really test your feelings and go out with some other boys while he's away. There's no use just sitting round waiting for the time to pass.

## Chasing strangers

"WE are two young teenage girls. During the May holidays, two boys visited our town. They seemed to notice us a lot, yet they never spoke to us. We know their address and would like to write to them. Do you think we should? What do you suggest we say?"

"Worried Two," N.S.W.

I'm setting you both a detention. Write 500 times: "Schoolgirls should not chase strange boys, or any other boys. Boys chase girls if they want to know them."

When you're still at school, even in quite a high class, you are in the very lowest class in the school of romance. The first lesson you should learn—if, unlike most girls, you don't know it

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

instinctively—is that the first step in any romantic friendship comes from the male of the species. Males hunt, females are hunted.

There are occasions when old, sophisticated women do chase their men, but in young girls it is the most frightening thing, especially for the boys. They react by having nothing to do with the girls who chase them, or associate with the girls in the hope that they are fast. Either reaction is a dead loss to the girls.

Write your detention neatly and wait round for a boy to seek you out, some time in the years ahead.

And, as you ask: What would you say in the letter to these boys who never spoke to you? That's a real puzzle.

## Birthday cards

"I HAVE been going steady with a boy of 18 for nearly three months. I am 16. Should I send him a birthday card for his birthday soon or buy him a present?"

"Wondering," N.S.W.

Send him one of those funny birthday cards you can buy now. They're an uproar and would be much better than a present in your case.

## Kissing at 14

"WE are two girls of 14 and are now permitted to attend senior socials at school. We are not allowed to go to any other dances except school ones, and seldom go to the pictures, even with girl-friends. Do you think that at our age we ought to be allowed to walk home (about a mile) with boys whom our parents know? Also, if we did, would we have to kiss them good-night? What would you do in a situation like that and what do you do when he finishes kissing you?"

P.F., Qld.

I think parents should escort their 14-year-old daughters to school socials and pick them up when they're over. You are far too young to walk home with boys.

Goodnight kisses should never be compulsory. I can't say whether to kiss them because I don't know how you would feel about the boys. I can't give you any rules to follow about what

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE



MEDICAL emergencies are frightening things that people sometimes have to cope with. An American medical society has just defined them as:

- Bleeding that won't stop.
- Any interference with breathing.
- A convulsive seizure.
- Acute pain.
- Sudden unconsciousness without quick recovery.
- High temperature with no apparent reason.
- Severe coughing.

If you are faced with any of these and are alone with the patient, don't panic. Telephone the doctor, say it's urgent. Tell him the symptoms quickly and ask should you do anything before he arrives. Do as he says, and wait.

If you can't get a doctor immediately, ring the ambulance.

you do after a kiss. Every kiss ends differently. But don't worry, you'll know exactly what to do when the time comes.

SPANIARD. N.S.W.: You must tell your parents immediately and take their advice. As for marrying now, you could do this (if both your parents and his give their consent) without going to court about it.

## Know your etiquette ... GLOVES

• This is the second of our new series on etiquette.

### WHEN SHOULD I WEAR GLOVES?

AT one time no lady would ever be seen in public without her gloves.

Today the rules have been relaxed, but it is still correct to wear gloves:

- In the streets of a large town or city.
- Going to and from church.
- At weddings and funerals.
- At formal luncheons and dinners.
- At formal dances, the theatre, opera, or concerts.

### WHEN MAY I TAKE THEM OFF?

ONCE you are inside a house or building you may remove your gloves whenever you like, except at formal dinners or dances. At these functions they should be kept on till you eat or powder your nose. Remember though, if you sit down at a table to eat, your gloves should be taken off completely, not just unbuttoned and pushed back over the hands.

### WHAT LENGTH SHOULD I WEAR THEM?

ON those very formal occasions when you might wear a strapless dress, there are only two lengths that are correct—"Opera," which reaches to the middle of the upper arm, or shoulder length. For all other occasions any length is suitable. Follow the golden rule, though—have your glove meet your sleeve.

High-fashion note this spring will be the sleeveless dress, worn mostly with young and pretty wrist-length gloves, and for more formal occasions with gloves that come to your elbow. If your arms are your best feature, wear your gloves to the wrist with any sleeve length.

• Next week: Who goes first?





BLACK OUT eyes for quick reviver.



WITCH-HAZEL pads for shadows.

## PRETTY TO LOOK AT

*Like to be easy on the eyes? Of course you would — every young girl does, and the clue to it is in the phrase itself.*

**H**AVING attractive eyes is not all a matter of eye make-up, although you might be excused for thinking it is. For young people it's mainly having clear and shining eyes that reflect all the common-sense care that you give them.

Plenty of sleep, of course, is the real foundation for naturally lovely eyes. Shut off for eight hours in restful slumber, they wake up clear and refreshed, ready for yet another day of constant use.

But, in addition, it is wise to keep a few easy and practical eye hints up your sleeve (such as those pictured on this page) to promote the everyday health and beauty of your eyes.

A quick reviver for tired eyes is to give them a black-out. Place a piece of cottonwool sprinkled with eye lotion right across your eyes and catnap for 10 minutes if possible.

If there are dark shadows under your eyes and you want to get rid of them, apply two little crescents of cottonwool soaked in witch hazel across the dark area.

Then lie down and wait for the soother to exert its beneficial influence. Or, instead of witch-hazel pads, you might like to try the models' trick of using two slices of cucumber-skin large enough to cover the eyes fully and overlap the dark area underneath them.

They lie down with the peel on their eyes for five minutes and claim that the peel can change a dim view into a clear-eyed, shadowless one.

To keep eyelashes beautiful, moisten them with castor-oil every night before going to bed.

Yet another healthy eye-opener is to give your eyes a thorough wash-out daily. Make up your own boric lotion (one teaspoon to six ounces of boiled water), and keep a separate eye-bath for each eye marked "left" and "right."

Every morning splash eyes with cold water.

*By Carolyn Earle*

BEAUTIFY eyelashes (below) with oil.



EYE-BATH (below) renews sparkle.



## GIRLS KNOW THEIR ONIONS!

● Women, according to Dr. Hans Schneider, a famous European social worker, are vegetables!

**T**HIS, of course, was not such a schneid remark by the good doctor—he simply meant that too many females live the stationary, dull existence of plants.

Actually, in a literal sense, however, the doctor wasn't so far out with his original phrasing; women are quite strongly linked with vegetables—and fruit.

Don't, for instance, we blokes call (some) girls "tomatoes," "peaches," "strawberry-blondes," "apples of our eyes," "our little cabbages"?

And don't most girls dream of raising a family and, of course, enjoy having dates?

Other links between vamps and veges, femmes and fruit, also crop up.

Lettuce consider them . . .

In theatrical circles, consider the circumstance of a Suzie who went Wong because she knocked around with some tasteless mandarins. She only did it, of course, to keep blood-and-bone together!

Then, too, there are those famous fruity melodies—"In a Monastery, Gardening," "The Bonny, Bonny Banks of Loch Lemon," not to mention "Come to Me, My Melon-cauli Baby."

Women, naturally, are also mad about cloves—and, as any husband will tell you, a man needs a mint of money to keep his swede wife happy and still beet bankruptcy. (Charles Dickens' Mr. Micawber had trouble keeping a family, but as he used to sagely say: "Something will always turnip.")

And aren't most girls interested in the number of carrots in a ring—which attitude, of course, makes blokes rhubarb the day they become engaged!

Still, I suppose, the girls have a point. Reckon they know that if they don't get a nice ring, to their friends' way of thinking, they're small potatoes.

Then there are those paw-paw popsies who talk with plums in their mouths—cumquat may!

Well, those are some of my parsnippets on Dr. Schneider's vegetable girls and their pumpkin(folk).

If I've given you the pip, always remember that to-morrow is another day.

Then I might get a chilli reception.

Of course, there's one last thing to remember—if a bloke marries one of my fruity females he has to go through a traditional, expensive wedding (orange blossoms, etc.).

For she cantaloup, y'know!

So if you want her to say "I (avoca)do," let's face it, give her the thyme of her life with a formal ceremony.

And your married life will be full of salad days!

*—Robin Adair*

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—July 5, 1961



● It isn't every day you can hear a song that was composed at a grand piano, but that's where Ray Melton's future song-writing will be done.

HE has already recorded three of his own compositions, and a fourth, "Teen Age Baby," was recorded by Col Joye and went to number four position on the Top 40.

Twenty-two-year-old Ray recently achieved his heart's desire when he and his mother and a newly purchased rosewood grand moved from a flat into a two-storey house with a thirty-foot lounge at Bondi, Sydney.

A former technical college art and interior decoration student, Ray did the painting and decorating himself and is still busy adding finishing touches.

Third member of the household is Ray's beautiful pedigree German shepherd dog, Key — called after the song composed and recorded by his master. Six months old, he is going to be shown competitively and, Ray thinks, could turn out to be a champion.

"When eye-trouble kept me from working for a couple of months recently," Ray said, "Key went on TV in 'Bringing Up Towser' and helped to maintain my income."

As well as gathering material for an LP, Ray's got his first EP (Festival) coming out any time now. On it he sings "The Key," "Chain Gang," and two French songs with English lyrics by local writer Dorothy Dodds,

"Boulevard Romance" and "Love Is Everything to Me."

**Local talent:** Latest single from Jay Justin, the good-looking boy from Lithgow who knows all about Italian shoes, is "Why Don't You Try?" (H.M.V.) He wrote it, too. What I like about Jay's approach to a song (and this also applies to the flip, "Butterfly") is that he isn't afraid to throw his voice about and goes for variety and expression.

AT the end of last year Teenagers' Weekly broke the news of the romance between schoolgirl Yetty Bosch and Noel Widerberg, lead singer of The Delltones. Yetty, now 17, made a pretty June bride, and the newlyweds are

living in a modern flat at Tamarama Beach, Sydney. The Delltones' latest single disc is a jazzed-up version of "Even Though" and "String Along," and on this the group is really swinging.

**Pops:** Beginning his career writing radio commercials, New Orleans-born Lloyd Price became a million-seller singer with "Lawdy Miss Clawdy." He puts his own imprint on other gold-plated numbers ("Shop Around," "I Count the Tears," "Spanish Harlem") with "Lloyd Price Sings the Million-Sellers" (Ampar LP).

IT'S always a high-voltage session when Johnny Paris and his four Hurricanes, Paul, Butch, Bo, and Dave get together. "The Big Sound of Johnny and the Hurricanes" (London LP) brings back their "Beatnik Fly" and "You Are My Sunshine," and as well there's "Traffic Jam," "Teensville Tonight," and "Sheba."

FOR top-form Frank Sinatra, try the Light Music Club LP "Where are You?" He sings "I Cover The Waterfront," "Laura," "Lonely Town," and nine other worthwhile standards.

**Opera:** With the revival of interest in the operas of Bellini and Donizetti created by Joan Sutherland, issue of a Camden LP, "The Art of Galli-Curci, Vol. 2," is specially timely. The former star coloratura (the temperamental Callas of her day) is heard in showpiece arias and duets from "La Sonnambula," "I Puritani," "Lucia Di Lammermoor," "Linda Di Chamounix," and "Don Pasquale." The tenor is Tito Schipa.

**Classical:** A new LP in Philip's "Classical Favourites" series offers the contrast of two piano concertos in the same key—A Minor—by a nature-loving Norwegian (Grieg) and a German romantic (Schumann). Leon Fleisher is the pianist, playing with the Cleveland Orchestra, with Georg Szell conducting.

A FIND that guitar-lovers should pounce on with loud cries of joy is "Impressions Of Brazil" (Record Society). On it the superb guitarist Laurindo Almeida, with Ray Turner accompanying him at the piano, plays the music of four noted Brazilian composers.

**Jazz:** As an act of faith many jazz-lovers a couple of years ago went to see the biographical film "Pete Kelly's Blues," which told the story of the late American cornet-player. An R.C.A. LP of the same name now offers the film's musical numbers ("Smiles," "Somebody Loves Me," "Bye Bye Blackbird") with the 'twenties sound recreated by such jazzmen as Matty Matlock, George Van Epps, and Ray Sherman.



RAY MELTON

## WORTH HEARING

### Debussy and Ravel: Orchestral works

THE French are great writers of "Spanish" music to the extent that more of the works with Spanish color that we commonly hear in concert halls and the opera houses were written by French composers than by Spanish ones. Bizet's opera "Carmen" is the most famous example, but there are many others; one, Chabrier's "Espana," was mentioned here a few weeks ago.

Two of the best pieces of French Spanishism are to be compared in a fine new recording of orchestral works by Debussy and Ravel, the two leading French composers of the earlier part of this century.

The two works are Debussy's "Iberia" and Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole." Both conjure up, with all the command of color and effect for which these two composers were famous, a set of impressions of Spanish life and music.

(Debussy, by the way, visited Spain only once and briefly; Ravel was born near the Spanish border and had some Spanish blood.)

The other piece on the record, Ravel's "La Valse," paints a different scene altogether; it is a brilliant orchestral picture of a crowded ballroom of the days of Imperial Vienna.

In this Everest recording the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra is conducted by Theodore Bloomfield.

— Martin Long

## THE LIFETIME READING PLAN

Adapted from the book by Clifton Fadiman.

### ● FRANCOIS RABELAIS (1494—1553): "Gargantua and Pantagruel."

FROM the narratives of England we turn to those written by Frenchmen. The five books of "Gargantua and Pantagruel" deal with two giants. The first tells us about Gargantua, his birth, education, and his farcical war adventures. The other four books are concerned with Gargantua's son, Pantagruel, his boon companion the rascally Panurge, and their wars, travels, and quests for wisdom.

This book contains plenty of narrative, but it has no real plot. It was written at the beginning of French literature, but the French novel does not descend from it. Though it has had imitators, it stands by itself.

It is the work of a supreme genius of language, whose sheer vitality and power are matched only by Shakespeare and Joyce.

The tone of the book varies. It is serious, satirical, fantastic, and always vital.

Rabelais shows two well-blended strains in his work. One comes from his conviction that all men desire to know; the other flows from his own personal conviction that "laughter is the essence of mankind."

Of all the writers we shall meet, he is the one most in love with life. His laughter is so free and healthy that only the prudish will be offended by his coarseness or his delight in the eternal comedy of the human body. Read any good modern translation.

### ● VOLTAIRE (1694—1778): "Candide."

AS dramatist, poet, historian, tale-teller, wit, and correspondent, Voltaire achieved a remarkable reputation. He left behind him over 14,000 letters and 2000 books and pamphlets.

His best known work is "Candide," which was partly inspired by the devastating Lisbon earthquake of 1755. As philosophy, "Candide" is rather shallow, but as lightning narrative, flashing with wit, as a pitiless but funny indictment of human weakness and folly, it has not been surpassed.

This book anticipated one of the forms later fiction was to take — that of the developmental novel, tracing the education of a young man. We have already seen this form extended and deepened in "The Magic Mountain," and we will meet it again in:

### ● STENDHAL (1783—1842): "The Red and the Black."

ALTHOUGH most of Stendhal's novels are set in the Napoleonic and post-Napoleonic era in Europe, his feeling for life and his way of expressing it seem to be almost modern.

Some qualifications should be made about this, though. His plots seem to us to be slightly melodramatic, and his dialogue sounds formal to our ears. And in the case of his masterpiece, "The Red and the Black," the title refers to forces which have no meaning to us — the Red standing for the uniform of Napoleon's soldiers, the Black for the cassock of the clergy.

The hero, Julien Sorel, wears the black because in his day a poor youth with his special talents could advance himself only through the Church; whereas Julien's heart belonged to Napoleon's era, which he thought much more glorious than his own.

Nevertheless, Stendhal's novels anticipate many of the things we are used to in our modern novel. For instance, "The Red and the Black" was the first classic expression of what has been called the "Young Man From the Provinces" theme, often repeated today. Also it heads a long line of novels whose subject is the dissatisfaction of the heroine with an empty society.

"The Red and the Black" is a fascinating love story which is far more adult than any we met in the Victorian novelists. And while reading it you will find that you are actually living inside the passionately intense, complex minds of a few imaginary people who become more real to us than our own neighbors.

### ● NEXT WEEK: Balzac, Flaubert



# TEENA by Linda Terry



## Sandra

SANDRA and Mike Rogers have been trying to solve the mystery of a model's valuable bangle which was switched for a worthless copy. Sandra tells Mike she is almost engaged to Gerald Radnace. NOW READ ON...

By BILL SAWYER



CONTINUED